# MEMOIRS

OF

# MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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# MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.

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## MISS SIDNEY BIDULPH.

*June* 22.

I NOW ſend you, my Cecilia, my ſecond Letter to Mr. Faulkland.

'Why do you compel me, Sir, 'noble and diſintereſted as your con-'duct has been towards me, to accuſe you 'now of unkindneſs? You call me inſen-'ſible—oh! it is from my too great ſenſi-'bility that all my ſorrows have ſprung.

'Deſtitute as I am of happineſs myſelf, or 'even of a poſſibility of ever attaining it 'here, I look for no other comfort in this 'life, but what muſt ariſe from ſeeing thoſe 'whom I moſt eſteem in poſſeſſion of that 'tranquillity of mind, which I can never 'hope to enjoy. If Mr. Faulkland were 'happy, if Miſs Burchell were happy, I 'ſhould be leſs miſerable. Remember, Sir, 'it was not this lady's fault that you were 'diſappointed in your former hope. She 'did not try, by female wiles, to engage 'a heart which you refuſed her. She uſed 'no ungenerous arts to croſs your wiſhes. 'Loving you as ſhe did, almoſt to diſtrac-'tion, ſhe yielded you up in ſilent anguiſh 'to a rival; a rival ſuperior to herſelf in no-'thing. I acknowlege, Sir, I was to have 'been yours, and with my own conſent; 'but was it not alſo with my own conſent 'thoſe bonds were cancelled, by which we 'were to have been united? I was then 'convinced Miſs Burchell had a prior 'claim; I think ſo ſtill, and ever ſhall. 'Miſs Burchell's family is not mean, her

'fortune

'fortune is conſiderable; her beauty and 'perſonal accompliſhments inferior to 'none; and, but for Mr. Faulkland, ſhe 'had been innocent. Yet do not imagine 'I would aggravate your fault; Miſs 'Burchell's candor could not ſuffer this. 'How charmingly ingenuous was her 'confeſſion! In the midſt of tears and 'bluſhes, ſhe owned her weakneſs; you, 'ſhe ſaid, were not to blame. She praiſed 'your generoſity, your compaſſion, the 'integrity and frankneſs of your whole 'behaviour towards her; and could Miſs 'Burchell's ſuffrage have enſured to you 'the completion of your wiſhes, Mr. 'Faulkland would have been indebted to 'her for what he once thought his happi-'neſs. But though her teſtimony could 'not avail you in that particular, yet are 'your obligations to her the ſame. Does 'not then Miſs Burchell love Mr. Faulk-'land with a generoſity equal to his own? 'Do years of fervent and unalterable af-'fection deſerve no return? Does the 'child, the dear innocent that calls you 'father, deſerve no conſideration? He

'bears your name, Sir; let him not bluſh
'to own it: he may one day be an honour
'and a comfort to you. Put it in his
'power to make it his boaſt, inſtead of his
'ſhame, that Mr. Faulkland was his Fa-
'ther. The amiable lady, whoſe very life
'is bound up in you, has, in the midſt of
'her affliction, one great ſource of com-
'fort; her character has eſcaped the ma-
'lignity of cruel tongues, by the privacy
'with which ſhe conducted her meaſures,
'till after the birth of your ſon. The re-
'tirement ſhe has ſince lived in; her pru-
'dent, her modeſt, her exemplary conduct
'have created eſteem in every body that
'knows her; this circumſtance, as it is a
'peculiar felicity to herſelf, ſo ought it to
'be a motive of encouragement to you,
'Sir, to compleat her happineſs. The
'falſe judging part of the world will have
'nothing to point at; Miſs Burchell's re-
'lation, or even connection with Mrs.
'Gerrarde is hardly known here; ſhe has
'had no correſpondence with that irregu-
'lar woman ſince ſhe became a widow;
'and her character had not ſuffered before,

'in

'in ſuch a manner, as to reflect diſhonour
'on the young lady, who was then under
'her care. How then can you perſiſt in
'a cruel rejection of this lady? You own
'ſhe is amiable; I am ſure ſhe has a thou-
'ſand good qualities. Is her love for you,
'her unparallelled love, to be imputed to
'her as a crime? If it be one, long and bit-
'ter has been her puniſhment! On you it
'reſts to recompence her ſufferings. What
'may you not expect from a grateful heart
'that worſhips you? Such a fervent, ſuch
'a faithful love (deſerving as you are)
'you perhaps may never again meet with
'in woman. With her you may be hap-
'py, ſhe will make it the whole ſtudy of
'her life to render you ſo. Your own
'heart, conſcious of having acted nobly,
'will confirm your happineſs. Would to
'God I could inſpire you with ſuch ſenti-
'ments as would induce you to make the
'generous experiment! How would your
'character riſe in the eſteem of the two
'perſons whom you profeſs to revere!
'How would you be adored by the ami-
'able ſufferer! but above all, how de-

'lightful muſt be the exultations of 'the ſelf-approving mind! There wants 'but this act to render you the moſt de- 'ſerving of men. I would fain eſteem, re- 'ſpect, admire you as I ought; but you 'will not let me: you will be a *common* 'man, and undiſtinguiſhed amongſt the 'light ones of your ſex.'

I ſhewed this letter to Miſs Burchell; ſhe read it with grateful tears running down her cheeks. In about an hour I received the following anſwer to it.

'Miſs Burchell may triumph, Madam, 'ſince ſhe has obtained *you* for her advo- 'cate. Well have you acquitted yourſelf 'of the taſk your rigid heart has undertа- 'ken. I thank the lady for the juſtice her 'charming ingenuouſneſs (as you rightly 'call it) has done me. But what have I 'gained by this? Have I not raiſed the fair 'complainant ſtill higher in your eſteem, 'given her a ſtronger claim to your pity, 'and furniſhed you with arms againſt my- 'ſelf? Wretch that I am, I do, I muſt ac- 'knowlege the force of every thing that

'you

'you have urged. Miſs Burchell is amia-
'ble, her ſincerity, her conſtancy and (by
'me) unmerited love, deſerve to be great-
'ly recompenſed. I would to heaven I
'had a heart to give her! but I have not;
'*you* know I have not; *ſhe* knows it too.
'Could I have made Miſs Burchell the re-
'turn ſhe deſerves, I would not thus long
'have ſhunned her preſence. I acknow-
'leged the ſtate of my heart to her even
'at the time I had loſt all hopes of poſſeſ-
'ſing you. And in the ſpite of my own
'ſtruggles, after years of confirmed de-
'ſpair, I found myſelf ſtill enſlaved. How
'then could I offer a hand, devoted as my
'whole ſoul was to another object, to a
'lady, whoſe conſtant, tender, and deli-
'cate affection, demanded all the return
'that a ſenſible and grateful heart could
'make? This, Madam, is all the plea I
'can urge in anſwer to thoſe arguments
'you offer to promote your favourite wiſh.
'Conſult your own delicacy, let Miſs Bur-
'chell conſults hers, and then perhaps I
'ſhall ſtand acquitted of ingratitude.

'I hoped, Madam, that cleared as I 'have been of *one* imputation, I might 'have recovered ſome favour in yours and 'Lady Bidulph's thoughts. I was flattered 'with this conſolation, ſmall as it was, 'when every other hope forſook me. But 'when an unexpected event again brought 'happineſs within my proſpect, this re-'flection, I own became of more import-'ance, and ſerved to ſtrengthen my then 'revived hopes. But you daſh them with 'an unrelenting hand; and again build up 'thoſe barriers between us, that heaven 'itſelf had overthrown. What can I ſay 'to you, inflexible as you are? has Miſs 'Burchell *all* your pity? You may com-'mand my life, Madam; I would lay it 'down freely for you; but I cannot, muſt 'not, will not give up my love; and till 'you declare in expreſs terms that I *muſt* 'be miſerable, I will not even give up 'my hope.

'ORLANDO FAULKLAND.'

See, my Cecilia, the heart I have to deal with. Hard to be ſubdued, and ob-

ſtinate

ſtinate in all its purpoſes. I expected difficulties, but was in hopes he would be leſs determined in regard to his perſeverance towards me. I think however I have gained ſome ground; he acknowleges Miſs Burchell's merit, and ſeems obliged to her for the part ſhe has acted towards him. I have been under ſome difficulties on this occaſion; for as Miſs Burchell was not ſo candid in her acknowlegements to my mother as ſhe has been to me, I cannot let her know the whole of her confeſſion; for this reaſon, I only told her the general purport of what I wrote laſt to Mr. Faulkland; and in reading his anſwer to her, I paſſed over ſuch paſſages as I thought might induce her to require an explanation. I own I am a little hurt at Miſs Burchell's former perverting of facts on this occaſion; but, as I have already ſaid more than once, there are great allowances to be made for one in her very critical ſituation. Neither have I the leaſt right to reproach her for it even in my thoughts; for had ſhe been ever ſo explicit at my mother's firſt interview with her, it could not have availed me.

You find, my dear, it is neceſſary I ſhould ſpeak plainly to Mr. Faulkland. I ſhall write to him again, and here you ſhall have a copy of what I ſay; but I muſt lead this violent ſpirit with gentleneſs, and endeavour to convince his reaſon, without wounding his tenderneſs.

Mrs. Arnold's third letter to Mr. Faulkland.

'You give me pleaſure, Sir; I begin 'to deſcry hopes for your and my ami- 'able friend. I know ſuch a heart as 'Mr. Faulkland's cannot be proof againſt 'ſentiments of gratitude and compaſſion; 'it will not be difficult to convert thoſe 'ſentiments into love, when the object is 'ſo deſerving. Try, Sir, try; the expe- 'riment cannot fail. How much to your 'honour will ſo noble a triumph be over 'an ill-fated paſſion! What delightful 'returns may you not expect from the 'obliged, the grateful partner of your 'happineſs! Do not call me inflexible, 'or rigid; filled as I am with gratitude, 'and a ſenſe of your merit, I ſhould hate 'myſelf, if I did not acknowlege that 'you

'you deſerve more from me than it can
'ever be in my power to repay. I muſt
'be plain with you, ſince you require it;
'it is impoſſible I ever can be yours. Sor-
'ry I am, that the neceſſity of circum-
'ſtances compels me to make ſo early a
'declaration, from which I thought my
'preſent ſituation would have exempted
'me; but I forgive you, Sir, for urging
'me on this head, and draw a happy pre-
'ſage from your reſting your hopes in re-
'lation to me, on my own determination.
'You appeal to my delicacy, whether you
'ought, with a heart eſtranged, to offer
'your hand to Miſs Burchell? Were de-
'licacy alone to be conſulted, the anſwer
'perhaps might be eaſy; but there are
'ſuperior conſiderations in your caſe to be
'taken in. Love, without doubt, demands
'love in return; but where injured ho-
'nour is to be repaired, where the diſ-
'grace of a darling child is to be pre-
'vented, thoſe nicer ſentiments of the ſoul
'muſt and ought to give way: and I will
'venture to pronounce, that Miſs Bur-
'chell would, with raptures, receive the
'hand which would confer ſuch valuable

'bleſ-

'bleſſings on her; leaving it to time, and 'her own unremiting tenderneſs and aſſidu-'ity, to get an intereſt in the heart, which, 'by ſuch an act, proved its own rectitude. 'On this ſubject, I, from experience, 'am qualified to ſpeak. You know, Sir, 'the intereſt you once had in me; you 'cannot think me ſo light a creature, as 'to ſuppoſe I ſo ſoon after my breaking 'with you, beſtowed my affections on 'another. I did not; obedience to my 'mother's commands was the ſole mo-'tive which engaged my vows to Mr. 'Arnold; and I married him with no 'other ſentiments, than thoſe of eſteem 'and gratitude for the great love he bore 'me. Yet from theſe ſeeds ſown in my 'heart, ſprung a tender and ardent af-'fection: never did wife love a huſ-'band better than I did Mr. Arnold; 'his kindneſs merited, and *did* win my 'whole affections; nor could a tempo-'rary alienation of *his* heart, diſpoſſeſs 'him of the place he held in *mine*. 'His returning love (for which, with all 'thankfulneſs, I own myſelf bound to 'you, Sir) made him ſtill dearer to me

'than

'than ever, and I now profeſs myſelf wed-
'ded to his memory. You have a right,
'Sir, to expect that I ſhould explain my-
'ſelf at once to you on this ſubject; for
'your own ſake, and for Miſs Burchell's
'I muſt not ſuffer you to entertain a doubt
'of my reſolution. You compel me to re-
'peat, that I think Miſs Burchell deſerves
'your love, and has a juſt right to your
'hand. She throws herſelf upon your
'honour, without pretending to have any
'*lawful* claim; if ſhe *had*, I ſhould not
'condeſcend to ſolicit the man who could
'refuſe to do her juſtice.

'My mother is firm in her firſt reſolves;
'could you place a crown on my head, her
'integrity would ſtill oblige her to reject
'it; nor would a crown tempt me to for-
'feit the duty which I owe to her.

'See then, Sir, if that *unexpected event*,
'which you mention (a fatal event to me!)
'has brought you nearer to your wiſhes;
'and here let me add, in juſtice to my
'own particular ſentiments, that I think
'Mr. Faulkland is the laſt man who
'ought to be my choice, even if my heart

'were

'were diſpoſed to make one. Reproach
'me not with ingratitude, or caprice, till I
'have explained myſelf. It is not long,
'Sir (blameleſs and unconſcious as you
'were of the injury, and nobly as you re-
'paired it) ſince you were the cauſe of a
'ſeparation between me and my huſband.
'I know you will ſay that our mutual in-
'nocence on this occaſion, and the ſecret's
'being known but to a few of our friends,
'make that objection of little weight. I
'grant you, with many it might be ſo; all
'minds are not equally ſuſceptible; 'tis my
'unhappineſs to have a too reſenting heart.
'My own honour (ſcrupulous you may
'call it) would not ſuffer me to let the man
'ſucceed Mr. Arnold in my love, who was
'the occaſion of ſo much uneaſineſs to
'him, and the cauſe of my being ſuſpect-
'ed in my fidelity. Would it not be an
'inſult on his memory? Oh, Sir, what is
'the world's opinion to the approbation of
'our own hearts! Mine has never yet re-
'proached me, and this has been my ſup-
'port in all my trials. Thus much I ſay
'for the reverence I bear my dear Mr. Ar-
'nold's

'nold's memory: but I have other reaſons
'to offer in my excuſe; refinements you
'will call them, but my heart feels their
'force. I am not the ſame woman whom
'you once loved; afflictions have impaired
'my health, and thoſe little advantages of
'perſon which nature beſtowed on me,
'have not been improved by time; my
'ſpirits, broken by misfortunes, have left
'me languid and inſenſible to joy. Peace
'is the utmoſt of my wiſh, and all that I
'am now capable of reliſhing. The bride,
'whom Mr. Faulkland once ſought, was
'in the bloom of youth, admired and ca-
'reſſed, by a flattering world; unblemiſhed
'in her character, her fortune equal to her
'wiſhes, her heart, her virgin heart, was
'then a preſent (with pride let me ſay it)
'worthy of any man's acceptance. It was
'then in her power to beſtow happineſs,
'and Mr. Faulkland would not have been
'matched unequally. But the ſcene is
'changed; what ſhould I now bring to
'your arms? A perſon faded by grief; a
'reputation (though undeſervedly) once
'called in queſtion; a little helpleſs family
'with-

'without fortune; a widowed heart,
'dead to love and incapable of pleaſure.
'Oh, Sir! could I bear to be your wife
'on ſuch conditions? Indebted to you as
'I am, paſt a poſſibility of my ever mak-
'ing you a return, to what a mighty ſum
'would you raiſe the obligation? How
'poor would you make me in my own
'eyes? Humbled as I am by adverſity,
'my ſoul has ſtill too much pride, or let
'me call it delicacy, to ſubmit to this.
'No, if there was no Miſs Burchell in the
'world, no parental ſway to guide me, in
'my preſent circumſtances, I never would
'be yours.

'You have now before you my final de-
'termination. I ſhall trouble you no more
'on the ſubject. If your heart relents to-
'wards Miſs Burchell, great will be your
'reward. In her you are ſure of a tender,
'faithful, and charming friend; who will
'more than repay every act of kindneſs to-
'wards her; and he who is the author of
'juſtice and mercy will not fail to bleſs
'you.

'I am, &c'.

Me-

Methinks, my dear friend, I have now eaſed my heart of a load that oppreſſed it. What can I ſay more? Mr. Faulkland now knows my determined purpoſe in regard to myſelf; and if he is not quite inſenſible, I think Miſs Burchell muſt at laſt obtain the wiſh of her ſoul. Oh, my Cecilia, I would not have my heart devoured by ſuch a flame as her's, for the whole world. But have I not acted as I ſhould do? I hope I have; I feel ſatisfied with my own conduct, and I never yet found that to be the caſe when I acted wrong. There are ſome nice points, in which our own hearts are the beſt, as well as the moſt impartial judges. If Mr. Faulkland perſiſts in rejecting poor Miſs Burchell, I can urge him no farther; but I am determined not to ſee him.

*June* 25—How uneaſy has been my ſuſpenſe theſe three days! I queſtion if Miſs Burchell's is much greater. No anſwer from this ſtrange man; perhaps he is flown off again.—No, I wrong him, a letter

ter is this minute brought up to me from him—Read it, read it, my beloved, and congratulate me.

'You were born to conquer, Madam; 'what is there that you cannot effect? 'My heart was made for you, and you can 'mould it as you pleaſe. Enjoy your tri- 'umph, if it be one. I will receive Miſs 'Burchell as *your* gift; and ſince I can- 'not obtain your love, I will at leaſt com- 'pel your eſteem. Why ſhould *your* ge- 'neroſity, *your* compaſſion for an unhap- 'py lady, to whom you have no obli- 'gation, exceed that of a man who owns 'himſelf bound to her in gratitude? I wiſh 'I could repay her the debt of love I owe 'her, but I will try to repair my fault 'hereafter; and in her gentle boſom per- 'haps I may recover that peace, to which 'I have been ſo long a ſtranger. She will 'forgive the waywardneſs of a heart, which 'never diſguiſed its anguiſh to her; and 'which ſhe knows has been torn by a fatal 'paſſion, that, like a cruel diſeaſe, was not 'either to be reſiſted or ſubdued. But

'thanks

'thanks to you, Madam, I think I begin 'to feel my cure approaching. Miſs Bur-'chell's tenderneſs will finiſh what you 'have begun. You ſhall never reproach 'me more; if I *ever* had an intereſt in 'your heat, I will not forfeit it now, but 'make that proud heart acknowledge, 'ſpite of itſelf, that Faulkland was not 'unworthy of it.'

Ha! my Cecilia, what do you ſay to my Orlando now? *My* Orlando let me this once call him. Has he not a noble mind? Happy! happy Miſs Burchell! you are at length arrived to the ſummit of your wiſhes. Long may you enjoy them, and may you make your love as bleſt as he deſerves to be! My mother claſped her hands together in joy, when I read this letter to her. God bleſs him, God bleſs him, ſaid ſhe; he is now indeed a righteous man. How rejoiced I am, my dear, that I have been the means of bringing about his ſo-much-wiſhed-for event. And yet, me-thinks, if I were in Miſs Burchell's place, though my heart doated on the man to death,

death, I could not receive him on ſuch terms. He accepts her as *my* gift; it is to raiſe himſelf in my eſteem, he does her juſtice: Nay, I think the aſſuming man ſeems to inſinuate a ſort of ſuperiority over me, by this conceſſion. Why let it be ſo, I ſhall be content in my humiliation, if *my* gift will reſtore him to his peace. If it does, which I pray heaven it may, ought he not to think himſelf indebted to me?

I think I ſhould not let Miſs Burchell ſee this laſt letter; he does not conſent with a good grace; and it may damp her joy. Though, upon ſecond thoughts, I queſtion whether ſhe has delicacy enough to be much affected by this circumſtance.

I am ſaved the trouble of obſerving any decorum towards Miſs Burchell. She has been juſt here wild with tranſport; and was ſeveral minutes in the room before I could get her to ſpeak coherently. She had received a letter from Mr. Faulkland, written by his own angelic hand, ſhe ſaid. She made no difficulty of leaving it with me, and here it is.

Mr.

Mr. Faulkland's letter to Miſs Burchell.

'Is it poſſible, Madam, that I can ſtill 'be dear to you, careleſs and remiſs as I 'have been towards you, ſince you firſt ho-'noured me with your affection? If you 'can forgive this, I am ready to offer you 'my hand; and hope, by devoting my fu-'ture days to you, to make you amends 'for thoſe years, during which (deſerving 'as you are) I have withheld that heart 'which was your due.

'I never had any merit towards you but 'my ſincerity; and I will not now give up 'that virtue to arrogate to myſelf another 'to which I have no title. I own to you, 'Madam, that it is to Mrs. Arnold's ſu-'perior prudence, and nice honour, I am 'beholden for being brought to a juſt ſenſe 'of your worth, and my own obligations 'to you. If you will give me leave to at-'tend you this afternoon, you will receive 'a man filled with ſentiments of gratitude 'and eſteem for you, and who is determi-'ned by his future conduct, to deſerve a 'continuance of your love.

'I am, &c.'

I con-

I congratulated Miſs Burchell (after reading this letter) on her approaching felicity. She had not words to expreſs her acknowlegements to me. The ſervice I had rendered her was indeed to her a moſt important one; and there are ſome occaſions where *words* are of no uſe; Miſs Burchell can be eloquent without them. She embraced me a thouſand times, and wept in tender tranſport on my neck.

My mother is as much delighted at this happy event, as if it immediately concerned her own welfare. She recommended it to Miſs Burchell, to have her little boy with her when Mr. Faulkland came to viſit her. It ſeems he has not ſeen the child ſince his laſt return to England: he did not care to go to the houſe where it was boarded, for fear of drawing any obſervation on himſelf to Miſs Burchell's prejudice; and the people never permitted the child to be taken abroad by any one but Miſs Burchell (who paſſes for its aunt) or Mr. Faulkland's houſe-keeper; but this good woman, happening to be ſick when

when he came to town, Mr. Faulkand had not an opportunity of ſending for it.

Miſs Burchell greatly approved of the motion, and flew from us to prepare for this ſo much deſired interview.

And now, Cecilia, do you not think Mr. Faulkland has proved himſelf a diſintereſted (lover ſhall I ſay) of your Sidney? Indeed he has given a noble teſtimony of his eſteem and deference for me, as well as he formerly did of his affection. If Miſs Burchell does not render herſelf worthy of him, how ſhall I hate myſelf for having brought about this union! But ſhe loves him too ardently, and is herſelf too lovely, not to get poſſeſſion of his heart, when it becomes his duty, as well as his intereſt, to give it up to her. All acquaintance between her and me, muſt now ceaſe: for her ſake, as well as Mr. Faulkland's, this will be neceſſary; my preſence may diſturb, but never can contribute to the tranquillity of either of them.

*June* 26.—Miſs Burchell was in too much haſte to communicate her joy to us, to de-

fer

fer the giving an account of what paſſed between her and Mr. Faulkland yeſterday evening. She hurried to us laſt night, at almoſt ten o'clock.

He came to her houſe, ſhe ſaid, at ſix, the hour ſhe had appointed him; and looked *ſo* enchantingly. She herſelf was dreſſed out very elegantly to receieve him, and I thought looked really charming; her countenance was ſo lightned up with joy, that ſhe did not appear the ſame woman.

She had endeavoured, ſhe ſaid, to compoſe herſelf for this interview, and had tried to aſſume ſomething of dignity; but it all vaniſhed when her conqueror approached, and the tumult of her heart ſo intirely baniſhed all recollection, and preſence of mind, that ſhe was not able to tell me in what manner ſhe received him. She only knows, ſhe ſays, that having ſnatched up her little boy, who ſtood by her and hung on her gown, ſhe put him into his father's arms, and bidding the babe thank him for his goodneſs, ſhe burſt into tears. Mr. Faulkland tenderly embraced the child, not without a viſible emotion of countenance; and

and having gently ſet him down again, he placed himſelf by Miſs Burchell's ſide: She was ſtill ſobbing. Thoſe generous tears, Madam, ſaid he, taking her by the hand, reproach me too much: I have not deſerved this tenderneſs; I cannot look upon you, nor that dear boy, without bluſhing; but you have forgiven me: it ſhall be the ſtudy of my life to make you both happy. Oh! Madam, continued Miſs Burchell, what an exquiſite joy muſt ſuch a declaration give me from the beloved of my ſoul. I wrung his hand; Oh, Sir, you are too good: What return can I make you? One thing only ſay to me, that you do not offer me a *very* reluctant hand, and I ſhall then be the happieſt of women.

Mr. Faulkland pauſed a little while, and then, with a noble frankneſs, replied: 'You 'know, my dear Miſs Burchell, with what 'an exceſs of paſſion I have ever loved 'Mrs. Arnold: Had no ſuch woman exiſt-'ed, *you* would have been my choice, pre-'ferably to any other: but when I firſt 'knew you, I looked upon myſelf as bound 'to her, though, at that time, I had never

'ſeen her: my knowledge of her afterwards 'confirmed me her's. I made no ſecret of 'this to you, and you may remember what 'my declarations to you were, even at the 'time my hopes were fruſtrated. I have 'loved her fervently ever ſince; even in the 'arms of a huſband I adored her; and I 'will be candid enough to own to you, 'that, as my attachment to her has, du-'ring all that time, eſtranged me from 'you, ſo ſhould I ſtill, had I the leaſt hopes 'of ſucceeding, have perſiſted in my ſuit. 'But ſhe has cut off all hope; ſhe has de-'clared ſhe never can be mine, and at the 'ſame time has repreſented my obligations 'to you in ſo ſtrong a light, that I am con-'vinced I ought to be your's. And let me 'own, Madam (you who are generous, 'and know what it is to love, will pardon 'a declaration which I durſt not make to 'any other woman) to you I will confeſs 'that Mrs. Arnold is arbitreſs of my fate; 'and in approving myſelf to her, I do ſo 'to my own conſcience. I do not there-'fore, though my actions have been guided 'by her, yield with reluctance to her will;

'her

'her virtue, her religion, and enlarged 'mind, have only dictated to me, what 'my own reaſon tells me I ought to do. 'I have been a ſlave to a hopeleſs paſſion 'too long; I am now reſolved to ſtruggle 'with my chains: you, Madam, muſt aſ-'ſiſt me in breaking them entirely; and I 'make no doubt but that time, joined to 'my own efforts, and aided by your ſweet-'neſs of diſpoſition, your tenderneſs, and 'admirable ſenſe, will enable me to con-'quer what I muſt now call a weakneſs, 'and make the triumph equally happy for 'us both. But remember, Madam, I ne-'ver ſee Mrs. Arnold more. 'Tis for your 'peace ſake as well as my own, that I 'make this a preliminary to our marriage. 'I will, when you ſhall vouchſafe me the 'honour of your hand, receive it, if you 'pleaſe, from Lady Bidulph; and as I 'preſume it will be agreeable to you to 'have the ceremony intirely private, that 'I may, for our dear little boy's ſake, 'preſent you rather as my acknowleged 'wife, than as my new-made bride, I will, 'with the utmoſt ſpeed and ſecrecy, have

'ſuch diſpoſitions made, as ſhall be ſuitable
'to my condition, and your own merit.

'I ſhould like, after we are united, if
'you have no objection to it, to pay a viſit
'for a while to an eſtate I have in Ireland;
'which I have never yet ſeen, and which I
'intended to have looked at, if this event,
'this happy event (and he kiſſed my hand)
'had not taken place.'

Penetrated as I was, purſued Miſs Burchell, with a ſenſe of the generoſity and openneſs of his heart, I could not forbear raiſing his hand to my lips; he tenderly withdrew it from me, as if abaſhed at my condeſcenſion. He then turned the diſcourſe to leſs intereſting ſubjects, and after three delightful hours ſpent with me, took his leave; not without having firſt fixed on Wedneſday, next Wedneſday, to be the bleſſed day that is to make him mine for ever.

Happy, happy may you be, ſaid I! you *muſt* be happy; but let me ſee you once again before you are Mrs. Faulkland: there are not many hours to come before that name will be yours. My dear Madam! ſaid

ſaid ſhe, and patted my boſom with her hand, I hope all is well *here*; ſhe looked earneſtly in my face, and then added, but you have a noble heart. 'Tis an honeſt one I hope, ſaid I, a little diſconcerted at her manner. Why did ſhe addreſs me thus, my dear? I hope I did not diſcover any thing in my behaviour as if I repined at her good fortune; if I did, far be ſuch a wretched meanneſs from the heart of thy friend. Was it not my own act to make Miſs Burchell the happy woman ſhe now thinks herſelf? Yet I own there is ſomething in Mr. Faulkland's conduct which has raiſed my eſteem to admiration. Oh may his future days be bleſſed, elſe ſhall I indeed be wretched!

My mother told Miſs Burchell, it would give her inexpreſſible ſatisfaction to beſtow her in marriage on Mr. Faulkland; and deſired ſhe would let her know to-morrow at what time and place the ceremony was to be performed. She anſwered, at her own houſe, as ſhe could be no where elſe ſo private; and that Mr. Faulkland would engage for the purpoſe a clergyman, a par-

ticular friend of his, and fellow-collegian, on whoſe diſcretion he could rely.

Miſs Burchell's ſpirits were too much exhilarated to let her think of reſt; ſhe ſtaid with us till it was very late, and having taken occaſion to mention how grieved ſhe was at the thoughts of loſing my ſociety, and of the neceſſity Mr. Faulkland expreſſed himſelf under of never ſeeing me more, my mother took that opportunity of gravely entering into the ſubject of matrimonial duties. She highly applauded Mr. Faulkland's reſolution on that head, and told Miſs Burchell, it ought exceedingly to enhance his merit towards her. Let this be a memorandum to you, my dear Madam, ſaid ſhe, how ſacred the bond is to be held that is now going to unite you: He will not, you ſee, run the hazard of being tempted, even in thought, to ſwerve from that faith which he is going to plight to you; your ſituation is delicate, and it will require the utmoſt prudence and circumſpection on your part, to ſecure ſuch an intereſt in his heart as he now ſeems inclined to give you. It is not on your perſonal charms

that

that you are to rely, for ſubduing, or preſerving the affections of ſuch a man as he is. They alone, you ſee, were not able to effect this: it is to Mr. Faulkland's honour rather than his love, that you are now obliged for the juſtice he has done you: never let this be out of your thoughts; be grateful, but let your gratitude have dignity in it; and by your behaviour convince your huſband that honour was with you a firſt motive to wiſh this union, love will then come in with a better grace as a ſecondary inducement.

The freedom of my mother's obſervations, and inſtructions, I was not ſurprized at, becauſe ſhe always ſpeaks her mind; but the emphaſis with which ſhe delivered herſelf was unuſual. Miſs Burchell expreſſed herſelf as obliged to her, and joined intirely in her opinion; I could perceive, however, ſhe was not pleaſed with the lecture.

When Miſs Burchell was gone, my mother told me, ſhe thought it neceſſary to ſpeak as ſhe had done. Miſs Burchell, ſaid ſhe, is not *quite* the girl I took her

for; ſo much modeſty and reſerve, I thought I never had met with in a young creature before; when ſhe uſed to ſpeak of Mr. Faulkland, it was with affection indeed, but with ſuch a nice decorum as convinced me of the innocence and purity of her heart. But of late I have obſerved ſhe has been leſs delicate in her expreſſions of tenderneſs; ſuch paſſionate ſlights have ſometimes broke from her, as I did not think becoming in a young woman, and which indeed almoſt offended me; and this night her joy has been ungoverned. Great reaſon ſhe has for joy 'tis true; but there are ſome conſiderations which ought to have made her chaſten that joy into a ſober, and, at leaſt ſeemingly, moderate ſatisfaction. She loves Mr. Faulkland, but let her beware of diſguſting a man of his ſenſe by too ſtrong an expreſſion of her fondneſs.

My mother's obſervation, and her uncommonly forcible manner of expreſſing it, ſtruck me prodigiouſly. It is true I had made the ſame remarks myſelf, but as you know ſhe is not extremely penetrating,

and

and in general, but a ſuperficial obſerver, I was the more ſurprized at what ſhe ſaid. Miſs Burchell's behaviour muſt have been formerly very different from what it now is, to have made my mother ſo ſenſible of the change. *Some conſiderations*, ſhe ſaid, ought to have made her chaſten her joy. Perhaps, ſhe meant no more than that the young lady, even in the midſt of that joy, had, upon reflection, cauſe for humiliation. I hope, ſhe did not think that her gaiety on this deſired event affected me, who had ſo warmly promoted it. My mother is too open not to give the full meaning of her thoughts. This may be only the ſuggeſtion of my own fancy, yet it has mortified me. I had but little reſt laſt night, and roſe this morning by day-light, to throw together in writing the above particulars.

*June* 27.—Miſs Burchell came not to us till late this evening; pleaſure danced in her eyes. I whiſpered to her, We rejoice with you, dear Madam, ſincerely rejoice, at your approaching felicity; but our preſent ſtate will not ſuffer us to keep pace with you in

that gaiety, however juſtifiable it may be from the cauſe: reſtrain yourſelf a little; my mother will not think you kind, as we are ſo ſoon to part with you. She ſmiled, and thanking me for the hint, immediately compoſed her features to ſuch a decorum (I will not call it demureneſs) that it was impoſſible to diſcover ſhe was agitated by any extraordinary emotion. I own, I was amazed at the command ſhe ſo ſuddenly aſſumed over her countenance. I was glad, however, ſhe did ſo, that my mother might not have freſh cauſe of diſlike towards her.

She told us that Mr. Faulkland had ſettled a thouſand pounds a year on her, and that too without ever having informed himſelf of the ſtate of her fortune: for, in the hurry of her thoughts, ſhe had neglected to mention it to him: (Generous man! whiſpered I to myſelf.) She then, with great gravity, applied herſelf to my mother, and told her, ſhe hoped for the honour of her preſence, the next morning, at her own houſe; where the ceremony was to be performed, before no other witneſſes but her ladyſhip, and the gentlewoman, who had been

been Mr. Faulkland's houſekeeper; and that the following day they purpoſed retiring to Mr. Faulkland's ſeat in Hertfordſhire, and, after a ſhort ſtay there, to ſet out for Ireland.

My mother commended Mr. Faulkland's diligence, for having ſo ſuddenly diſpoſed every thing for this important event, and told our friend ſhe would not fail to attend her at the appointed time.

Miſs Burchell's behaviour was extremely compoſed; ſhe either really was, or affected to be, extremely ſorry at parting with me; ſhe could not ſtay long with us, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe had many things ſtill to ſettle in the remaining part of that evening. On taking leave of me, I ſhall not ſee you again, worthieſt of women, ſaid ſhe, at leaſt, for many months; but my love, my reſpect, and my gratitude towards you will be as laſting as my life. You ſhall hear often from me, and be ſo good as ſometimes to tell me I am not forgotten. She embraced me with tears in her eyes, but I thought ſhe tripped down ſtairs to her chair, as if her heart was very light.

My

My mother liked her deportment; ſhe ſaid, ſhe believed the flightineſs of her behaviour before, was owing to her being quite intoxicated with the ſuddenneſs of her joy, on ſo unexpected a turn of fortune; but that ſince ſhe had time for recollection, ſhe had recovered her wonted baſhful and ſober air, with which ſhe uſed to be ſo delighted. My mother ſays, ſhe will contrive to carry a rich white brocade gown with her, in order to ſlip it on at Miſs Burchell's houſe; for ſhe would not, on any conſideration, appear in mourning on this joyful occaſion. You know the reverence ſhe has for omens.

*June* 28.—The important event is over, my Cecilia. Miſs Burchell is now Mrs. Faulkland. My mother is juſt returned, and ſaw the nuptial knot tied. The lady, ſhe ſaid, looked very lovely; and it was eaſy to obſerve ſhe gave her hand with all her heart. Mr. Faulkland's behaviour was polite and unconſtrained; but his attention to his bride was more gallant than tender; and his whole deportment was that of a man who ſeemed to endeavour at acquitting himſelf

ſelf with a good grace of an act of duty, rather than of inclination. The latter part of the obſervation is mine, not my mother's; but I collected it from certain little particulars, which ſhe related to me in her own way, without drawing any inference from them.

He thanked her in a moſt reſpectful manner for the honour ſhe had done him, and for her former friendſhip to Miſs Burchell; but did not once mention my name. So much the better; I hope he will forget me.

My mother is mighty alert on the occaſion, and felicitates both herſelf and me on our having brought about this very important affair. She joined heartily with me in praying that the new-married pair may be happy in each other. She is quite reconciled to Mr. Faulkland. What a pity it was, ſaid ſhe—and ſtopped; then added, But every thing is for the beſt. I underſtood her, but made no reply.

They go out of town to-morrow morning; all happineſs attend them!

I expect Sir George will be quite outrageous about this marriage. My ſecond refuſal

ſuſal of his friend, with the addition of his now being wedded, through my perſuaſion, to a woman my brother never could endure, will, I fear, exaſperate him beyond a poſſibility of reconciliation. I cannot help it; I have acted agreeably to the dictates of my duty; that muſt be my conſolation: life is in itſelf a warfare, *my* life has been particularly ſo.

*July* 8.—My mother is far from being well; her ſpirits have been a little heightened for theſe few days paſt, but her diſorder I ſee gains ground: the ſwelling in her legs is returning, and her reſt at night quite broken. I am hourly habituating myſelf to think of her diſſolution; or, in other words, am preparing myſelf for the worſt evil that can now befal me. I hope I ſhall find myſelf equal to the trial.

*July* 10.—Here is a ſtorm for you my dear; a letter from Sir George. I wanted ſuch a thing to rouſe me from the almoſt lethargic dulneſs that was creeping on me. Mr. Faulkland has acquainted him with his marriage.

marriage. Pray obſerve his brotherly addreſs.

Mrs. ARNOLD, *June* 6, 1706.

'For I diſclaim all relation to you. I 'have juſt now had a letter from Faulk-'land, wherein I am at once informed of 'your having finally rejected him, and of 'his being married to Miſs Burchell. As 'for the firſt, your own folly be on your 'head. You will have time enough for 'repentance, and I need wiſh you no other 'puniſhment than what *will*, and for me '*ſhall*, be the conſequence of your obſti-'nate adherence to your own romantic 'wild opinions. But what in the name of 'blind infatuation could provoke you to 'urge the man, to whom you owed ſuch 'obligations, to his deſtruction? *You* I 'know have done it; he could not be ſo 'mad but under *your* influence. You and 'my mother I ſuppoſe fancy you have 'done a righteous deed; but you have 'done what I am afraid poor Faulkland 'will have reaſon to—I will ſuppreſs the 'ſhocking word, that my indignation ſug-'geſted.

'Why

'Why was not I made acquainted with 'this precious deſign of marrying my 'friend to that inſinuating little viper? I 'might perhaps have prevented the miſ-'chief; for I cannot think if ſhe had not 'impoſed upon you, that you would have 'puſhed your chimerical notions of ho-'nour to ſuch extremities.

'Perhaps you meant well; but it has 'ever been your peculiar misfortune I 'think to have your good intentions pro-'ductive of nothing but evil; this laſt 'action I fear will be a ſevere proof of the 'truth of this obſervation. I warned 'you in time againſt this woman, but my 'advice has always been deſpiſed.

'I will ſay no more on the hateful ſub-'ject; what is done is irrevocable: but 'I believe you will hardly be able to an-'ſwer it to yourſelf, if you find that you 'have condemned one of the nobleſt fel-'lows in the world to the arms of a pro-'ſtitute.'

Lord bleſs me! my Cecilia, was there ever ſuch a barbarian? with what an implacable averſion does he purſue this poor girl!

girl! But what does he mean by the odious epithet with which he cloſes his horrid letter? Sure Miſs Burchell merits not that name. Her weakneſs in regard to Mr. Faulkland cannot bring on her ſo deteſtable a charge. If George knows any thing more of her character than I do, why did he not tell me ſo before? It cannot be; his averſion to her makes him cruel and unjuſt. He ſays true; I ſhould not indeed forgive myſelf if I were the means of making Mr. Faulkland unhappy; and his obſervation would be dreadfully verified, that all my good intentions produce nothing but evil, if this marriage ſhould prove to be unfortunate.

*July* 20.—I have had a letter from Mrs. Faulkland. She and her huſband are arrived ſafely at his eſtate on the borders of the north of Ireland, within leſs than thirty miles of the capital. It is a pleaſant part of the country ſhe ſays, but as Mr. Faulkland has no houſe there, they have taken up their lodgings for the preſent at the houſe of his ſteward. Her letter is filled with declarations of the felicity ſhe enjoys;

joys; ſhe ſays, ſhe would not change her lot to be the greateſt Queen on earth.—May ſhe continue to deſerve her happy fortune, and to render her huſband as ſatisfied with *his* lot as ſhe is with *hers!* then ſhall I triumph over Sir George for his vile inſinuations.

I have heard from my good lady V—, in anſwer to the letter I wrote her, giving an account of Mr. Faulkland's marriage. As he had not made her acquainted with his return to England, I knew not whether he had informed her of this particular; and I find he had not. As lady V— was a ſtranger to his former connection with Miſs Burchell (with whom I have already told you ſhe was acquainted, and that ſhe entertained a very favourable opinion of her) ſhe expreſſed no diſpleaſure at the alliance; but ſaid, ſhe ſuppoſed he married in a tifft, upon my refuſal of him; for which I gave her ſuch reaſons as I had before given Mr. Faulkland, excepting thoſe which related to Miſs Burchell; which, for both their ſakes, muſt now be no more mentioned. Lady V— ſays, ſhe *will not condemn the delicacy of my ſentiments, though*

*ſhe*

*ſhe owns her wiſh was, that it could have been got over, as ſhe is ſure that Mr. Faulkland can never be happy with any one but me.*

[Here follows an interval of near two months, in which nothing material occurred.]

*September* 13.—The time approaches, my Cecilia, when thy friend ſhall be poor and deſtitute. I know thy generous heart will more than ſympathize with me in my calamity, from the aggravating reflexion that it is not in your power to aſſiſt me. The account you have given me of your huſband's cloſe diſpoſition has too fully convinced me of this. Nor ſhould I have mentioned my apprehenſions to you at this time, but that I am bound not to conceal a thought from the friend of my heart.

Sir George has dropt all correſpondence with us, I have nothing to expect from him; nor does that mortal live (yourſelf excepted) to whom I would, on ſuch an occaſion, be indebted. I have already ſighed too often under the weight of obligations which I could not repay.

My

My mother is haſtening apace towards a better world. She ſees her end approaching with ſuch a calmneſs, ſuch a truly pious joy, as almoſt makes me aſhamed of lamenting her loſs; for what is it in me, my dear but ſelfiſhneſs? 'Tis true, the loſs of a tender parent, a faithful friend, at a time when all other comforts of life are fled, is an evil one would wiſh wholly to avoid, or at leaſt to poſtpone to the longeſt date poſſible: but when I conſider *her* welfare, ought I to indulge myſelf in ſuch a wiſh? Her life is already become a burden to her; her infirmities are painful, and without hope of cure; ſhe longs to be releaſed, and to receive that reward of her righteouſneſs, which cannot be obtained on this ſide of the grave.

If we had a friend, who, in compaſſion to our wants or weakneſs, conſented to live with us, though under the preſſure of years and bodily pain; and that friend were invited to a remote country, with an aſſurance of recovering health, of having youth renewed, and of poſſeſſing all the riches, power, honours, and accumulated pleaſures

ſures that this world can beſtow; ſhould we not bluſh to own even a wiſh to detain him from ſuch a ſtation? What but a love of ourſelves, ſuperior to that which we bear to our friend, could ſuggeſt ſuch a thought? How much more to be deſired then is the change, to which my mother looks forward, with an aſſured hope!

But there is ſomething diſmal in the idea of death! 'tis only our prejudices make it ſo. I have been endeavouring for many days paſt to familiariſe it to my thoughts, and to conſider death only as the name of a region through which my mother is to paſs, in order to get at that delightful country to which ſhe is invited, and whither *I* ſhall aſſuredly follow her. Such is the preſent frame of my mind; judge then, my ſiſter, if this philoſophy will not bear me up againſt the expected blow when it falls upon me.

*September* 15.—'Tis ſtrange, my Cecilia, that this beſt of parents, who had always ſo tenderly loved me, expreſſes now not the leaſt uneaſineſs at the forlorn condition

tion in which ſhe muſt ſoon leave me. Her thoughts are employed on higher objects, and ſhe ſeems to have weaned herſelf from all worldly attachments.

I am going from you, my daughter, ſaid ſhe to me juſt now, and have no other legacy to leave you but a parent's bleſſing. Your brother poſſeſſes all when I die; I wiſh you had the means of enjoying life with comfort; but you muſt be contented. See that you bear your lot as becomes you. I perceive your grief for the melancholy condition to which I am reduced; but added ſhe ſmiling, I ſhall ſoon be releaſed.

Remember how David behaved on the death of that ſon, whoſe life he had ſo earneſtly beſought of his maker: let that ſerve you as an example, not to give yourſelf up to unprofitable ſorrow. Bring up your children in the principles that I taught *you*, and God will take care of them; for *I have never ſeen the righteous forſaken, nor his ſeed begging their bread.*

She ſaid, ſhe found herſelf drowſy, and deſired me to leave her for a while. I have left her, going I hope to get a little ſleep; ſhe

ſhe breathes with ſo much difficulty that ſhe cannot bear to lie down, and never gets any reſt but by ſnatches, as ſhe ſits in an arm-chair ſupported by pillows.

How heavy and caſt down do I feel my ſpirits; but I know the worſt—*that* is ſomething.——

It is all over: and my mother, bleſſed woman! opens not her eyes again but to a joyful reſurrection. Oh, my dear, there is no terror in death when he ſeizes us not unprepared! I went into my mother's chamber, in about half an hour after I had quitted it, at her deſire: I found her leaning back in her chair, her eyes ſhut, and a complacent air diffuſed over her face, which made me hope that her ſlumber was ſweeter, and more profound than uſual. I ſat down by her to contemplate her benign countenance; and was ſome minutes before I diſcovered that ſhe did not breathe. I took her hand, ſhe had no pulſe; and I ſoon found that the happy ſpirit had eſcaped from its houſe of clay. May *I* die the death of the righteous, and my latter end

be

be like hers! No murmurings, no, no my ſiſter, I will be patience itſelf!

*September* 25.—I have ſent the remains of my venerable parent down to Sidney-Caſtle, there to be interred with her anceſtors. I wrote my brother an account of her death on the day it happened, but have as yet received no anſwer. Unnatural ſon! but I will not reproach him; ſome accident might have prevented his writing immediately on the receipt of my letter. He never intirely forſook the duty he owed his mother, but he has of late been quite eſtranged from us; his wife, vain, weak and imperious, governs him totally. I muſt now begin to look about me for a place of abode ſuited to my preſent circumſtances. My whole income would not pay more than half the rent of theſe lodgings in which I have lived with my dear mother. My poor Patty! I am grieved for *her*. I begged of her to ſeek another miſtreſs, who might be able to reward her merit, and provide for her as ſhe deſerves; but the

the worthy affectionate girl told me, it would break her heart, if I talked of parting with her. You muſt have a ſervant of ſome ſort, Madam, ſaid ſhe, why may not I do as well as another? If I were able to make you a proper return, Patty, ſaid I, you ſhould not leave me; but I cannot afford to pay a ſervant of your abilities as you deſerve; and I muſt be my own maid for the future. Never, never, Madam, cried the honeſt creature, burſting into tears, while I have hands to ſerve you. Let me but attend on you, and the two dear children; I deſire nothing.—I want nothing. Your goodneſs has all along ſupplied me ſo, that I am ſure I have clothes enough to ſerve me during my life; and if I could not put up with the ſame humble way of living that my miſtreſs does, ſure I ſhould be a preſumptuous wretch! My tears thanked the grateful girl; and taking her by the hand, I told her, that I would not talk of parting for the preſent, but when any thing worth her acceptance offered, I ſhould then inſiſt on her embracing it.

I am determined to retire to ſome village at a diſtance from London, and either to take a little cottage to myſelf, or board with my children at ſome farm-houſe, as I ſhall find moſt convenient. Fifty pounds a year will be but a ſlender ſupport for three perſons brought up in affluence. My little ones indeed will not now be ſenſible of the change, and by the time they are grown up, they will be ſo inured to their homely board, that they will not, I hope, aſpire after what cannot conſiſtently (perhaps,) with virtue, lie within their reach.

*October* 27.—After paying the expences of my mother's funeral, diſcharging our lodgings, and ſome other demands, I find my purſe will be ſo extremely reduced, that I ſhall have but barely enough to keep out want, till my ſmall income becomes due to me. I muſt therefore, for the preſent, defer putting my ſcheme into execution, as I am not qualified to undertake a journey with my little family; eſpecially as I am as yet uncertain what place to fix on for my reſidence; neither will I afford my bro-

brother (though I have no reaſon to expect any thing from him) a farther pretence for reproaching me, by giving him room to ſay, I left London without conſulting him, or waiting for his return to it. I ſhall therefore look out for a lodging of a ſmall price, where I will conceal myſelf from every body that knows me, and wait for Sir George's arrival.

*October* 28. — How happy you make me, my ever dear friend, by your approbation of my conduct; ſince my receiving your laſt packet, which came to my hand late laſt night, I am better reconciled to my preſent lot than I was before I heard from you. I *could not do otherwiſe*, you ſay, after my ſolemn promiſe given to Miſs Burchell, than uſe my utmoſt endeavours to promote her marriage with Mr. Faulkland. True; I could not: but I wiſh you had entered more into my ſentiments, in regard to thoſe punctilios, which, you tell me, you think *might* have been got over, if that young woman had been out of the queſtion. I could not help ſmiling at your wiſh, unchriſtian as

it was; but my dear, if that *were* to happen, do you think Mr. Faulkland ſo void of reaſon, nay of feeling, as after all that has paſt to perſevere? Or if he did, that I could be ſo mean as to owe the very bread that I and my children ſhould eat, to his generoſity? Would you, my Cecilia, wiſh to ſee your friend ſo humbled? 'Tis not in the power even of the cold, hard hand of poverty itſelf, to daſh me ſo low as that would do. But where is the need of forming reſolutions, or even making declarations about what never *can* happen? I ſee notwithſtanding, that you think my heart has *again* done itſelf ſome violence: You know that heart too well for me to attempt to hide from you its ſecret workings. I own to you honeſtly I now feel my own unhappineſs in its full extent. I look back, and take a ſurvey of the paſt, and cannot help thinking that I have had the moſt wayward fate allotted me that ever woman had.

Diſappointment in a firſt love, has, I think, been ever accounted a grief ſcarce ſurmountable even by time: but this can only

only be the caſe, where the heart, extremely vulnerable by nature (like Miſs Burchell's) ſuffers itſelf to be ſo entirely immerſed in that paſſion, that all the other duties of life are ſwallowed up in it; and where an indolent turn of mind, a want of rational avocations, and perhaps of a new object, all contribute to indulge and confirm the diſeaſe. This you know was not my caſe. I loved, 'tis true; but it was with temperance; and though my diſappointment afflicted me, it did not ſubdue me. I got the better of it, I think I got the better of it even before I married; but ſure I am, I totally conquered all remembrance of it after I became a wife. I then laid down a new ſcheme of happineſs, and was for a time in poſſeſſion of it; how I was thrown from this is ſtill bitter to remembrance. You well know what I ſuffered, when I found myſelf deprived of my huſband's love, and ſuſpected of a crime at which my ſoul ſhrunk. But it pleaſed the juſt God to deliver me from this heavy misfortune, and I think the happieſt days of my marriage were thoſe which I paſſed with

Mr. Arnold after our reunion. Then it was, I was thoroughly ſenſible that the heart *can* love a ſecond time, truly and ardently; but I was ſoon again plunged into affliction by the death of a huſband endeared to me more than ever by his misfortunes. My grief for him was proportionate to my love. Yet, my friend, as time is an univerſal conqueror, it might have healed this wound as well as the former one; and a few, a very few years would perhaps have diſpoſed me to return Mr. Faulkland's ſtill unabated paſſion, if a variety of circumſtances had not interpoſed, that ſtrongly forbad our union. Convinced as I was of this, I acted agreeably to the dictates both of my reaſon, and my conſcience, in perſuading Mr. Faulkland to make Miſs Burchell his wife. I ſhould have been grieved and mortified had he rejected her, and I had determined never to have ſeen him more. Yet how deceitful is the human heart! this very act which I laboured with ſo much aſſiduity to accompliſh, and on the accompliſhment of which, I had founded, I know not how, a ſort of contentment for myſelf,

myſelf, has been the very means of deſtroying what little peace of mind I was beginning to taſte before. Sure that man was born to torment me in a variety of ways! If I was diſappointed in my early love, I had however duty, and a conſciouſneſs of what I then thought ſuperior worth, to ſupport me. If on his account I ſuffered cruel and injurious aſperſions, the innocence of my own ſelf-acquitted heart bore me up under it: but he has at length found the way to puniſh me without leaving me any reſource. My pride is of no uſe, he has raiſed himſelf in my eſteem ſuperior to every thing. His whole behaviour ſo generous, ſo candid; a love ſo diſintereſted, ſo fervent; what noble, what uncommon proofs has he given me of it! and at length what a triumphant ſacrifice has he made of that over-ruling paſſion, to the ſober calls of reaſon and humanity! He has left me, my dear, to gaze after him with grateful admiration! and ſometimes perhaps to ſigh that our fates rendered it impoſſible for us to meet. But if I do ſometimes ſigh, it is not at the advantages of fortune, which I might

have enjoyed with him; no, no, ſurrounded as I am with diſtreſs, I do not envy Miſs Burchell's affluence or ſplendor. If *that* motive could have had weight with me, I might have been mean enough not to have acted as I have done. 'Tis the qualities of the man's mind I eſteem; I think our ſouls have ſomething congenial in them, and that we were originally deſigned for each other. And if I believed the doctrine which teaches us that there are little officious ſpirits that preſide over the actions of men, I ſhould think that our two evil geniuſes laid their heads together in conjunction with Miſs Burchell's active demon, to thwart and croſs all our meaſures.

I have nothing now left but to pray for the happineſs of one whoſe lot in this life he has ſuffered *me* to determine; and to beſeech Heaven that he may never ſtand in that fatal predicament which Sir George, with ſuch outrageous barbarity, marked out in his vile letter.

I now return to myſelf, and to my preſent ſtate; which I think I may ſay brings up the rear of my misfortunes. Let the chaſtiſe-

chaſtiſement ſtop here, and I ſhall bow me to it with reſignation.

*October* 29.—Ah, my Cecilia, what an aggravation is here to the already too deep regret I began to feel on Mr. Faulkland's account! His triumph over me is now complete!

In ſorting my mother's papers (as I am to leave theſe lodgings to-morrow) I found that letter which Mr. Faulkland wrote to my brother from Bath. You may remember I told you my mother had, in her reſentment, flung it to Sir George, and that, as it happened to fall on the ground, he had quitted the room in a paſſion without taking it up. My mother, I ſuppoſe, when ſhe cooled, laid it by, though I dare ſay ſhe never looked into it afterwards. Read it, and ſee by what a fatality we have been governed.

## Mr. Faulkland's letter to Sir George Bidulph.

*Bath, May* 9, 1703.

'How you mortify me, my dear Bi-'dulph, when you tell me of the happineſs 'I loſe by ſtaying ſo long at Bath! *The 'ladies are impatient to ſee me*, ſay you? 'Ah! Sir George, thou haſt ſpoke bet-'ter of me than I deſerve, I fear.

'I am ſadly out of humour with myſelf 'at preſent. I have got into a very fooliſh 'ſort of a ſcrape here. My wriſt is quite 'well, and I ſhould have thrown myſelf 'at Miſs Bidulph's feet before now, but 'to tell you a ſecret, my virtue not being 'proof againſt temptation, I have been 'intercepted.

''Tis but a ſlight lapſe, however, a fly-'ing affair; neither my honour, nor my 'heart in the queſtion. A little vagrant 'Cupid has contented himſelf with pick-'ing my pocket, juſt lightly fluttering 'through my breaſt, and away.

'Are you fallen ſo low as that, Faulk-
'land, ſay you? to *buy* the favour of the
'fair? No, George, no; not quite ſo con-
'temptible as that neither: and yet, faith,
'I did *buy* it too, for it coſt me three
'hundred pounds; but the lady to whom
'I am obliged knows nothing of this part
'of her own hiſtory; at leaſt, I hope ſo,
'for my credit ſake. The caſe in ſhort
'is this: an old gouty officer, and his
'wife (a very notable dame; a fine wo-
'man too) happened to lodge in the ſame
'houſe with me. The man came hither to
'get rid of his aches; the lady of her mo-
'ney, and her virtue, if ſhe has any, for
'ſhe is eternally at the card tables.

'Under the conduct of this hopeful
'guide, came a niece of the huſband's;
'an extremely fine girl, innocent too, I
'believe, and the beſt dancer I ever ſaw.
'I don't know how it happened, but ſhe
'took a fancy to me, which, upon my
'word, and I am ſure you have no doubts
'of me, I was far from wiſhing to im-
'prove. You know I always deſpiſe the
'mean triumph of gaining a heart, for
'which I could not give another in re-
'turn.

'turn. I ſaw with pain her growing in-
'clination for me; but as we lived in
'the ſame houſe, and met every day in
'the rooms, it was impoſſible for me to
'avoid her as much as I wiſhed to do.
'The aunt I found, had her eyes upon
'me, and took ſome pains to promote
'a liking on my ſide. I ſaw her de-
'ſign, and was ſo much upon my guard,
'that ſhe, who I ſoon found was an
'adept in love-matters, almoſt deſpair-
'ed of gaining her ends. The young
'lady's inclination however ſeemed to
'increaſe; a pair of fine blue eyes told
'me ſo every day; and I was upon the
'point of flying to avoid the ſoft con-
'tagion, when an accident happened that
'totally overthrew all my good reſolu-
'tions.

'I had not ſeen the young lady for two
'or three days; I enquired for her, and her
'aunt anſwered, with a myſterious ſmile,
'She is ill, poor thing, why don't you look
'in upon her, and aſk her how ſhe does?
'I replied, if the lady will permit me, I will
do myſelf that honour, and intended li-
terally to have kept my word, by juſt

'aſking her at her chamber door how ſhe
'did.

'You are very cruel, ſaid the aunt;
'would you perſuade me that you don't
'know the girl is in love with you? Oh,
'your Servant, Madam; if you think me
'vain, I thank you for the reprimand.
'Come, come, ſaid ſhe, this is all affecta-
'tion, we'll drink tea with her this even-
'ing. Upon my word, ſaid I, if I am to
'believe what you ſay, I think you ought
'not to deſire me. I am not blind to the
'young lady's merit, but am ſo unfortu-
'nate as not to have it in my power to
'make ſuch returns as ſhe deſerves. I
'found the occaſion required my being ſe-
'rious.

'If you have not love, ſaid ſhe, you
'may at leaſt have a little complaiſance.
'Was there ever ſuch a barbarian, not to
'go and ſee a woman that is dying for him?
'I promiſed to bring you, and ſhe expects
'you. What is the pretty creature afraid
'of (patting my cheek). I'll ſtay by it all
'the while. There was no withſtanding
'this; I promiſed to wait on her.

'She

'She knocked at my door about ſix 'o'clock, and looking in, aſked if the coy 'Narciſſus was ready? I went with her, and 'ſhe led me directly to her niece's chamber. 'The young lady looked pale and languiſh-'ing, but very pretty. I was really griev-'ed to ſee her, and enquired with an unaf-'fected concern after her health. The tea-'things were ſet, and I tried to force ſome-'thing like converſation, but I believe I 'was rather formal.

'When we had done tea, the aunt look-'ed at her watch, ſtarted off her chair, 'ſaid ſhe had outſtaid her appointment 'with the party ſhe was to meet at cards, 'and turning to me, I hope, Sir, you will 'have the *Charity* to ſtay with my niece; 'and then hurried out of the room. I 'begged leave to hand her to her chair, 'intending to take that opportunity of 'ſlipping away, and reſolved to quit the 'houſe the next morning. But the deter-'mined gipſey was prepared for this mo-'tion, and inſiſting that I ſhould not ſtir, 'thruſt me back from the door, which ſhe 'ſhut, and flew down ſtairs.

'What

'What was to become of me now, 'George? My ſituation was dangerous, 'and really critical. To be ſhort, I forgot 'my prudence, and found the young lady's 'heart too, too tender.

'I never felt remorſe before. I never 'had cauſe. I accuſe myſelf of indiſcretion, 'but I have not the aggravating addition 'to my fault of oaths and promiſes to fly 'in my face. I made none—love, fooliſh 'love did all, and led a willing victim to 'his altar, who aſked nothing in return 'for the ſacrifice ſhe offered; and received 'nothing but unavailing repentance on my 'ſide.

'I know not any thing now that would 'give me ſo much pleaſure as to find that 'the girl hated me heartily, though I have 'given her no cauſe.

'A juſt reparation I cannot make her. 'Every thing forbids that thought. I do 'not conſider myſelf as free; but if I were 'ſo, I am not a ſeducer, and therefore do 'not think myſelf bound to carry my peni-'tence to ſuch lengths. The damned aunt 'has been the ſerpent. And here let me

'explain

'explain to you what I call buying the 'lady's favour. You muſt know the aunt 'one night (the greateſt part of which ſhe 'had ſpent at hazard) loſt two hundred 'pounds; at leaſt ſhe told me ſo the next 'morning, and with tears in her eyes be-'ſought me, in the moſt earneſt manner, to 'lend her that ſum. She ſaid, ſhe ſhould be 'undone if her huſband were to know it, 'and that ſhe would pay me in a very few 'days, as ſhe had as much due to her from 'different people who had loſt to her at 'play. Though our ſhort acquaintance 'could hardly warrant her making ſuch a 'requeſt, I nevertheleſs did not heſitate, 'but gave her the money directly. She 'meant indeed to pay me, but it was in a 'different coin, and this I ſuppoſe was the 'price ſhe ſet on the unhappy girl's ho-'nour.

'My reflections on this unlucky affair 'make me very grave. I have explained 'my ſituation to the young lady, and ex-'preſſed my concern at not having it in 'my power to be any other than a friend 'to her. She blames her own weakneſs,

'and

'and her aunt's conduct, but does not re-
'proach me. She cannot with juſtice, yet
'I wiſh ſhe would, for then I ſhould re-
'proach myſelf leſs.

''Tis a fooliſh buſineſs, and I muſt get
'off as handſomely as I can. Prithee, Bi-
'dulph, ſay ſomething to encourage me,
'and put me into more favour with myſelf.
'You have often been my confeſſor, but
'I never wanted abſolution ſo much as
'now; nor ever was ſo well intitled to it,
'for I am really full of penitence, and look
'*ſo* mortified, you would pity me. I am
'aſhamed of having been ſurpriſed into a
'folly; I who *ought* to have been upon my
'guard, knowing the natural impetuoſity
'of my temper.

'I muſt not conclude without telling you,
'that this very morning, the precious aunt,
'inſtead of paying me the two hundred
'pounds ſhe had of me before, very mo-
'deſtly requeſted I would oblige her with
'another hundred, to redeem a pair of dia-
'mond ear-rings which ſhe had been obli-
'ged to part with for the ſupply of ſome
'other neceſſary demands; and with abun-

'dance

'dance of ſmooth ſpeeches, ſhe aſſured me, 'in a fortnight ſhe would pay me all to- 'gether, having notes to that value which 'would then become due to her. I was 'ſuch a booby as to give it to her.—Why, 'fare it well – I never expect to ſee a ſhil- 'ling of it. She thinks, perhaps, there is 'value received for it. Vile woman! The 'affair fortunately for us all, has not taken 'wind; and for me, the names of both 'aunt and niece, may ever ſtand enrolled 'amongſt thoſe of chaſte matrons and vir- 'gins. The family quits this place ſoon, 'as the old gentleman is better.

'I thank you for your care, in relation 'to my houſe. I hope to take poſſeſſion 'of it in a week or ten days; you are very 'good in fixing me ſo near yourſelf. A- 'dieu.

'I am, &c.

What do you think of this letter, my Cecilia, written in confidence to my bro- ther? Mr. Faulkland could not conceive it probable that any body but Sir George ſhould ever ſee it; he had no reaſon there- fore

fore to gloſs over any of the circumſtances, *Had* I ſeen it but in time—Oh what anguiſh of heart might we all have been ſpared! Miſs Burchell ſingly as ſhe *ought*, would have borne the puniſhment of her folly.

My mother had not patience to read this letter through; nice and punctilious as her virtue was, ſhe paſſed a cenſure on the crime in groſs, without admitting any palliating circumſtance. But I blame her not; the excellence of her own morals, made her ſcrupulous in weighing thoſe of others; ſhe read the letter in a curſory way, and it is plain but half of it; prepoſſeſſed as ſhe was before, by knowing the material point.

The account was given with levity at the *firſt* mention of the young lady. Then ſhe underſtood he had bought her of her aunt; there is a paragraph which *looks* like it, and to be ſure ſhe attended not to the explanation. Fatal overſight! ſhe read not far enough to have this matter cleared up. She took nothing but the bare facts into her account. A young lady diſhonoured, her diſgrace likely to be public, then her tenderneſs

derneſs for the man who had undone her, and that man rejecting her, and on the point of marrying another. Theſe were the only points of view in which my mother beheld the ſtory. Her juſtice, her humanity, and her religion prompted her to act as ſhe did; and her conduct ſtands fully acquitted to my judgment, though my heart muſt upon this full conviction of Mr. Faulkland's honour, ſigh at recollecting the paſt.

I know that the memory of my mother's own firſt diſaſtrous love wrought ſtrongly on her mind. She was warm in her paſſions, liable to deep impreſſions, and always adhered ſtrictly to thoſe opinions ſhe firſt imbibed. Her education had been ſevere and recluſe; and ſhe had drawn all her ideas of mankind from her own father and mine, who, I have been told, were both men of exemplary lives. From all theſe conſiderations, I muſt again ſay, that I entirely acquit my dear mother, in regard to her whole conduct, however I have ſuffered by it.

*October* 30.— I am now fixed in a very humble habitation. Shall I own it to you, my

my Cecilia? I was ſhocked at the change. A room two pair of ſtairs high, with a cloſet, and a ſmall indifferent parlour, compoſe the whole of my apartment. Hither did my faithful Patty, my two children, and myſelf, remove this day. It put us not to much trouble, having nothing to take with us but our wearing apparel, which is all the worldly goods of which I am now poſſeſſed.

When I wrote to Lady V—, (which was a day or two before my mother's death) I mentioned not that ſhe was then in ſo dangerous a way. I know the generoſity and good nature of that worthy woman; but I have already been too much obliged to her to lay any freſh tax on her friendſhip, which I am ſure ſhe would too readily pay, if ſhe were acquainted with my ſituation. I ſhall therefore, as long as I can, defer acquainting her with my mother's death; and when I do, I ſhall not give her room to ſuſpect that my brother has caſt me off, which I have now too much reaſon to believe he has; otherwiſe ſure, in more than a fortnight, he might have found time to write

write to me. I neither expect ceremony, nor tenderneſs from him; but the occaſion of my letter demanded ſome notice.

*Nov.* 2.—Patty has juſt now been informed, that Lady Sarah Bidulph is arrived in town. She met one of their ſervants, who told her that my brother is not come with her; it ſeems, they parted on the road. He is gone to Sidney Caſtle, which is now his, and Lady Sarah choſe to come to London. She has, I find, been in London four days, though ſhe has not yet vouchſafed to ſend me any notice of her arrival. She could not be at a loſs where to find me, as I left my direction at my former lodging, in caſe of any letter or meſſage, coming from any of my friends; though I deſired the people of the houſe not to inform any indifferent viſitants where I was to be found.

Though George has, in his turbulent way, renounced me as his ſiſter, yet ſure his wife, whom I never diſobliged, ought not to depart ſo from humanity and common good breeding, as not to enquire after the ſiſter of her huſband, who has an occaſion

occaſion of grief ſo recent, in which ſhe ought to partake. I ſhall not however take notice of this ſlight, but am preparing to ſend Patty to her, with an enquiry after her health, and to know when my brother is expected in town.——

Patty is juſt returned from her embaſſy to Lady Sarah; I will give you the converſation ſhe had with her.

Patty ſent in her meſſage, with great reſpect, by a footman, and waited for her anſwer in the hall; though her pretty figure and genteel mourning-dreſs had induced the ſervant to aſk her into the houſe-keeper's room.

Lady Sarah was alone in the parlour, and deſired her to be called to the door. So, young woman, ſaid ſhe, your miſtreſs deſires to know when Sir George will be in town. I am really ſurpriſed, after the letter ſhe received from him, that ſhe can fancy Sir George means to concern himſelf about her. Do you know her buſineſs with him? you are in your miſtreſs's ſecrets I ſuppoſe. I do not know, Madam, anſwered Patty, what particular buſineſs my lady may have; but

but I believe it would be a comfort to her to ſee her brother in her preſent melancholy circumſtances. I don't know that there is any thing uncommonly melancholy in her circumſtances, replied the lady; her mother's years and infirmities made her death a thing to be looked for; I ſuppoſe your miſtreſs is not in *want*. My poor ingenuous Patty ſaid ſhe bluſhed at the cruel indifference with which Lady Sarah ſpoke this. Not in immediate want, Madam, I hope, but your ladyſhip muſt needs think ſhe is in a deſtitute way, with two children, and but fifty pounds a year in the world. What do you mean, woman, cried Lady Sarah? it is impoſſible but Lady Bidulph muſt have left money behind her; Sir George, I am ſure, has got nothing but what ſhe could not keep from him. Patty anſwered, Lady Bidulph, Madam, left no money behind her more than what was barely ſufficient to defray ſome neceſſary expences that occured immediately after her death. Well, and ſo your miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe, after having behaved ſo ill as ſhe has done to her brother, expects he ſhould provide

provide handſomely for her, and her children; *Arnold*'s children for the reſt of their lives. I know not, Madam, returned Patty, what my Lady's expectations are, but I believe ſhe would be very glad to ſee Sir George before ſhe goes out of town, or at leaſt inform him of her deſign. What *is* her deſign, pray, aſked Lady Sarah? To retire into the country, Madam, as ſhe has not wherewithal to ſubſiſt on in London. She can't do better, I think, ſaid the Lady. Where does ſhe live now? My poor maid, who thought this queſtion tended to the proud woman's calling on, or at leaſt ſending to me, made haſte to inform her; ſhe lodges, Madam, at a milliner's, at the corner of the Haymarket, the left hand as you turn—Oh dear! pray ſtop: you need not be ſo particular, I have no deſign of paying her a viſit in her corner-ſhop; my only reaſon for enquiring was, to know whether ſhe had thought proper to keep thoſe expenſive lodgings her mother was in, in expectation of Sir George's continuing *her* in them. My Lady has no ſuch view, I believe, Madam. Well, you may tell your

*Lady*, that if ſhe will go out of town with her children, I will endeavour to prevail on Sir George to allow her ſomething. He will not be in town this month, ſo that ſhe need not wait for his arrival. She might, if ſhe would have been guided by her brother, have been a credit to her friends, inſtead of what ſhe now is. Patty owns, ſhe was ſo full of indignation, that ſhe wiſhed at that moment not to have been a ſervant, that ſhe might have reproached her with her hard-heartedneſs. Oh, my dear, theſe are the ſtings of poverty! It is not the hard bed, nor the homely board, but the oppreſſive inſolence of proud proſperity; 'tis that only which can inflict a wound on the ingenuous mind.

As for that mean woman, I deſpiſe her too much to ſuffer myſelf to be obliged to her. *She will endeavour to prevail on my brother.* If his own heart cannot prevail on him, I diſclaim her influence; I know ſhe means not to uſe it in my favour; on the contrary, I make no doubt but ſhe will endeavour to irritate Sir George againſt me by miſrepreſentations. Her pride makes her wiſh to have an indigent

gent relation out of the way, yet her avarice would not ſuffer her to enable me to retire; and ſhe will make my continuing here through neceſſity a pretence for ſtill with-holding any aſſiſtance from me. Let it be ſo; I would rather ſubmit to the moſt abject drudgery, than owe a wretched dependant exiſtence to ſuch a woman. I am ſure my brother, notwithſtanding his reſentment, if he knew what my ſituation truly is, would not behave with cruelty; but my mind is not become ſo ſordid, fallen as I am, as to turn petitioner for relief. But no more, my Cecilia, let not my fate interrupt your happineſs.

*November* 4.—I have had a letter from Mrs. Faulkland, filled with the overflowings of a joyful heart. She ſays, Mr. Faulkland is ſo delighted with the country he is in, and finds his eſtate capable of ſuch vaſt improvement, that he thinks of making a longer reſidence there than he at firſt intended: the rather as he has ſome ſuſpicions that his agent has not acted faithfully by him; and as he is ſure the extenſive plan that he has now laid down,

will be better executed under his own eye. He purpoſes building a little convenient lodge on a very charming ſpot in the centre of his eſtate, where he may reſide whilſt his works are carrying on; ſo that Mrs. Faulkland promiſes herſelf much pleaſure, in ſpending her time partly there and partly in Dublin. She has already made a large circle of acquaintance, and beſtows high encomiums on the great politeneſs and hoſpitality with which they are received by all the faſhionable people in the county.

She knows not of my mother's death; yet in my anſwer to her letter, I cannot avoid mentioning it. Though I could wiſh for obvious reaſons to conceal it. Mr. Faulkland well knows the ruin of our fortune; and though he cannot ſuppoſe while I have a brother living that I am driven to ſuch ſtreights, yet I know what his liberal heart may ſuggeſt to him on this occaſion, which might lay me under freſh difficulties.

I have but juſt now appriſed Lady V— of the deceaſe of my dear mother, but have not inſinuated any other grief than the

the loſs of a tender parent, and an agreeable companion. Indeed I have carried my diſſimulation ſo far as not to deſire this lady to change her addreſs to me, leſt if I gave her my preſent direction, ſhe might be led to think, neceſſity had obliged me to change my former lodgings for worſe. I ſhall uſe the ſame precaution towards Mrs. Faulkland, as I have obtained permiſſion from the gentlewomen whoſe houſe I lately left, to have my letters ſent thither: when I go into the country a general direction to the poſt-houſe may ſuffice. I ſhall now look out for ſome little ſpot to retire to, where I can ſupport life on the cheapeſt terms. In two months I ſhall have my ſmall pittance due to me, which I reſerve to carry me out of town, and to ſettle me in my new ſcheme of œconomy in the country. If I could perſuade my poor Patty to quit me, and ſee her ſettled in ſome eligible ſituation, I ſhould then have no material concern to attend to, but the bringing up my children in the paths of virtue and humility. Humility, that happy frame of

mind, on which ſo much of our temporal as well as our eternal welfare depends.

*November* 9.—Who ſhall ſay, now is the meaſure of my griefs complete: Providence thou canſt inflict no more! Oh my ſiſter, in the midſt of other ſorrows, I thought not of one that ſtill remained behind; my children, my two little angels! both dangerouſly ill. The ſmall-pox is their diſtemper, and of the worſt kind. The diſeaſe has been hanging over them for ſome days, and my cloſe attendance on them, prevented me from uſing my pen. The cruel diſtemper now appears with the moſt malignant ſymptoms. The eldeſt always ſlept with me; I have reſigned my bed to her for theſe three laſt nights, and have watched by her. Patty has done the ſame by the youngeſt. A humane and ſkilful phyſician attends them, but my reliance reſts not on him.

*November* 12.—Three days and nights of ſorrowful anxiety have at length produced a little comfort to me. The diſtemper

ſtemper has now reached one criſis, whence the phyſician can form a judgment with ſome degree of certainty, and he bids me hope. Oh if it were not for that healing word, how could the wretched drag on exiſtence from day to day? I do, I will hope, for there is a merciful providence that ſuperintends his works.

*Nov.* 21.—Thank God! thank God! my Cecilia, the dear babes are out of danger. Fifteen melancholy days and nights has their diſconſolate mother watched by the poor little ſufferers; but I am fully repaid by having them reſtored to my prayers. They are now able to ſit up, and open their pretty eyes which had been cloſed for many days; and to add to my ſatisfaction I think they will not be marked: but they are ſtill ſo feeble that it will be at leaſt another fortnight before I can think of venturing their little tender frames out of doors.

The phyſician's care and diligence deſerved a greater recompence than I had it in my power to make him; however what

I have done has reduced me to a ſingle guinea. But this affects me not; I ſhall make no difficulty of parting with ſome of my now unneceſſary fineries, which neither I nor my children probably will ever again have any pretenſions to wear.

*November* 22.—I have felt the wounds of grief, the pangs of diſappointment, and the ſmart of indignation! yet was my heart never more ſenſibly affected than it was juſt now by a circumſtance proceeding from a cauſe very different from all theſe. I had taken out of my drawers a few ſuperfluous ornaments, which I deſired Patty to diſpoſe of as if they were her own, to the woman where we lodge; being things in her own way of buſineſs. The poor girl looked at me for ſome time with a grief in her countenance that pierced me to the ſoul. There is no need, Madam, ſaid ſhe, with her voice almoſt ſtifled, there is no need I hope as yet for this. You don't conſider Patty, ſaid I, that the children's weak condition requires now a more than ordinary attention to their diet; and I have not ſufficient

ficient to ſupply them long with ſuch neceſſaries as they want. I have no occaſion for theſe trifles, and I cannot ſee my little ones droop for want of ſuch comfortable nouriſhment as may reſtore them to their ſtrength. Nor ſhall they want it Madam, anſwered Patty; don't be angry with me Madam, if I beg you will let me uſe my endeavours to ſupply them. What do you mean, ſaid I, I know the goodneſs of your diſpoſition, but how have you it in your power? You know Madam, ſaid ſhe, I am pretty expert at my needle; and as our landlady has always abundance of work on her hands, I undertook to aſſiſt her, and have for this fortnight paſt, while I was cloſely confined to miſs's room, finiſhed a piece of curious work, for which ſhe has this day paid me thirty ſhillings. You amaze me, ſaid I, I never ſaw you employed otherwiſe than in your attendance on the child. I was afraid you would be diſpleaſed, Madam, ſhe replied, and always hid my work when you came into the room, which I could eaſily do, as it was only a fine piece of point which I was grounding; and as I ſat up night and

day, I had an opportunity of ſticking almoſt conſtantly to it, which enabled me to do in a fortnight, what to another hand would be a month's labour. Now, Madam, with your leave, I can go on in this manner, and though perhaps I cannot always earn ſo much, yet I am ſure I can ſtill procure enough to prevent your being drove to the neceſſity of parting with your apparel, till we are in a condition to leave ſuch an expenſive place as London is. And do you think my dear Patty, ſaid I, with tears of affection and gratitude in my eyes, that I will conſent to take the fruits of your ingenious and honeſt induſtry from you? No, no, if you can find time by theſe means to procure a little ſupply for your own pocket, do ſo; but I will not ſuffer you to expend a farthing of what you can earn, on my account. I ſaw ſhe looked diſtreſſed and confounded; excuſe me, Madam, ſaid ſhe, but I have made bold to lay out part of the money already; I thought the poor children would want a little wine to nouriſh them, and indeed, Madam, your ſpirits want ſome ſupport after your long fatigue.

tigue. I have bought a few bottles of wine, Madam, and ſome other little neceſſaries; I hope you will not take it ill.

I preſſed the affectionate creature's hand; I cannot be angry with you, Patty, for your goodneſs, but ſuch proofs of it as theſe diſtreſs me more than my wants could. I accept of your kindneſs for this time, but inſiſt on your not doing ſuch a thing again. If there be occaſion for it, I can apply to my needle as well as you, and would ſooner do ſo, than part with any of my things, ſince it gives you ſo much uneaſineſs.

The poor girl was rejoiced at my acceptance of her friendly and tender offer, and produced her little purchaſe, which was indeed both ſeaſonable and uſeful.

*Nov.* 23.—I had this day a letter from Lady V——. I ſend you a copy of it.

'I condole with you, my dear Mrs. Ar-
'nold, on the afflicting loſs you ſuſtained in
'your good mother's death. You mention
'not any particular conſequences from this
'accident; but I know, that by Lady Bi-
'dulph's

'dulph's death, you are deprived of a 'conſiderable part of your income, and on 'this account I have taken the liberty of 'friendſhip, to ſend you a ſupply, which 'your family-calls may require, till your 'affairs are ſettled upon a better footing.

'Let me know how you and your bro-'ther ſtand; if he ſhould not be ſo kind 'to you as he ought, I inſiſt upon your 'looking on me as your banker, who 'know not how to make ſo good a uſe of 'my income, as ſharing it with thoſe I 'love as I do you.

'I am, &c.'

The ſupply which Lady V—— mentioned, accompanied this letter, and was a bank bill of three hundred pounds.

I own to you, my Cecilia, that my firſt emotions were only thoſe of joy, ſurprize, and gratitude, for ſo unexpected and important a donation; but when thoſe were a little ſubſided, I began to reflect on the nature, and manner of this noble act of friendſhip. I know Lady V— is one of the beſt women living; that ſhe is generous, and compaſſionate, and has always honoured me

me with a particular regard; yet I muſt confeſs to you, her preſent now comes to me ſuſpected. I believe I told you, that Lady V—had retired into Lancaſhire, to live with an only ſiſter ſhe has there: this Lady is a widow, and I have ſince been informed, was left with a very numerous young family, and an income ſcarce ſufficient to ſupport them genteely; they are now moſt of them grown up, and all the girls, of which there are five, unprovided for. Since Lady V—'s departure, I have been told, that it was principally on account of theſe young girls, of whom ſhe is extremely fond, that ſhe went to reſide with her ſiſter, in order to ſupport them more agreeably to their rank; their father having been a general officer, and a man of high birth. Lady V—'s jointure is a thouſand pound a year; but as I hear the family make a reſpectable figure in the country, and I am ſure Lady V—'s fondneſs for her nieces, would induce her to ſave what ſhe could, in order to leave them ſomething at her death, I cannot reconcile it to her prudence, notwithſtanding the liberality of her ſpirit, and

the

the friendſhip ſhe has for me, that ſhe ſhould make ſo conſiderable a preſent, at the ſame time give me as it were an unbounded letter of credit on her. Had ſhe ſent me the ſixth part of the ſum, I ſhould not have doubted its being only the effects of her kindneſs towards me; and in her preſent ſituation, as conſiderable a proof of it, as ſhe ought in regard to her family to have given to one whom ſhe has already bound under ſtrong obligations. But the largeneſs of the ſum renders it ſuſpicious; and to tell you the ſecret inſpirations of my heart, I fear it comes from a different quarter.

I made Mrs. Faulkland acquainted with my mother's death, about the ſame time that I informed Lady V—of it. To neither did I give the moſt diſtant hint of my circumſtances, yet Mr. Faulkland knows they cannot be happy. He too knows better than any body, how far Sir George's reſentment may carry him. Is it not natural then, my dear, to imagine that this man, who is generoſity itſelf, ſhould have taken this method of making Lady V—the channel through which he conveys his liberality? I am ſure it

it muſt be ſo. It is three weeks ſince Lady V— had the notice of my mother's death; Why thought ſhe not ſooner of reaching out her ſupporting hand, if ſhe imagined I ſtood in need of it? I gave her no cauſe to believe I did; otherwiſe I make no queſtion of her ready friendſhip, as far as her abilities would go: but *ſhe* could not know as well as Mr Faulkland how much my brother was exaſperated againſt me, and therefore could not ſuppoſe me to be as deſtitute as I really am. She deſires to know how my brother and I ſtand. This queſtion is not Her's; Sir George, for his own credit, perhaps has not told Mr. Faulkland what his conduct has been towards me, but he wants to be informed. Contriving man! I will diſappoint him; nor ſhall he heap ſuch obligations on me as muſt ſink me under their weight. I will not receive this ſuſpected gift of Lady V—'s; but it is a delicate point, and, whilſt I refuſe, I muſt take care not to offend. I will ſend Lady V—her bill back again, but in ſuch a manner as to ſhew her, I refuſe her gift for no other reaſon but its being too valuable.

*November* 24—See, my Cecilia, whether I have ſucceeded in my endeavours to refuſe, with a good grace, my Lady V—'s offered kindneſs.

This is my anſwer to her.

To Lady V—.

'You oppreſs me, my dear and ever honoured Lady V—, by a generoſity and friendſhip that knows no bounds. Why will you force me to appear proud, or ungrateful, by refuſing the favours of ſo true a friend? But, my dear Madam, do not believe me either the one or the other. Had you ſent me a trifling token of your love, you would have been convinced of my reſpect for you, by the thankfulneſs with which I would have accepted it; but do not ſeek to humble me ſo far, my good Lady V—, by heaping favours on me, which I can never have a proſpect of returning. With equal reſpect and gratitude, permit me, Madam, to return your too conſiderable preſent. I cannot in honour, receive a liberality, which I am

'ſo little intitled to; and the leſs, as Juſtice 'now demands, that your bounteous heart, 'ſo diffuſive in its generoſity, ſhould a lit-'tle reſtrain itſelf.

'I cannot ſay that my circumſtances are 'as happy as they have been; yet have I, 'I thank Heaven, accommodated my mind 'to them. My brother has not been in 'town ſince my mother's death; but I am 'not without hope that he will make my 'ſituation eaſy. On this account, I know 'my dear Lady V—will the more readily 'pardon my refuſal of her obliging offer, 'and believe that her goodneſs is not be-'ſtowed on an unthankful heart.

'I am, &c.'

In this letter I re-incloſed her bill, and have ſent it off. Did I not well, my Cecilia? If, as I ſtrongly ſuſpect, this preſent came from Mr. Faulkland, I ſhould never endure myſelf, had I retained it. If it ſhould have really come from Lady V—herſelf, I muſt ſtill approve my own conduct. The ſum (circumſtanced as ſhe now is) was certainly too much for *her* to be-

ſtow,

ſtow, or *me* to receive; and in the manner of my refuſal, I think I have inſinuated this, with as much deference for Lady V—'s judgment as I could ſhew. She will ſee my motive, and I think that will be a ſort of touch-ſtone, whereby I ſhall diſcover, from her behaviour, whether my doubts are well grounded or not.——

Patty has, by her enquiries, heard of a little pleaſant retirement in the country, about fifty miles off, where my children and I can be tolerably lodged and boarded for thirty pounds a year, at the houſe of an honeſt farmer, a relation of hers; thither I ſhall repair as ſoon as my little girls are in a condition to be removed.

[*Continued by Patty.*]

*Nov.* 26.— The diſmal taſk is fallen upon me again, to keep an account of our melancholy days. My dear ſuffering lady is ſeized with a fever, and confined to her bed. She orders me, Madam, to write down every thing as it happens. Lord keep us! there is nothing but ſorrows in this world: I am ſure,

ſure, at leaſt, my poor lady has had her full ſhare of them. Her cloſe attendance on the children, and the loſs of reſt for ſo many nights, has brought this new affliction on her. Oh, Madam, the loſs of health is a grievous thing, even when there are riches: what muſt it be in my lady's circumſtances? But ſhe has the patience of Job himſelf. To be ſure, Madam, her trials are enough to put another beſide themſelves; but I think my lady's courage encreaſes with her troubles. I was obliged, to-day, with an aching heart, to diſpoſe of a fine lace head of my lady's. I heard her ſay, it coſt ſixty pounds; but, though it never was wet but once, I got but fifteen for it, and this, perhaps, may all go to the doctor, if my lady's illneſs continues long. What does it ſignify? We cannot buy health too dear.

*Nov.* 30.—My lady is better between whiles; the doctor ſays, her diſorder is chiefly on her ſpirits; and, though it is not dangerous, he is afraid it will be very tedious. Lord! what will become of us if it is?

*December*

*December* 3.—My lady has had a letter this day, from Lady V—, which ſhe has ordered me to ſend you, Madam, a copy of.

To Mrs. Arnold.

'You cannot imagine, my dear Mrs. Arnold, how uneaſy you have made me, by your not accepting of the bill I ſent you, becauſe I too well know the occaſion you have for it. But, ſince you *have* refuſed (and I know the ſincerity and ſtrength of your reſolutions) I muſt not take to myſelf the merit of this friendly and generous offer; too liberal indeed, as you, with great delicacy, hinted, for *me* to make. To let you into the ſecret at once, and that your gratitude may be directed to the proper place, it was from our noble friend Mr. Faulkland that I received that ſum, with inſtructions to ſend it to you, as from myſelf, for he well knows you would not have accepted it from him; but, ſince I ſee you determined to reject it, as coming even from me, I think I ought

'ought, in juſtice to him, to place this act
'of friendſhip to the right account.

'I had a letter lately from Mr. Faulk-
'land, wherein he tells me, that having
'heard, from your correſpondence with
'Mrs. Faulkland, of Lady Bidulph's death,
'he fears you are by her loſs, rendred ex-
'tremely unhappy in your circumſtances.
'He is not a ſtranger to the loſſes you for-
'merly ſuſtained in your fortune, and he
'ſays beſides, he knows your brother's
'warm temper ſo well, that he is appre-
'henſive he will carry an unreaſonable re-
'ſentment he has taken up ſo far, as to deny
'you that brotherly kindneſs and aſſiſt-
'ance, which you have a right to expect
'from him. "If this ſhould be the caſe"
'(he adds) "what muſt be Mrs. Arnold's
'ſituation?" 'He then conjures me to con-
'vey to you that trifle (as he called it) un-
'der the ſanction of my own name, that be-
'ing the only one from which he had a hope
'it would not be refuſed; and he farther
'ſaid, that if you ſhould be prevailed upon,
'on account of the friendſhip which he
'knew there was between you and me, to

'accept

'accept of my ſervice, he would contrive, 'from time to time, to furniſh you with 'ſuch little ſupplies, as might make you 'eaſy, 'till Sir George and you ſhould be 'on better terms. Now, my dear Mrs. 'Arnold, you have the truth of this whole 'affair. I own it was with great reluctance 'I lent my name to impoſe on you, but, as 'it was ſo much for your benefit, I over-'came my ſcruple.

'I could wiſh your extreme nicety had 'not forbid you to accept this offer: I 'have reaſon to be angry with you on this 'account; yet my amiable, ſagacious friend, 'perhaps you had your doubts. Be that as 'it will, remember you ſaid you would not 'have refuſed a ſmall token of my love; I 'wiſh I could ſend you one worthy of your 'acceptance, and the love I bear you; we 'ſhould then ſee whoſe punctilio ſhould get 'the better. As it is, I ſend you a very 'ſmall token, which I inſiſt on your taking, 'if you have the leaſt occaſion for it; if 'this ſhould be the caſe, I know the can-'dour of your heart, and that you will be 'too ingenuous to grieve me by a refuſal.

'I hope

'I hope Mr. Faulkland will not be angry 'with me for betraying his ſecret; But what 'would it now avail to keep it? I would 'have *you*, as well as myſelf, know his 'worth. Oh how I lament——but it is 'to no purpoſe——Adieu, my dear good 'creature! you are tried like fine gold, and 'your excellence is become the more con-'ſpicuous by adverſity——.

'I am, &c.'

My Lady's ſpirits were greatly affected by reading this letter; ſhe wept bitterly, and was ſo caſt down all day, I was afraid it would make her diſorder much worſe. The good Lady V— incloſed a bill of fifty pounds in it. My Lady ſaid ſhe muſt not refuſe it, but would thank her ladyſhip whenever ſhe was able to take a pen in her hand. God knows when that will be; for though ſhe ſtruggles with her illneſs, it ſtill gets the maſtery. The two young miſſes mend but ſlowly; they do not gather the leaſt ſtrength, and one of them has ſuch a weakneſs in her eyes that ſhe cannot bear the leaſt light. Indeed, Madam, this is a moſt

moſt melancholy family. I pray to God night and day to keep me in my health, more for their ſakes than my own; for I think it would quite break my heart if they ſhould want my attendance, and I ſhould not be able to give it to them.——

*December* 6.—I write on, Madam, as I am ordered, though I have but little to ſay, in the confinement of a diſmal ſick room, where I never ſee any body but a doctor and an apothecary: but my lady is unwilling to let this packet go, till ſhe is able herſelf to tell you (with her own hand) that ſhe is better, for fear my dull account ſhould make you uneaſy.

*December* 7.—There is ſuch changes and turns in my lady's diſorder, that we do not know what to make of it. One while we think ſhe is a little better, and then again the next hour ſhe ſeems much worſe than before. The doctor would have a conſultation, though my lady is quite againſt it; but theſe doctors love to bring in one another. My Lady V——'s preſent came in good

good time, but if they go on at this rate it will not laſt long. My lady ſaid to me to-day, Patty one would think that I was of great conſequence, and mighty happy, by this buſtle to preſerve my life; but there is the tie (pointing to the two children); for their ſakes I muſt try to get well.

[After an interview of ſix weeks written by Mrs. Arnold in a hand ſcarce legible.]

*January* 20.—Reſtored at length by the mercy of God from the jaws of death! reſtored to my children, to my dear Cecilia, and juſt able to tell her with a feeble hand that her Sidney lives——.

*January* 25.—I am now able, my dear, to reaſſume that taſk, once the moſt pleaſing of my life, when health, joy, and proſperity gilded all my days. The ſcene is now changed; and I think I have nothing the ſame about me, but the feelings and affections of my mind. You cannot imagine, my Cecilia, how I am altered; you would not now ſay, that you envied my white and red; you would hardly know

me, and it is not to be wondered at, preyed on as I have been for near two months by a ſlow but tormenting fever. It is with difficulty that I hold my pen, but my willing hand obeys my heart when it would pour itſelf out to thee. I have made a ſhift to ſcrawl a few lines to my good Lady V——, to thank her for her kindneſs. I could not refuſe it! it would indeed have been diſingenuous, conſidering the footing on which ſhe put my acceptance of it. I ſhould have been driven to extreme ſtreights, if it had not been for her preſent, confined as long as I have been to the languiſhing bed of ſickneſs.

*January* 26.—Patty heard to-day that my brother has been in town ſome time, but he takes no notice of me. I have not a relation in the world but himſelf. He could not ſure be ſo cruel, if he knew all. But Lady Sarah keeps it from him; ſhe thinks perhaps I am ſlunk into ſome obſcure corner, where ſhe leaves me to diſtreſs. Sir George is not of a ſavage nature, yet his humanity is not ſtrong enough to ſeek out the afflicted. His pride too I know is gratified

gratified by having me out of the way of obſervation, and ſo long as I do not call upon him, I find he will not enquire after me.

The winter is now ſo far advanced, and I am in a condition ſo extremely weak, that I cannot, till the ſpring advances a little, think of taking my flight to my peaceful retreat in the country. I look eagerly forward to the time of my enlargement; ſuch I may call it, for indeed, my dear, my ſpirits are quite exhauſted with my long confinement in a little cloſe lodging in this irkſome town.

*January* 27.—The gentlewoman with whom I lodged in St. Alban's-ſtreet, told Patty, who went to her houſe to-day to enquire if there were any letters for me, that there have been, at different times, ſeveral people of my former acquaintance to look for me; but I do not find that one enquiry has come from my brother. I had given the gentlewoman inſtructions not to tell any ſtranger where I lodged. I believe this caution was needleſs, there are few who give themſelves the trouble

to trace out the ſteps of the unhappy; and I dare ſay, that thoſe whom common form obliged to pay me a viſit of condolence on my mother's death, were none of them much hurt at the diſappointment of not finding me.——

*January* 30.—I have been laying down a little ſort of plan for my future life. I told you the terms I could live upon with the farmer whom Patty found out for me; but as I cannot expect to be boarded at ſo cheap a rate when my children are grown bigger, I have been deviſing the means how to enlarge my ſcanty income againſt the time that our wants muſt neceſſarily increaſe; for I am firmly reſolved my kind Lady V—— ſhall never augment the debt I already owe her. You know, my dear, I am pretty dexterous at my needle; the woman where I lodge deals in embroidery, which is much in faſhion, and I think I have not ſeen any, though ſhe pays largely to her artificers in this way, equal to ſome pieces of my own work. Now, my Cecilia, I have reſolved to apply myſelf to this when I get into

into the country. I ſhewed the woman a ſmall fire-ſkreen wrought by me when I was a girl, the ſame which I remember my poor Mr. Arnold accuſed me of neglecting for my Horace, and which had never been made up; ſhe ſaid the work was ſo curious, that ſhe would give any price for ſuch a hand. Patty is well ſkilled in this ſort of work too, and as I find ſhe is determined not to quit me, I muſt, in return, endeavour not to let the poor girl be too great a ſufferer for her kindneſs.

I think we ſhall between us be able to do a good deal, and my landlady has promiſed to receive and diſpoſe of our work for a ſmall conſideration, as faſt as we can ſend it to her; which we ſhall have conſtant opportunities of doing.

You cannot imagine how pleaſed I am with my ſcheme. Patty is in raptures at the thoughts of her being permitted to continue with me. I would even now ſet about my project if my health would allow me; but alas! my Cecilia, I am ſtill ſo feeble, I am not able to ſit up more than an hour or two at a time; and cannot walk a-croſs my narrow room with-

out help. Freſh air and a little gentle exercife would I am ſure, more than any thing, contribute to reſtore my ſtrength; but the means to procure theſe, are not conveniently within my power; ſo that I muſt wait that ſlow, but generally ſure remedy, patience.

*February* 10.—I have a wonderful incident to relate to you! you, my Cecilia, I know will join with me in admiring and praiſing God for his gracious providence!

This morning I was but juſt riſen and got down into my little parlour, when Patty came to tell me, a man deſired to ſpeak with me. I immediately ordered him to be admitted. Patty accordingly introduced the perſon, who had ſtood in the entry whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking to me. He ſeemed to be a man between forty and fifty years old, mean in his apparel, though clean. I nodded to my maid to leave the room, which when ſhe had done, I civilly demanded of the ſtranger his buſineſs.

I was ſtanding when he entered the room, and continued doing ſo while I

ſpoke

ſpoke to him, not thinking from his appearance that he was intitled to ſit down with me. You know I am not proud, but there is a ſort of uſage eſtabliſhed, which we naturally fall into. The man who had advanced ſome ſteps into the room, looked over his ſhoulder as if for a chair; ſo I underſtood the motion, and accordingly ſat down myſelf, and bad him do ſo too. He did, and with an air as if he conſidered the civility to be only what was due to him.

I believe, Madam, ſaid he, though you do not remember me, that you cannot be ignorant of your having had a relation of the name of Warner, who went to the Weſt-Indies about five and twenty years ago. I anſwered, I do remember to have heard of ſuch a perſon.

You ſee that unfortunate man before you, he replied; I am your near relation, Madam, your father was my mother's only brother: I have been very unhappy; I loſt, in my return to England, what almoſt five and twenty years induſtry had ſcraped together: the ſum was but a mo-

derate one, yet ſufficient to have ſupported me decently for the remainder of my life. I aſked him, how it happened? I began, ſaid he, to grow ſickly abroad, and was told that my native air might reſtore me. This advice ſo well agreed with my own inclinations, which were, for a long time paſt, bent upon returning home, that I took the firſt opportunity of a ſhip bound for England; but we were unluckily met by a French privateer, who ſtripped me of every thing but the clothes on my back, and ſet me on ſhore on the coaſt of Spain, whence I begged my paſſage to England, having nothing to ſupport me but a few ſhillings, part of a collection, made for me and my fellow-ſufferers, amongſt ſome Engliſh gentlemen.

Whilſt he ſpoke, I thought I could diſcover a likeneſs in his face to my father. He was reckoned extremely to reſemble his ſiſter, the mother of this unhappy Mr. Warner; ſhe was a fine woman, and I had ſeen her picture. His ſtory was credible; and I had no reaſon to doubt the truth of what he ſaid.

And

And here I will give you a brief account of what occaſioned this unfortunate relation to be thus long an alien from his family.

His mother, as you have juſt now heard, was my father's ſiſter, who threw her perſon and her fortune away upon a broken officer. This act diſobliged my father ſo much, that from the time of her marriage, to the hour of her death, he never would ſee her. Her huſband died, when this their only child was about nine years old; the poor mother ſurvived him but a ſhort time, and the orphan boy was left to my father's mercy. I have often heard him ſay he was very unlucky, and never could be perſuaded into a love of his book; he was, however, put to ſchool, and my father beſtowed the ſame expence on his education, as if he had been his own ſon. When he was about ſixteen years old, as he wrote a good hand, and had a great capacity for figures, he bound him apprentice to a merchant, in which ſituation he had been above a year, (and during that time he had made ſeveral elopements, and was with difficulty reconciled to his maſter, through my father's

mediation) when he committed ſuch a miſdemeanour in his maſter's family as obliged him to abſcond. Accordingly he ſtole, unknown to any body, on board a ſhip bound to the Weſt-Indies, of which his maſter was partly owner, where he hid himſelf, and nobody could tell what was become of him, 'till my father, about nine months after his departure, received a letter from him, dated from Jamaica, wherein he begged pardon of him, and his maſter, for his elopement, told him, that he had been taken into a merchant's compting houſe, and declared, that he meant, by his diligence and good behaviour, to make amends for his paſt ill conduct. This was the only letter my father or any of his friends ever had from him. He anſwered it, but had no return; nor could he, from repeated enquiries, made two or three years after, learn any thing of him; ſo that all his relations concluded him dead.

Theſe particulars I had heard before from my father, and his relations perfectly agreeing with them in every circumſtance, I could have no doubt but that he

was

was the man. Sir, ſaid I, I very well remember to have heard your ſtory; your likeneſs to my father, who was the image of your mother, leaves me no room to queſtion your being the Mr. Warner, of whom I have ſo often heard: you are indeed my near relation, and it grieves my heart to ſee you in ſuch diſtreſs; and the more ſo, as I have not the ability I could wiſh to aſſiſt you; but we will talk over more particulars after breakfaſt. I rang the bell, and ordered Patty to get ſome coffee. While we were at breakfaſt, I aſked my new-found kinſman by what means he had diſcovered me ſo ſoon? (for, by the way, I ſhould have told you that he ſaid he had been arrived but two days in London.) He anſwered, that one of the Engliſh gentlemen, who had been kind to him at Cadiz, had given him a letter to a gentleman in London, for whom he was to leave it at a coffee-houſe in Pall-mall; that as he was delivering it, he perceived another letter lying on the bar, directed to Sir George Bidulph. The two names ſtruck him, remembring them to be thoſe of his couſin. His uncle, he ſuppoſed,

was

was dead; but he determined to enquire who that gentleman was, and if he found it to be my brother, to apply to him for aſſiſtance. He had ſoon an opportunity of being ſatisfied; my brother happened to come in his chariot to the door, juſt as Mr. Warner was going out; he knew the arms, and had ſome recollection even of his features. It was paſt three o'clock, ſaid he, and I heard Sir George direct his ſervant home. I concluded he was going to dinner, and that the morning was the propereſt time to call on him, and having informed myſelf where he lived, I accordingly went yeſterday morning.

He ſtopped, and ſipped his coffee for ſome time without ſpeaking.

And did you ſee him, Sir? Yes, Madam, I ſaw him, and heard him too. He has got a fine houſe, and ſeems to have every thing very elegant about him. When I was let into the hall, I deſired the footman to acquaint his maſter that a gentleman, newly arrived from the Weſt-Indies, wanted to ſpeak with him, being commiſſioned by Mr. Warner, a relation of his, to enquire after him. The footman went up

ſtairs, and returning preſently, aſked me if I brought a letter from the gentleman I mentioned. I ſaid, No, but I had ſomething to ſay to him.

The ſervant, after delivering this meſſage, came half way down the firſt flight of the ſtairs, and leaning over the baniſters, he bid me walk up. I found your brother, and his lady (I ſuppoſe) in her dreſſing-room, at breakfaſt. There was tea and chocolate on the table. I bowed very reſpectfully; the lady ſcarce moved her head; your brother ſaid, Your ſervant, Sir, and viewed me from head to foot, but fixed his eyes earneſtly on my face. The footman who introduced me had withdrawn. Sir, ſaid I, have you quite forgot me? I remember you well. He anſwered heſitatingly, and with a change of countenance that boded me no good, I proteſt, Sir,—I—I know nothing of you. 'Have you forgot your 'couſin Ned Warner?' He looked at his wife, and ſhe at him; he forced a ſmile at her, which ſhe returned, without knowing for what. 'I do remember there was 'ſuch a one related to the family, whom we

'all

'all ſuppoſed to be dead; as for recollect-
'ing his perſon—'tis really ſo long ago—
'that I—can't ſay I do.' All this while he let me ſtand, he was lolling in an eaſy chair, and had a diſh of chocolate in his hand, of which he ſipped and ſpoke to me by turns. His wife was feeding a monkey that was perched on her ſhoulder.

I am indeed more altered than you, Sir George; the hardſhips which I have undergone, and my long reſidence in a warmer climate, may readily account for that; but have you no traces of my features? No recollection of my voice? I have carried you many times in my arms. 'Sir, I do not diſpute the *identity* of your 'perſon, but I ſhould be glad to know your commands with me.' *Commands* I have none, Sir: the poor muſt entreat, not command.

I then proceeded to tell him my unhappy ſtory in the ſame words I juſt now gave it to you. His lady ſeemed not to mind me, but kept talking to her marmouſet. He liſtened to me, but with ſo much impatience in his looks, as quite abaſhed me. I was ſtill ſtanding, but a little to take off

the aukwardneſs of my poſture, I had ventured to reſt one arm on the back of a chair.

When I had done ſpeaking, your brother got up in a violent paſſion, to which he ſeemed to have been working himſelf up during the time I took to explain myſelf. He whiſked away the chair on which I was leaning, and walked to the other end of the room; then turning to his lady, Is not this a pretty fellow to force his way in upon us, by a ſham ſtory of a meſſage from a relation? and now truly, by way of an agreeable ſurprize he turns out to be that very relation come a begging in his own proper perſon. Sir, ſaid I, I aſk your pardon for the liberty I took to gain admittance to you; but you will be the more inclined to excuſe me, if you pleaſe to conſider that it was out of reſpect to you that I would not in the mean appearance I now make, acknowlege myſelf to any of your ſervants; for the ſame reaſon I imagined, that had I not ſent a meſſage which I was in hopes would have a little intereſted you in my favour, I might have been ordered to ſend up my buſineſs by your footman, which would I thought

I thought have been quite improper, You might have writ, ſaid he, interrupting me. Ah Sir, (ſhaking my head) if I *had* —and I ſtopped ſhort. 'You might not 'have been much the better for it: Is that 'what you would ſay? (with a contemp-'tuous half ſneer.) In ſhort, Sir, I can 'do nothing for you; what is it that 'you expect I *ſhould* do?' I do not mean to be a burden on you Sir, I replied, I was bred to buſineſs, I write a good hand, and underſtand accompts. I hope to get into ſome merchant's houſe; but in the mean time I am ſtarving. I am an utter ſtranger here, though in my own country. I obſerved he had ſlipped his hands into his breeches pocket, and ſeemed to be feeling for a bit of money. Sir George, ſaid the lady, (who had obſerved him as well as I) 'tis to no purpoſe to give any thing to theſe ſort of people; aſſiſt one, and They will ſend another to you, and ſo there is no end to ſuch claims. Your brother withdrew his hand from his pocket, as if checked by his lady's looks. 'Sir, it is not in my power to aſſiſt you.' I then aſked him if you were living, and where

where I could find you? for though you were not born when I left England, I heard afterwards that Sir Robert Bidulph had a daughter. Your brother replied peeviſhly he knew nothing of you, as you preferred the friendſhip of ſtrangers to that of your relations. He then rang the bell, and calling his man to dreſs him, went out of the room without caſting a look at me. I ventured to aſk his lady your name (if you had changed it) and where you lived. She told me your name, but ſaid ſhe knew not where you lodged, adding I might ſpare myſelf the trouble of enquiring you out, for to her knowlege you could do nothing for me.

I took my leave, but enquiring of a footman whom I found in the hall, he directed me to St. Alban's Street, where you formerly lodged. I went there, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail on the woman of the houſe to tell me where you now lived; but my neceſſities made me urgent, and I waited on you this morning, Madam, to make my diſtreſs known to you; but I am afraid the information I had from your ſiſter-in-law concerning you has

but

but too much truth in it. As he ſpoke this he caſt his eyes round my meanly furniſhed parlour, looked at the poor equipage of my tea table, and again ſipped his unfiniſhed and now cold diſh of coffee.

Sir, ſaid I, when my ſiſter informed you that I was poor, it is certain ſhe ſpoke truth; I am not, however, I thank God, ſo poor, but that I can ſpare you a little; if you will take a cheap lodging near me, I will ſupply you with enough to pay for it; and if you can eat as I and my little family do, you ſhall be welcome to us every day till ſomething can be done for you. I ſee but very few people, but I will ſpeak to ſuch as come in my way to try to have you recommended to ſome one for employment. I then put my hand in my pocket, and taking out five ſhillings (all the ſilver I had) I put it into his hand: Sir, you may owe ſome little trifle where you have ſlept theſe two nights, I fear your lodging has been but poor, but if this will not diſcharge it tell me freely.

He ſuffered me to drop the ſhillings into his uncloſed hand. He fixed his eyes eagerly

gerly on my face, but inſtead of replying to what I ſaid, he only cried out, Good God! good God! and undoing two or three buttons at his breaſt, he ſobbed as if his boſom was burſting. I was affected with his gratitude, and tried to diſperſe the tears that mounted to my eyes. I wiſh I could weep, ſaid he, but I can't; and may theſe be the laſt tears that ever you ſhall have occaſion to ſhed! my worthy, my generous, my pious relation! God forgive me for trying ſuch a heart, but I will reward it, amply will I reward your goodneſs.

He then drew a red letter-caſe out of his boſom, and, opening it, he put a bill into my hand for two thouſand pounds on the bank of England. Think, my dear, how I ſtarted at ſuch a viſion! Sir, you amaze me! was all I could ſay. I beg your pardon for deceiving you, ſaid he, but it was with a good intent. I ſuppoſe it is needleſs to tell you that I am not that poor forlorn wretch that I repreſented myſelf to you. Hear the real truth of my circumſtances. You ſee before you (of a private man) one

of

of the richeſt ſubjects in theſe dominions. You have heard that my ſetting-out was no other than that of a common writing-clerk in a merchant's counting-houſe at Jamaica; from whence I wrote twice to your father, but never had any anſwer. I interrupted him to tell him, I had heard my father ſay he had got one letter from him, and had writ to him in return, and afterwards made many enquiries after him without ſucceſs. Perhaps he might, ſaid he, but I never received it, nor heard of any enquiries made, which piqued me ſo, that I reſolved never to write again. In a little time I made myſelf ſo uſeful to my maſter that he grew exceedingly fond of me; and having no heir but an only daughter, who it ſeems had conceived an inclination for me, though without my ſuſpecting it, but which her father had by ſome means diſcovered, he frankly made an offer of her to me in marriage; with an aſſurance of leaving me all that he was worth at his deceaſe, and an immediate proffer of entering into partnerſhip with him. The only return he required on my part, was to change my name,

and

and aſſume his, which was Collet. I made no ſcruple of complying; for though my regard to the young lady had never riſen to what is commonly called love, I yet thought her in all reſpects an unexceptionable match. I married her; my patron punctually fulfilled his promiſe; and at the end of three years I found myſelf by his death in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate. The following year I loſt my wife in childbed of her firſt child, who died with its mother. The changing my name was probably the occaſion of my not being found out by thoſe employed to enquire after me; and I perhaps ought now to acknowlege myſelf careleſs in not acquainting my friends with my good fortune.

I had ſuch uncommon ſucceſs in trade that my wealth increaſed amazingly. In about five years after the deceaſe of my firſt wife, I married the widow of a merchant, with whom I got an immenſe fortune. This lady I truly loved. She was an amiable creature. I had one ſon by her, a fine youth, and we lived happily together for twelve years; at the end of which

which it pleaſed God to take from me both wife and child. Poor man! his tears began to flow here. He proceeded. After this loſs my own life began to grow tireſome to me; I had more riches than I knew what to do with, and had nobody to leave them to; my health began to decline; I grew weary of the place, and reſolved, partly to divert my melancholy, and partly through affection to my native country, to ſee England once more. I ſettled my affairs in the beſt manner, ſent conſiderable ſums of money over before me, and brought a large one with me. During my voyage the whim took me, that I would enquire privately after your family, and preſent myſelf to you as I have done, in order to make trial of your diſpoſitions, reſolving, according as I found you worthy of it, to ſhare my fortune amongſt you, as I knew I had no other relations in the world.

I have been in England above a month. The firſt thing I did was to go down into Wiltſhire, where I was ſoon informed that your father and mother were dead, and that your brother was married and reſided for the moſt

moſt part in London; you, I was told, had been married and was a widow, but I could learn no more about you. On my return to town I ſoon found where your brother lived, and had the pleaſure to hear a good character of him; but I had determined to make my own experiment on him, and I did intend, had he received me ever ſo kindly, to have made the ſame experiment on you, before I diſcloſed my plot to either of you.

I dreſſed myſelf in theſe old clothes on purpoſe, and what the ſucceſs of my ſcheme has been you know. Your brother, narrow hearted, inhuman wretch, I blot forever from my thoughts: it will be the better for you, though I have more than enough for you both.

Your kindneſs, I tell you again, my valuable relation, I will repay an hundredfold. Accept of that bill in your hand for your preſent uſe. I am ſure you want it; and accept of it only as an earneſt of my future friendſhip towards you. That brother, in affluence himſelf, who could ſee his ſiſter, *ſuch* a ſiſter want, muſt have loſt

all

all regard to ties of blood, and 'tis no wonder that I, ſo much further removed in kindred, met with ſuch treatment at his hands.

See, my Cecilia, what an amazing turn of fortune! What could I do but lift up my eyes, as I did my heart, in ſilent adoration of that God, who is a father to the fatherleſs, and defendeth the cauſe of the widow!

It was ſome time before I could frame my mind to diſcourſe on ordinary ſubjects. I gratefully accepted my couſin's noble preſent. He enquired minutely into my ſituation; there was no need of concealing any thing from him, nor did I attempt it. He was very inquiſitive as to my brother's behaviour towards me. I told him the whole of it; he was even bitter in his invectives againſt him, and Lady Sarah. But, ſaid he, I will have my revenge on them; I will make you triumph over him, and that proud upſtart his wife. What lodgings you are in my poor dear creature! Is this your beſt room? I told him I had nothing but that and a bed-chamber where the children and I lay, and a cloſet for my maid. He deſired to ſee the children, and

I had

chaſtened ſatisfaction, which could not ariſe to happineſs from the near proſpect we had of parting.

About ten o'clock my brother took an affectionate leave of his friend, he excuſed himſelf from accompanying him on his journey, on account of Lady Sarah's not being well.

To ſee *ſuch* a parting, would at another time have deeply affected me, but my own hour of ſeparation drew near. It came, and Mr. Warner punctual to his time, hurried Mr. Faulkland almoſt by force into the coach, and drove off with him.

I threw myſelf into a chair which he had ordered for me, and was carried home. I went not to bed; but had recourſe to my pen. God preſerve my dear fugitive; I can do nothing but weep.

*July* 2. My mind was too much unſettled yeſterday to dictate any thing coherent. I am now, thank heaven, more compoſed. Sir George and Lady Sarah have been with me during the greateſt part of the day; both kind and conſoling. My

brother ſeems to have all his former affection for me revived in his heart; he is indeed charmed with my juſtice, as he calls it. Lady Sarah, who at the bottom of her heart is no way concerned about this event, affects however to think as her huſband does, and commends me for my generoſity.

I feel myſelf eaſier in proportion as I think Mr. Faulkland gets farther out of the reach of danger. Sir George ſays by this time he may be on his voyage.

I ſhall certainly wait till the child arrives, in order to take him with me. My two little girls will be fond of ſuch a brother, for he is a charming boy.

My brother flatters me with a poſſibility at leaſt of Major Smyth's recovering; and if ſo, he ſays that Mr. Faulkland may ſtand his trial for the other accident, as he is in hopes Smyth will not perſiſt in his villainy ſo far as to add perjury to his other crimes.

I have but little expectations of juſtice from ſo bad a man, but I would not diſcourage my friends in their endeavours to comfort me.

*July*

*July* 3—Mr. Warner is returned from Harwich, after having ſeen Mr. Faulkland ſafe on board the packet, and even under ſail for Holland.

What a benevolent heart has this good relation of mine! Indeed I dearly love and reſpect him. His return has revived my ſpirits, and I begin to loſe my fears. He brought me a ſhort letter from Mr. Faulkland; ſhort it is, but his heart ſpeaks in every ſyllable of it. I will not give you the contents, my Cecilia, you will think it too extravagant, too romantic, for a huſband to write ſo to his wife.

*July* 6.—I long, yet dread to hear accounts from Ireland. I fear that wretched Smyth is dead. No mail has arrived from thence theſe eight days. Contrary winds they tell me detain the packets on the other ſide very often for a fortnight together. If that be ſo, how fortunate was Mr. Faulkland in ſeizing on a lucky hour for his departure from the Iriſh ſhore.

I ſuppoſe Mr. Bond's family, whom he muſt have rendered very unhappy, particularly the daughter, are all now his implacable enemies; and are tormenting themſelves in being detained from the purſuit of their vengeance. But let them come now when they will, he is far out of the reach of his foes.

I would it were poſſible for my Cecilia to arrive in England before my departure for Holland. Indeed, my dear, I ſhall not be ſorry if I am detained from Mr. Faulkland, till I have the happineſs of firſt embracing you, as our ſeparation may be afterwards of a long continuance. I ſhall wait for the arrival of Maſter Faulkland, and who knows but adverſe winds may detain him till your return. O! that I may paſs though it be but one day, with the dear companion of my youth before we are again divided!

I will not ſend this packet off, till I am ready to depart from England, as that will be cloſing an important period of my life. What would I give that my deareſt friend would come, and inſtead of this tedious narrative

rative which I have written, receive the account from my own lips! If my wiſhes ſhould not be granted in this, cannot you make Holland your way home? Mr. Faulkland purpoſes ſtaying at the Hague till I go to him.

*July* 9.— Cecilia! have I been a murmurer at the decrees of providence? have I been an impious repiner when heaven has poured down its wrath upon my head? if not, why am I marked out for divine vengeance? before I loſe my ſenſes, or my life, for both I cannot retain, hear the laſt act of your friend's tragic ſtory.

My brother called on me this day; he gave me a letter directed to Mr. Faulkland, which came under a cover to him. Read it, ſaid he, it is from Ireland, and may contain ſomething material for us to know.

It was from the honeſt ſervant Mr. Faulkland left behind him. See what he ſays, and then tell me if I ought to live any longer.

'Honoured Sir,

'I have the happineſs to ſend you a piece 'of good news, which made me wiſh for 'wings to have flown over to you with it.

'My lady, Heaven be praiſed, is not 'dead, nor ſo much as hurt. I am thank-'ful for this, Sir, on your account, not 'her's.

'I don't know what poſſeſſed the people 'at Mr. Bond's, to tell me ſhe was dead; 'the miſtake, to be ſure, was occaſioned by 'the great confuſion the family were thrown 'into, and indeed, from what I myſelf ſaw, 'I was ſure ſhe was actually dead.

'Major Smyth lived 'till the ſurgeon 'came; but had been ſpeechleſs for two 'or three hours, and died whilſt his wound 'was probing.

'My lady had only fallen into a fit, and 'the major having bled prodigiouſly, ſhe 'received a great deal of his blood upon 'her linen, and as he afterwards contrived 'to throw himſelf on the bed, which was 'at ſome diſtance from the place where ſhe 'had fallen, it gave occaſion to Mrs. Bond,

'(who

'(who was herſelf the firſt perſon that en-
'tered the room, after the ſad accident) on
'finding my lady lying ſenſeleſs, pale, and
'bloody, on the floor, to ſuppoſe ſhe had
'been killed.

'This alarm ran through the family,
'and was confirmed to me by every one
'in it, as we ſervants ſoon quitted the
'chamber; and the major himſelf ſaid,
'that you diſcharged one of the piſtols at
'your lady, and the other at him.

'I returned to Mr. Bond's in the morn-
'ing, after you were gone off, to enquire
'whether Major Smyth was alive or not;
'he was juſt then dead.

'The waiting-maid informed me, that
'my lady, to their great ſurprize, was re-
'covered, having only been in a fainting
'fit, which held her above an hour, without
'her ſhewing any ſigns of life; and that
'ſhe had fallen from one to another 'till
'morning: and ſhe farther ſaid (begging
'your honour's pardon) it would be no
'great matter if ſhe had died in one;
'for ſhe believed it was for no good ſhe
'went into the major's room at that time of
'the night.

'I ſtaid about the houſe all the day to 'pick up what intelligence I could from 'the ſervants. Young Mr. Bond, with two 'or three men, went to your houſe, and 'not finding you there, I ſuppoſe, rode in 'purſuit of you; but, Heaven be praiſed, 'you have eſcaped their hands.

'The waiting-maid, who is a very civil 'young woman, told me, in the evening, 'that my lady, being come a little to her-'ſelf (though I believe not in her right 'mind) was informed of the major's death; 'at which ſhe was ſo exceedingly terrified, 'that finding herſelf ill beſides, ſhe con-'feſſed the whole truth of the matter, and 'proved, that the major died with a lie in 'his mouth: ſo that I hope Mr. Bond's 'family will not be ſo ſpiteful as to proſe-'cute the affair any farther.

'My lady was ſent home directly in the 'chariot, as they could not bear the ſight 'of her any longer in the houſe. She 'takes on mightily; but we all bleſs our-'ſelves, that ſhe is alive.

'I ſhall make bold to incloſe this, ac-'cording to your order, to Sir George Bi-

dulph;

'dulph; and as ſoon as I receive your com-
'mands about Maſter, ſhall make no de-
'lay in this unlucky place. I am,

'Honoured Sir,

'Your dutiful and obedient ſervant,

'FREDERICK HILDY.'

*June* 26.

Adieu, my Cecilia, adieu; nothing but my death ſhould cloſe ſuch a ſcene as this.

Here, to the editor's great diſappointment, Mrs. Arnold's intereſting ſtory broke off; that unhappy lady not having continued her journal any farther.

But as this ſeemed to be one of the moſt affecting periods of her life, his curioſity induced him to enquire of the gentleman from whom he received thoſe papers, whether he could give him any farther light into her ſtory; as he thought it not improbable that he might have learned, from his mother, ſome other particulars relating to her.

His friend told him, that he knew his mother had drawn up a narrative of the

ſubſequent remarkable events in the life of Mrs. Arnold, at the requeſt of a particular friend; that he had once heard it read; but, as he was then a boy, it made but little impreſſion upon him; that afterwards, when he wanted to have his curioſity gratified, his mother told him, ſhe could not find the manuſcript, and feared it was loſt. However, he ſaid, he would ſearch her papers, and, if he recovered it, it ſhould be at his ſervice.

After ſome time, the gentleman informed the editor, that he had made the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny into his mother's papers, and could find nothing relative to the ſubject of Mrs. Arnold, excepting a few looſe ſheets, which ſeemed to have been the foul copy of the beginning of her narrative; and, at the ſame time, put them into his hands.

Theſe the editor offers to the publick, as he received them, without any alteration or addition.

CECILIA's

# CECILIA's NARRATIVE, &c.

BEING

## A SUPPLEMENT to Mrs. ARNOLD's JOURNAL.

I SET out on my return to England, immediately after the receipt of her laſt journal, the melancholy cloſe of which had exceedingly terrified and afflicted me.

Immediately on my arrival in London, I flew to the dear friend of my heart; ſhe was ſtill at her houſe, in Pall-mall.

I found the dear Sidney alone, in her bed-chamber. She had been prepared to receive me; but though I had endeavoured to arm myſelf with reſolution for this affecting interview, I was not miſtreſs of myſelf at the ſight of her.

The tears I ſhed did not ſpring from that ſweet emotion, which long ſevered friends feel at ſeeing each other again; I wept in ſorrow

ſorrow for the heavy misfortunes of the beſt of women.

But Mrs. Arnold, ſtill herſelf, and ſuperior to adverſity, received me with the tendereſt marks of friendſhip, and with a compoſure that amazed me.

Piety, meekneſs, and patience, were ever Mrs. Arnold's characteriſtics; and they now all appeared blended, and ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on her beautiful face, that I could not look at her without admiration.

As I was aſtoniſhed to find her ſo calm under ſo trying an affliction, I could not help expreſſing myſelf to that purpoſe; but Mrs. Arnold checked me, with this reply: 'I have been ſet up as a mark, my Cecilia; 'let me fulfil the intention of my Maker, 'by ſhewing a perfect reſignation to His 'will. I hope, my taſk is almoſt finiſhed, 'and that he will ſoon permit me to return 'to the duſt from which I came.'

Frederick Hildy had arrived from Ireland above a fortnight before, with Maſter Faulkland, a beautiful child of about five years old. They were both lodged in Mrs. Arnold's houſe.

She

She told me, that Sir George Bidulph and Mr. Warner had ſet out together for Holland, immediately after the receipt of the letter, which informed them of Mrs. Faulkland's being alive.

My brother, ſaid Mrs. Arnold, thought it neceſſary himſelf to be the bearer of news ſo fatal in its import to his friend. He hoped beſides he ſhould be able to perſuade him to return and ſtand his trial for having killed Major Smyth, as there is no doubt of his being acquitted; all Mr. Bond's family being now convinced, from Mrs. Faulkland's own confeſſion, that there was nothing premeditated in this fatal event, and that what Mr. Faulkland did, was in defence of his own life.

I have writ, continued ſhe, to Mr. Faulkland, to endeavour to conſole him under our mutual misfortune.

At my requeſt, ſhe ſhewed me a copy, of this letter; wherein ſhe aſſured him, ſhe would take the tendereſt care of his ſon, 'till the child could be delivered ſafe into his hands; and conjured him, for that child's ſake, to be careful of his own intereſt

tereſt and preſervation; adding, that as their ill-fated marriage was an abſolute ſecret to every one but the perſons immediately concerned, ſhe hoped he would not ſuffer the thoughts of it to break in upon his future quiet; and concluded with beſeeching him to forget her, as they were never more to meet.

This was the ſubſtance of what ſhe wrote. There were no murmurings at her fate, no womaniſh complainings, mixed with the tender, yet noble ſentiments of her heart. She endeavoured to conceal her own anguiſh under the maſk of contentment, that Mr. Faulkland might the better ſupport this final deſtruction of all his hopes.

I aſked her, whether ſhe had heard ſince from Mr. Faulkland? She told me, ſhe had as yet received no anſwer from him to this letter, but that ſhe had heard ſeverally from Sir George and Mr. Warner, who both informed her, that Mr. Faulkland, after his firſt tranſports of ſurprize and grief were over, at receiving this new and unexpected blow, had grown more calm, and ſeemed inclined to return with them to England.

Sir

Sir George added, in the laſt letter ſhe had from him, that they only waited 'till Mr. Warner had accompliſhed the buſineſs that he had to do in Holland, and hoped, before a fortnight was at an end, to return home, and to have the pleaſure of conducting Mr. Faulkland back.

It is ten days, continued Mrs. Arnold, ſince I received this account, and I flatter myſelf, that they may be now on their journey homeward.

Mrs. Arnold ſaid, that ſhe waited but for Sir George's return, in order to deliver Maſter Faulkland into his hands, and that ſhe then meant to retire into the country, with her two children, and Patty, the faithful companion and partner of her grief.

Lady Sarah Bidulph, who would gladly have gone with Sir George to Holland, had been perſuaded by him to ſtay behind, in order to bear his ſiſter company in her affliction; and Mrs. Arnold ſaid, ſhe had dedicated much of her time to that friendly purpoſe.

Her Ladyſhip came to pay her a viſit whilſt I was there. I had never ſeen Lady

Sarah

Sarah before; and we were introduced to each other.

I took my leave of Mrs. Arnold, and promiſed to ſee her again the next day.

In the morning, as I was preparing to go to her, I received a note from Lady Sarah Bidulph, earneſtly requeſting the favour of ſeeing me, at her houſe, in St. James's Square, before I went to Mrs. Arnold.

I obeyed this unexpected ſummons, and immediately waited on her.

I took the liberty, Madam, ſaid ſhe, of deſiring to ſee you here this morning, at Sir George's requeſt: He arrived late laſt night, and brings moſt melancholy news from Holland.

Sir George entered the room while ſhe ſpoke. After the firſt greetings of friends long parted were over, I am afraid to aſk, Sir George, ſaid I, yet am impatient to learn ſomething of Mr. Faulkland, your lady has terribly alarmed me; Mr. Faulkland is not returned; I dare not enquire the reaſon. Tears inſtantly ſprung into Sir George's eyes. He returns no more, ſaid he, his remains are ſoon to be con-

conveyed to England to be laid with his anceſtors.

Ah, Sir, cried I, what will poor Mrs. Arnold ſay to this freſh misfortune?

It was on that account Madam, he replied, that we now requeſted to ſpeak with you, before you ſaw my ſiſter. You, who are her boſom friend, can more tenderly diſcloſe this melancholy event than any one. I have not the courage to ſee her. We muſt beg of you, dear Madam, to prepare the unhappy Sidney for the news.

I aſked him the manner of Mr. Faulkland's death. I cannot poſitively ſay, anſwered Sir George, but much I fear he precipitated his own fate.

Mr. Warner, or I, conſtantly ſtaid with him from the time we diſcloſed the fatal account we brought concerning Mrs. Faulkland. Knowing as we did the violence of his temper, we were apprehenſive of ſudden and dreadful conſequences; but he deceived us both; for after the firſt ſtarts of paſſion were over, which though they ſhocked, did not alarm us, as we expected them, he aſſumed a calm reſigna-

nation to his fate; and talked with ſuch a rational compoſure of the ſtrange circumſtances of this incident, that we began to entertain hopes, that the efforts of his reaſon, joined to our conſtant endeavours to ſooth and conſole him, would in time ſo far ſucceed, and though we never expected to ſee him reſtored to a tranquil ſtate of mind, we yet flattered ourſelves he would ſubmit to life upon ſuch terms as Providence thought fit to impoſe on him.

I was with him, proceeded Sir George, when he received a letter from my ſiſter. His hands ſhook ſo on perceiving by the ſuperſcription that it came from her, that he let the letter drop. Read it for me, Bidulph, ſaid he, and tell me how it fares with Mrs. Arnold.

I inſtantly complied with his requeſt. I found by the date of the letter that it had been delayed much longer than it ought to have been, which I immediately obſerved to him, as he had often expreſſed his uneaſineſs at not hearing from my ſiſter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Arnold is well, ſaid I, giving him the letter; read what ſhe ſays, and let her teach you fortitude.

He withdrew to a window to peruſe it. After he had read it, I admire your ſiſter's ſtoiſciſm, ſaid he, ſtepping back to his chair. This is true philoſophy, laying his finger on the letter which he ſtill held in his hand. *Her* heroic ſoul is ſtill unmoved, and above the reach of adverſity. Happy Mrs. Arnold—What a vain fool was I to think that ſuch a mind as *hers* could be ſubdued. He pauſed and ſeemed for a while buried in thought. Then putting the letter up in his pocket, he began to diſcourſe on ſome other topic.

We paſſed the evening together, continued Sir George, and though Faulkland was far from being chearful, I thought he appeared more tranquil than he had done ſince my arrival.

I talked to him of his returning to England with me. He ſaid with a ſmile, I think I ought to go if it were for no other reaſon but that I may have my duſt mingled with that of my forefathers; and this office,

office, Bidulph, I expect from you, if you ſhould outlive me.

I laughed at him, and ſaid I thought he had a much more material reaſon that preſſed his return.

Your eſtate, ſaid I, is unſettled; and if you were to die abroad in the predicament in which you now ſtand, what is to become of your ſon?

I have already done for my ſon, ſaid he, all that I thought in juſtice was in my power to do: I have long ago ſettled my perſonal fortune on him, that in caſe my next heirs ſhould on account of the illegitimacy of his birth, claim the family eſtate, he may have a handſome ſupport without it.

And indeed I never wiſhed to debar my lawful heirs in favour of this child; though I love him tenderly, and they are worthleſs people, whom I deſpiſe, and with whom I never had any intercourſe.

I replied, if that were ſo, as the manner of the child's birth was a ſecret, I wiſhed he might, undiſturbed, inherit his father's fortune, when he ſhould come to pay the laſt debt to nature.

He

He anſwered, where ſuch a vaſt property was at ſtake, there would not be people wanting whoſe intereſt would engage them to diſcover the ſecret; and he doubted not but the irregularity of his wife's conduct, had already occaſioned enquiries to be made.

Suppoſing, ſaid I, you had had another ſon by Mrs. Faulkland ſince your marriage— as you could have no objection to the bequeathing your fortune to him, would it not have appeared ſtrange in the eyes of the world that you ſhould diſinherit your eldeſt ſon.

It might have appeared ſo, ſaid he, but I certainly ſhould have done it: and for that reaſon, as I have no child but him, I have made ſuch a diſpoſition of my fortune as I now tell you. If I live, I may increaſe my ſon's patrimony; if not, he muſt be contented with that which I have bequeathed to him, and let my kindred ſcramble for the reſt.

We ſtaid together till it was late; he diſcourſed on a variety of ſubjects, but mentioned not my ſiſter's name during the whole time.

I thought

I thought I left him well, and his mind tolerably compoſed. We were to ſet out on our return in ſix days; but an account was brought to me in the morning, that Mr. Faulkland was found dead in his bed.

There were no ſymptoms diſcovered on the body that could let us into the occaſion of his death; but as my own fears ſuggeſted too much, I choſe not to be particular in my enquiries. Wiſhing rather that his fatal ſtory ſhould be buried in ſilence.

Mr. Warner found that his affairs were likely to delay him longer than the time propoſed; and as I had nothing farther to detain me in Holland, I ſet out the day after my unfortunate friend's death, leaving to Mr. Warner, the care of conveying his remains to England, agreeably to the deſire he had expreſſed, which I now conſidered as his laſt injunction laid on me.

Thus, proceeded Sir George, by a ſeries of fatal events, each of which was occaſioned by motives in themſelves laudable, has one of the braveſt and moſt noble-minded men on earth been cut off in the prime of his

his youth—O! Faulkland, why did you ſuffer that gallant ſpirit to be vanquiſhed?—

Sir George's emotion ſtopped his farther ſpeech, I was too much affected to ſay any thing to him, but took a haſty leave of Lady Sarah, in order to go to Mrs. Arnold.

As ſoon as I entered my friend's room Cecilia, ſaid ſhe, if your countenance be as faithful an interpreter of your mind as it uſed to be, you have ſome thing diſaſtrous to relate; you may ſay any thing, misfortune and I have been ſo familiar, I ſhall not ſhrink as its approach.

Sir George is returned, I replied, you will ſee him to-day.

Is he come alone, ſhe aſked? Alone, I replied. You but repeat my words, Cecilia, without adding any thing from yourſelf. Shall I interpret the meaning of that mournful echo? Mr. Faulkland no longer lives!

I was ſilent—Oh I knew him too well, ſaid ſhe, raiſing her voice with energy, to think he would ſurvive this laſt blow.

His death was natural, ſaid I, for any thing that appeared to the contrary. God be

be praiſed for that, cried Mrs. Arnold! *If* ſo, I am ſatisfied that he is at peace.

She then enquired after Mr. Warner, and her brother, without making any farther mention of Mr. Faulkland.

Whilſt we were in diſcourſe, Maſter Faulkland ran into the room. He had been at play with the two little Miſs Arnolds, who were in purſuit of him, And he flew to Mrs. Arnold to hide him. She folded him tenderly in her arms; then turning to me, Look at this boy, ſaid ſhe, he is the perfect image of his father.

When am I to go to my papa, cried the child, as he hung round her neck? This innocent unexpected demand quite vanquiſhed Mrs. Arnold's fortitude. She ſet him down without being able to anſwer his queſtion, then ſaid, Excuſe me, my Cecilia, I would wiſh to be alone for today. It was not yet a ſeaſon to adminiſter conſolation, and I withdrew.

She ſtaid in London but two days after this; when, as ſhe had before reſolved, ſhe retired to an eſtate in Buckinghamſhire, which

which her kinſman had purchaſed and ſettled on her for ever.

With her brother's conſent, ſhe took Maſter Faulkland with her, and prevailed on Mr. Price to accompany her into the country, to whom ſhe committed the care of the child's education.

Mr. Warner, whom ſhe had acquainted by letter with her intention, approved of the ſtep ſhe had taken. He returned to England in about three weeks after her departure from her houſe in town, which ſhe had left for his reception juſt as he had fitted it up for her.

Before I accompany Mrs. Arnold into her ſolitude, I ſhall juſt briefly mention ſome other perſons who were connected with her ſtory.

The relations of Mr. Faulkland, as he had foreſeen, claimed his eſtate, and at length obtained it, the illegitimacy of the child being proved.

The wretched Mrs. Faulkland, abandoned and deſpiſed, returned to England; but as ſhe was there hated and ſhunned by every one, ſhe remained in obſcurity for a few

years, and then died unpitied and unlamented.

I now return to Mrs. Arnold, who, ſettled in her quiet retreat in the country, it might be hoped would have paſſed the remainder of her days undiſturbed by any new calamity.

That only ſource of true heroiſm of ſoul, religion, had all along ſupported, and prevented her from ſinking under the moſt trying afflictions. Many and bitter were the ſufferings ſhe had already endured; but ſhe was, to uſe her own words, *Set up as a mark*; and the deep afflictions that ſtill purſued her, and clouded even her latter days with misfortunes, may ſerve to ſhew that it is not *here* that true virtue is to look for its reward. I ſaw her at a time when this reflection, as it had been her chief, ſo was it her laſt and only conſolation.

Poſſeſſed as ſhe was of an admirable underſtanding, and an enlarged mind, in the deepeſt ſolitude ſhe had always reſources of entertainment within herſelf. Her natural diſpoſition ever ſweet and complying, was improved by her ſufferings into a patience very

very rare in woman; and a reſignation imbibed at firſt from a rigid education, was heightened by religion into an almoſt ſaint-like meekneſs and humility.

I ſhall paſs over the firſt ten years of her retirement, in which nothing material happened but the marriage of the amiable Patty Main to a gentleman of a large eſtate, and the death of her worthy kinſman Mr. Warner, who bequeathed her his whole fortune.

Miſs Arnold, her eldeſt daughter, was now ſomething more than fifteen, and fulfilled the promiſe her childhood gave, of her being a perfect beauty, Miſs Cecilia was about a year younger, and though not ſo handſome as her ſiſter, was accounted one of the fineſt young ladies of her time.

With what delight have I ſeen this excellent mother, while theſe two charming young creatures were all attention, relate to them the extraordinary and affecting incidents of her life.

This, ſaid ſhe, I do, not as a murmurer at my fate, nor to move your pity at my misfortunes, but to teach you by my example, that there is no ſituation in life ex-

empt from trouble. It found *me* under the tender care of the beſt of parents, it purſued me into my huſband's houſe. In my virgin ſtate, when I was a wife, and in my widowhood, I was equally perſecuted.

Poverty, I once thought, would have exempted me from every ill, but what its own hand inflicted; and had it remained my companion, the bittereſt misfortune of my life would have been prevented; for, if wealth had not accompanied my hand, the world could not have perſuaded me to yield it to Mr. Faulkland.

Do not therefore pride yourſelves on the great fortunes you are likely to poſſeſs: I have received no other ſatisfaction in mine, than what aroſe from the benefits I have conferred on others.

By ſuch leſſons as theſe, did this tender parent endeavour to fortify their young minds againſt the viciſſitudes of fortune, and to teach them not to place their confidence in riches.

She dwelt ſo often upon this theme, that ſhe ſeemed to have a preſentiment of thoſe evils, which were now ready to pour in like a torrent upon her.

Gracious

Gracious Heaven! how inſcrutable are thy ways! Her affluent fortune, the very circumſtance which ſeemed to promiſe her, in the eve of life, ſome compenſation for the miſeries ſhe had endured in her early days, now proved the ſource of new and dreadful calamities to her, which, by involving the unhappy daughters of an unhappy mother in ſcenes of the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, cut off from her even the laſt reſource of hope in this life, and rendered the cloſe of her hiſtory ſtill more ...

. . . . . .

Here the lady's narrative breaks off, and the editor, not having it in his power, after the moſt diligent enquiry, to recover any more of the manuſcript, is, to his great mortification, compelled to offer this fragment.

*The END of the* THIRD VOLUME.

BRITISH
10 MY 72
MUSEUM

turn, I have nothing elſe now to aſk for. She bluſhed again, and ſeemed in great confuſion; 'You are very good, Mrs. 'Arnold, we muſt forget and forgive.'—Shall I not be permitted to ſee my brother, Madam? By the meſſage I received from you, I was in hopes you had prevailed on him—The *poor* woman was now ſtruck dumb. She felt for her ſnuff-box, and *would* not find it in her pocket; but got up to look for it to gain a little time; rumaged her toilet, and, at laſt, took it out of her pocket; offered me a pinch of ſnuff, then ſat down again. Why, that meſſage, to tell you the truth, ſaid ſhe (forcing a conſcious ſilly ſmile) your brother knew nothing of; but not having heard from you in ſo long a time, I was reſolved to enquire after you; and was determined myſelf, out of my own pin-money, to allow you what I could ſpare, till I could get Sir George in better temper; but I made uſe of his name becauſe I thought you would more readily accept of any thing from him than from me. Your brother thought you were actually in the coun-

try, till we were ſurprized with the account of the *wonderful* fortune that has come to you lately. 'Then you *had* heard of it, 'Madam, interrupted I, before you ſent to 'me?' an untoward queſtion, my dear; it plunged her again in the mud, and ſhe flounced and floundered to get out, which only ſunk her the deeper. We had heard a ſtrange flying report, ſaid ſhe, of which I did not believe a word, and therefore ſent Holmes (that is her woman's name) to you to offer you my ſervice.

I was not ill-natured enough, my Cecilia, to perſiſt in embarraſſing this mean woman any farther, though the inſincerity of her whole behaviour, and the low falſities ſhe had recourſe to, very well deſerved reproof. I was glad to find my brother was not ſo culpable as he had at firſt appeared; for I could eaſily diſcover from the whole tenor of her diſcourſe, ſhe was ſo far from giving him any intimation of my diſtreſs, that ſhe had prevented him from enquiring after me, by telling him that I was gone out of town; probably too with ſome aggravating circumſtances, either

ther of a pretended neglect on my ſide towards them both, or, perhaps, ſome other falſhood ſtill more injurious. It was very apparent that ſhe had ſent her maid only as a ſpy, and, by way of paſſport, with a ſham offer of kindneſs, of which ſhe knew I ſtood not in need: and ſhe depended on my pride and reſentment ſo juſtly provoked, for my never coming to any explanation either with her or my brother. No wonder then ſhe was confounded at the ſight of me, and the more ſo as ſhe apprehended I might reproach my brother, who could ſo well excuſe himſelf by pleading ignorance of my ſituation: and her conduct muſt then appear ſo deſpicable to her huſband, that hardy as ſhe is, ſhe would be at a loſs to juſtify it.

All this being very obvious to me, I determined to make her eaſy at once. I ſhall think no more of what is paſt, Lady Sarah, ſaid I, I only wiſh to be on terms of friendſhip with my brother and you; and ſince he knows not of the meſſage you ſent to me, I will not mention it to him, nor any thing elſe that can recal paſt un-

kindneſs. I hope this viſit will be taken as it is meant, out of pure affection, and that you, Madam, will be ſo kind as to make my peace with my brother; whom I am very ſorry I was under a neceſſity of diſobliging; but as I never did offend him, and I am ſure never ſhould but in that one inſtance, wherein *I* was ſo much more nearly intereſted than himſelf, I hope he will think no more of it; but reſtore me to a ſhare of his love, which is all that is now wanting to my happineſs.

This declaration (as I intended it ſhould) entirely reſtored Lady Sarah's tranquillity. Her countenance brightened up; I'll take upon me to anſwer for Sir George, ſaid ſhe, that he *ſhall* reſtore you to his affection; I ſhall inſiſt upon a general act of oblivion being paſſed on his ſide, and I beg, ſiſter, on your part, that you may not, by reproaching your brother, revive the memory of your paſt coldneſs.

The weakeſt people are often very cunning; this caution of Lady Sarah's, artfully enough introduced, conveyed an obvious meaning to me, very different from her pre-

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tended reaſon; ſhe was afraid of an eclairciſſement. I promiſed her I ſhould meet my brother, whenever he would permit me, as if nothing had ever happened to diſturb our friendſhip.

See, my dear, how this woman, who *durſt* not name me when I was poor, took upon her now to *make* her huſband, whoſe anger had ſo much intimidated her, ſubſcribe intirely to her opinion: but I was now become an object of attention; a finer houſe, and a finer equipage than her ladyſhip's, gave me an indiſputable title to that regard, to which, as a *ſiſter*, and in diſtreſs, I had not the leaſt claim.

She now ventured to aſk me ſome particulars relating to the very extraordinary change in my fortune. I ſatisfied her minutely, not without mentioning the cauſe of Mr. Warner's having made me the *ſole* object of his bounty. Poor Lady Sarah could not conceal her vexation at the thoughts of what ſhe had loſt by her ill-timed pride and parcimony. A ſtrange whimſical old mortal, ſhe called him, to come upon them ſo abruptly, and in ſuch a ſcandalous garb,

that Sir George was quite aſhamed of him. I am glad, however, Mrs. Arnold, that he has made *you* the better for him; I hope he will continue his fondneſs; but ſuch odd humouriſts are not to be depended on. Don't tell him, however, what I ſay; I ſhould be glad to ſhew him any civility in my power, for his kindneſs to you.

I took my leave of her ladyſhip, with a cordial invitation to come and ſee me; which ſhe ſaid ſhe would not fail to do.

Mr. Warner called on me for a few minutes in the evening to know the reſult of my viſit, as I had told him I intended to make it. I related every thing that had paſſed between Lady Sarah and me; he enjoyed her confuſion as I deſcribed it; with a triumphant ſatisfaction, which nothing but a very ſtrong reſentment could have excited in ſo good-natured a man, as he really ſeems to be.

He has added to my ſtore of china today (of which I have already an abundance) a pair of moſt magnificent jars, above four feet high, which he values at a hundred and fifty pounds; theſe, with an entire

entire ſervice of the fineſt Nankeen china, and a moſt beautiful Perſian carpet, I have ſet apart as a preſent for Lady V——, and ſhall ſend them to her the firſt opportunity.

Mr. Warner very much approves of my deſign, as he knows the obligations I have to her.

I have alſo got him to beſpeak a ſet of jewels to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds, with which I intend to preſent Mrs. Faulkland. This ſum will not exceed my debt to Mr. Faulkland, if his agreement with Pivet ſtands in force for the term preſcribed.

Mr. Warner, who mightily loves to be employed, has undertaken to get theſe jewels made up for me in the moſt elegant taſte.

This man's generoſity is as inexhauſtible as his riches; I fancy he is ſtill ſome way concerned in trade, though he does not tell me ſo. Theſe jars he ſaid he had juſt received by the arrival of an Eaſt-India ſhip, and I underſtand that his former dealings were extremely extenſive: all over the

world, he ſaid, where there was commerce, he put in for his ſhare.

*February* 29.—Lady Sarah has returned my viſit; ſhe was not ſlow you ſee in her ceremony. *So* obliging, *ſo* polite; every thing praiſed, and admired; and *ſiſter* at every ſecond word, and the children careſſed, *Arnold*'s children. What a fine thing it is, my dear, to be independent! I ſhewed her all my houſe; but not with oſtentation. I thought it would have looked affected not to have recommended ſo much wealth and elegance to her notice. My ſideboard ſhe ſays is abſolutely the handſomeſt ſhe ever ſaw; indeed both for workmanſhip and richneſs it does ſurpaſs any I have ſeen.

She told me ſhe had talked to my brother and that though he ſtill reſented my obſtinacy, as *he* called it, yet as I had made ſuch advances towards a reconciliation, he was very ready to meet me, and deſired every thing might be forgotten on my ſide, as it ſhould be on his. He would have come to ſee you, added Lady Sarah, but

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as he does not chuſe to meet Mr. Warner, he would rather that the firſt interview between you were at his own houſe. I told her ladyſhip I would breakfaſt with her the next morning, and we parted upon wonderful courteous terms.——

*February* 30.—Juſt returned from my brother's. Sir George received me with open arms, and I returned the embrace with the utmoſt cordiality of affection. Surely, my dear, there is ſomething wonderfully powerful in the natural affections; Sir George, ſpite of his reſentment, his turbulence, and the threats denounced againſt me, could not at ſight of me, after an abſence of ſo many months, reſiſt the firſt impulſe of his heart, in giving me ſtrong tokens of brotherly love; though probably, had he not ſeen me, the latent tenderneſs might have lain for ever dormant in his heart.

I entered immediately on the topic of my extraordinary acquiſition, as I was determined not to lead to a ſubject which might bring on the explanations ſo much dreaded by Lady Sarah; and I could ob-

ſerve that my brother avoided any thing tending that way as much as I did.

He congratulated me heartily on my good fortune, but ſaid, between jeſt and earneſt, that if he could have divined his couſin Warner had come to him to make experiments, he ſhould have taken care to have treated him better. But I don't know how it was, ſaid he, he came in an evil hour; and I was in an ill humour.

Lady Sarah kept up the converſation with a great deal of vivacity; always taking care to keep us clear of the rock ſhe was afraid of, till a lady, with whom ſhe was engaged to go to an auction, called to take her up. Sir George would fain have detained me, but ſhe inſiſted on my going with her, to have *my* judgment ſhe ſaid on the things ſhe intended to buy. It appeared to me that ſhe did not chuſe to leave my brother and me together, for fear mutual confidence (in the fulneſs of our hearts) might have brought her diſingenuous proceedings to light: but cunning people often over-act their parts; ſhe was ſo extremely preſſing, that my brother could not but take notice of it. I acquieſced

eſced to avoid giving her uneaſineſs; having firſt engaged my brother to dine with me on Friday. Lady Sarah and he both conſented, but premiſed that Mr. Warner was not to be of the party; this I ventured to promiſe, as I was reſolved if Mr. Warner invited himſelf, which is his uſual way, to put him off by fairly telling him the truth, and truſting to his good-nature for the conſequence.

*March* 2. — After the trivial incidents of theſe two laſt days, my Cecilia, now haſten to more intereſting particulars. But firſt a word or two of my couſin Warner. I had not ſeen him ſince the day that my bother and I met, till this morning; when he called to aſk me how I did, and to know how the puppy George, as he calls him, had behaved to me. After having ſatisfied him in this enquiry, in a way the moſt favourable I could for my brother, I told him that as I had really found both him, and his lady extremely penitent and mortified, I had aſked them to dine with me that day. I am glad of it, ſaid he (very quick) I'll be here

to ſnoutch them. Dear Sir, ſaid I, for heaven's ſake have a little compaſſion: you cannot conceive how humbled they are; they dare not look you in the face, and it was one of their conditions with me, before they would conſent to come, that they ſhould not ſee you. Ho, ho, ſaid he, exultingly, have they changed their Note? Well, I will not diſtreſs you ſo far in your own houſe, as to mortify them with my company at dinner, but if I ſhould take it in my head to drop in, in the afternoon, you muſt not take it amiſs. I only want to ſee them look a little like fools.

I could not venture to oppoſe him in this, but reſolved to make it as eaſy as poſſible by preparing my brother and ſiſter for his viſit.

I told him that would do extremely well, and he went away rejoicing at the thoughts of his intended triumph.

Mr. Warner had but juſt left me when I was ſurprized with a meſſage that Sir George was below. I went down to him directly, and ſeeing him in his morning-dreſs, imagined that ſomething had happened which

prevented

prevented their dining with me, and that he called to excuſe himſelf; but he undeceived me preſently. As I had not an opportunity, ſaid he, of aſking you any queſtions the other day, and ſhall be prevented probably in the ſame manner this day, I am come to have an hour's chat with you before dinner. And firſt pray inform me, Sidney, where you have lived ever ſince my mother's death, and how it comes to paſs that in all this time you never took any notice of either Lady Sarah or me? As to your firſt queſtion, brother, it is eaſily anſwered, I have never been out of London: for the reſt, leſt us avoid all retroſpection, which can now anſwer no end to either of us.

You ſurprize me, ſaid he, I underſtood you had been in the country; Lady Sarah was told that you were gone to Lady V—.

She was miſinformed, I replied—

What was the meaning then, ſaid he, that you never called, or ſent to her? *She* had no reſentment to you, though *I* had.

Dear Sir George, aſk me no more queſtions. I thought it had been premiſed that we were not to talk of the paſt.

I ſee

I ſee, Sidney, anſwered he, there is ſomething you have no mind to explain; you know I love and reſpect my wife, and that I cannot eaſily be brought to take any thing ill of her; but ſhe was ſo extremely earneſt with me not to aſk you any queſtions, that it made me ſuſpect there was ſomething ſhe had a mind to conceal from me. What confirms me in this opinion is, that as I know you are ingenuous and open to conviction you would have made me ſome apology for a neglect both of me and Lady Sarah, which, you could not but ſuppoſe, offended me, if you had not looked upon yourſelf as by much the moſt injured Perſon.

You urge me very home, brother; I thought I was injured when you diſclaimed all relationſhip to me, if I did not comply in a certain particular, which I was not at liberty to do.

I *was* very angry with you, ſaid he, but ſhould not have carried my reſentment any lengths after my mother's death, if you had made any conceſſion, or deſired to throw yourſelf under my protection, inſtead of a ſtran-

ſtranger's, for Lady V—comparatively is one. I could not ſuppoſe you were in immediate want of my aſſiſtance, as I underſtand my mother's private purſe was not inconſiderable, and to tell you the truth, I was reſolved till you did condeſcend to inform me of your ſituation, not to give myſelf any pain about you.

I can only tell you in two words, Sir George, that you have been extremely miſled in regard to me; I wiſh not to revive ſo diſagreeable a ſubject, pray ſay no more of it.

But one word more, ſaid he, juſt for my own ſatisfaction, and then I have done: was Lady Sarah made acquainted with your circumſtances? You muſt have lived in miſerable obſcurity to be ſo long in London without my knowlege.

You love and reſpect your wife, brother; you muſt not take any thing ill of her.

I am anſwered he replied: He walked about the room, and I could ſee he was aſhamed and affected.

You will make me very unhappy, Sir George, ſaid I, if you reſent any thing on my

my account to your lady; ſhe did not think perhaps that things were quite ſo bad with me as they really were; but if ſhe heard (which by the way I knew was an invention of her own) that my mother left any thing behind her, ſhe was deceived, there really was nothing. But let us call another ſubjeſt.—When did you hear from Mr. Faulkland? It is ſome time ſince I have had a letter from his lady.

His lady he repeated, and ſtamping with his foot, curſed be hour which gave her that title!

Dear Sir George, you ſhock me! how can you be ſo uncharitable, ſo unchriſtian?

If you know her as well as *I* do, ſaid he, —and ſhook his head.

You are ſo ſtrong in your indignation againſt her, I replied, that you almoſt make me ſuſpect that you *do* know more of her than I do; her weakneſs in regard to Mr. Faulkland excepted; I could never entertain an ill thought of her; but you have raiſed a curioſity, which, though I tremble to have it gratified, yet I muſt beg you to ſpeak out.

Do

Do not think me malicious, Sidney, ſaid he, a woman's reputation is too ſacred a thing to be trifled with; if her weakneſs as you call it, had been confined to Mr. Faulkland, *hers* ſhould be ſo with me: but I cannot think with temper on the ſacrifice that noble fellow has been forced to make to caprice.

Dear brother, explain yourſelf, you terrify me.

My heat on this occaſion, he anſwered, would be unjuſtifiable, if I had not *proof* for what I ſay; Miſs Burchell, for I will not call her by my friend's name, is that monſter, a female libertine, a rake in the worſt ſenſe of the word.

Monſtrous! cried I, your prejudice makes you believe every cruel tale you may have heard.—

*Heard*, he interrupted with an indignant ſmile, the d—l's in it if I have not more than hear-ſay for my knowledge.

Lord! brother, you make me ſhudder, what do you mean?

He replied, you will not believe me perhaps when I tell you that *I* am as much obliged

obliged to Miſs Burchell's favour, as Mr. Faulkland was.

If Sir George had plunged a dagger in my heart, I could not have felt a ſharper pang. He ſaw me ſtruck with amazement and grief.

I knew it would ſhock you, ſaid he, but you extorted the ſecret from me; for a ſecret it has, and ever ſhould have remained, but in my own juſtification you compelled me to diſcloſe it.

You know, ſaid he, that from the firſt I never conſidered Faulkland's engagement to her, as a ſerious one, nor in any ſhape binding: this judgment I formed without knowing any thing of the woman, but from Faulkland's own repreſentation of the fact; tho' to ſay the truth, he always ſpoke of her with more tenderneſs than ſhe deſerved, and imputing her frailty to her love of him, was, as moſt men are apt to do on ſuch occaſions, diſpoſed to judge favourably of her. The firſt time I ſaw her was at Sidney-caſtle; that time when my mother invited her, and when, you may remember, I went down there in compliment to my mother. I

own

own I thought her extremely agreeable, which was alone ſufficient, to make me a little more than barely polite; but my mother's extrordinary attachment to her, engaged me to go ſtill farther, and to oblige her, I was more than ordinarily attentive to pleaſe Miſs Burchell. When I aſſure you upon my honour that I had no farther views, I believe you will not doubt my veracity; but whether Miſs Burchell miſtook my civilities for fondneſs, or whether, as I rather believe, her natural diſpoſition was ſo looſe that every man ſhe ſaw lighted up a flame in her heart, I know not; but certain it was, ſhe made me ſuch advances, that I muſt have been extremely ſtupid not to have underſtood her, and abſolutely frozen to have repelled her.

My good mother's unſuſpecting temper permitted us too many opportunities, and the light ones of your ſex do not eaſily forgive the neglect of thoſe.

In ſhort Miſs Burchell yielded to the impetuoſity of her wiſhes, and I followed her lead, more through vacancy, and a want of better employment, than out of inclination.

tion. I was very glad when ſhe was recall-ed home, for I was heartily wearied of her. The day before ſhe left Sidney caſtle, when we were alone, ſhe ſaid to me, I have too great a reliance on your honour, to ſup-poſe you capable of injuring my reputa-tion by ever divulging what has paſſed between us; I am eaſy therefore on that head. But there is one circumſtance on which you muſt give me the moſt ſolemn promiſe that is in your power to make, without which I ſhall be the moſt un-happy creature in the world. I know there is a friendſhip between you and Mr. Faulkland, and I am not ignorant that you men in your unreſerved moments of con-fidence, do not ſcruple to diſcloſe ſuch ſecrets as I have truſted you with; I do not fear your imprudence with regard to any one elſe; but it is of the utmoſt importance to me that *He* in particular ſhould never know what my tenderneſs for you has led me into. You know I have a ſon by him; he has hitherto provided liberally for the child's maintainance; and to let you into a ſecret, which nobody beſides muſt know,

I my-

I myſelf am indebted to him for the principal part of my ſupport; though he, as well as the reſt of the world, believe that I have a fortune. Now though I do not entertain the leaſt hope, nor indeed wiſh, ever to be Mr. Faulkland's wife, yet would it be of terrible conſequence to me to forfeit his regard, which you may naturally ſuppoſe would be the caſe if he were to come to the knowlege of what has happened. He has given me to underſtand by his houſekeeper that when he comes to England he will provide for me; the woman hinted ſomething like a deſign of his making a handſome eſtabliſhment for any worthy man of whom I ſhould make choice; inſinuating at the ſame time that this depended on my conduct. I have no thoughts of marrying, but as mine and my child's future welfare muſt be chiefly owing to Mr. Faulkland, you ſee the neceſſity there is for my preſerving his good opinion. For this reaſon then, my dear Sir George, you muſt ſwear to me that you will never betray me to him.

The reaſons were ſo plauſible, and the requeſt ſo natural, that I made no ſcruple of giving her a ſolemn oath to preſerve the

ſecret

ſecret inviolable from Faulkland's knowledge; for ſo ſhe herſelf worded the promiſe ſhe urged me to make: in regard to any one elſe, ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſatisfied all aſſurances were needleſs.

You ſee, continued my brother that by this declaration ſhe laid me under a double tye of ſecrecy. As I had no conception that Faulkland could ever be brought to think of marrying her, I thought myſelf bound not to injure her in his opinion: and therefore religiouſly kept my promiſe. Faulkland was not then in England, but when returned, and came to viſit me at Sidney-caſtle, juſt at the time you parted from your huſband, he ſpoke of Miſs Burchell in a manner, which though it convinced me he had a regard for her, and wiſhed to ſee her happy, yet was it far from alarming me on his own account; I therefore ſhould have thought it the higheſt baſeneſs and cruelty to have hurt her in his eſteem.

I never have had the leaſt intercourſe, either by letter, or otherwiſe, with Miſs Burchell, ſince we parted. I make no doubt but ſhe has diſpenſed her favours wherever her

her inclination has led her, and you ſee ſhe has had the good fortune to keep all her amours ſecret. But what hope can there be that ſuch a profligate will keep her faith to *one* man, though that man is the moſt amiable in the world.

Oh brother, what a ſcene of iniquity have you diſcloſed! I would to Heaven you had kept the horrid ſecret to yourſelf, or divulged it time enough to have prevented the miſery into which I, unhappy that I am! have precipitated your friend. But I ought not to blame you, you acted agreeably to the dictates of honour. Deteſtable woman! I cried in the bitterneſs of my heart, I do not wonder at her cautioning me againſt letting you into my deſign of urging Mr. Faulkland to marry her; I then little knew the reaſon you had for the oppoſition ſhe ſaid you would give to this fatal match: every thing fell out to her wiſh, and coincided to promote her ſucceſsful guilt.—Your abſence from London, mine, and my mother's urgency, and the too generous yielding of our dear unhappy Faulkland. I burſt into tears—my heart

heart was torn with anguiſh, and in that inſtant my tenderneſs for him revived. Sir George ſtrove not to comfort me. He was too much affected himſelf.

I have but one hope, ſaid I, and that is in the extraordinary love ſhe has for Mr. Faulkland, and his uncommon merit, which may probably enſure to him the continuance of it.

You know not what you ſay, anſwered my brother; the merit of an angel could not ſecure the fidelity of ſuch a heart as her's. Her love is groſs; a new object will always have charms for her. Had I been as credulous as Faulkland, I ſhould have thought myſelf the idol of her ſoul, ſo laviſh was ſhe in her expreſſions of tenderneſs.

Is it not ſtrange though, I aſked, that with ſo looſe a mind, ſhe ſhould have ſo long preſerved an attachment to Mr. Faulkland? for moſt certainly her affection to *him* has at leaſt been ſincere.

Her affection to his eſtate, anſwered my brother, has, I believe, all along been ſincere: Do you not know ſhe is a beggar?

I told

I had them both brought in. He kiſſed them tenderly; poor babes! you have a curſed uncle, but you have a very good mama, and I will take care of you all.

I will dine with you to-morrow, ſaid he; let us eat a comfortable morſel together, and for your life not a word of what has paſt to any body. He then took an affectionate leave of me and departed.—Let me here lay down my pen and wonder at my fate!

I have got into a flow of ſpirits, my dear. What ſcenes of happineſs might now open upon me, if happineſs conſiſted in riches alone? but no, no, it does not. My heart, broken by vexation, cannot recover its tranquillity ſo ſoon. Yet is there room for joy, joy ſpringing from a rational, from a humane, from a commendable motive; and I will a little indulge it. I can now in part return the vaſt obligation I owe Mr. Faulkland, as far as at leaſt relates to pecuniary debts. I can now repay many-fold the kindneſs of my good lady V—. I can provide for my affectionate worthy Patty. I have the delightful proſpect of giving my

children an education ſuitable to their birth; and, if my life is prolonged, of ſeeing them honourably and happily ſettled in the world. I ſhall have the glorious power of diffuſing benefits! Oh, my dear, 'tis good for me that I have been in trouble, it has ſo enlarged my charity, that I feel tranſports which proſperity is a ſtranger to, at the bare idea of having it in my power to ſuccour the afflicted. Who would not ſuffer adverſity to have the heart ſo improved?

*February* 11.—My new-found relation dined with me to-day according to promiſe. Patty had provided two diſhes of the beſt things in ſeaſon, and dreſſed them admirably; I need not tell you in what ſatisfaction Mr. Warner and I enjoyed our little chearful meal. He had ſent me in the morning a hamper of excellent wine, and ſeemed to reliſh his bottle with an extraordinary good gouſt.

When Patty had carried the children up ſtairs, and we were left alone, he told me that he had been that morning looking out for a houſe for me; you muſt quit theſe lodgings

lodgings directly, and ſubmit a little to my management; for I *will* mortify your paltry brother and his wife. You ſhall have as handſome a houſe as his, and better furniſhed too, or I'll know why. You muſt know I mean to ſet you out like a dutcheſs, and you ſhall roll by that worthleſs puppy's door in a better equipage than his minx is carried in. But I do not intend to live with you as well as I love you; for though I am an old weather-beaten fellow, you are young and handſome, and the world I know is full of ſcandal. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with a lodging ſome where in your neighbourhood, and come and ſee you now and then. I thanked him for the prudence of his conſideration, but begged he would reſtrain his generoſity, and ſuffer me to live in that moderate ſtate, which, if I had ever ſo much riches, would be my choice. Don't oppoſe me coz, ſaid he; pray don't. I *muſt* have my way in this, I have ſet my heart upon it. You ſhall *blaze* for a while at leaſt; when I have had my revenge, you may live as you pleaſe afterwards. I was unwilling to contradict him in his odd hu-

mour yet was very much afraid of the conſequences of *blazing*, as he called it, all at once. But dear Sir, ſaid I what will the world think of my emerging thus from obſcurity into the ſplendour you talk of? though you do not live with me, as I am ſtill young, may it not give room for cenſure? buſy people will pry into the ſource from whence I draw my affluence, and envy will not be backward in putting wrong conſtructions on an appearance by which it will be ſo much excited.

He liſtened, looking me earneſtly in the face; then nodding his head, with a very grave countenance ſaid, You are a ſenſible woman, coz, and I commend your prudence, but I muſt have my will for all that. I could not forbear ſmiling at his manner; and going on, if, ſaid I, I were to enter again into public life with a moderately genteel appearance only, nobody's curioſity would be excited, as it might eaſily be ſuppoſed that my brother had enabled me to ſupport a decent figure in the world.—I ſoon found that I had made uſe of a wrong argument, which put my friend into a violent paſſion. A fiddle-ſtick for you and your

your brother too, ſaid he; do you think I will let that whelp have the credit of what *I* mean to do for you? no, no, ſet your heart at reſt about that; what I do, all the world ſhall know, and my reaſons for it too. I'll have my own way; there is no hurt I hope in providing for a near kinſwoman, that is left to ſtarve by a ſtill nearer relation. I make you my heir, look you, and I will ſpread it all over the town. Is there any harm in that? God knows I have no more ill in my heart than one of your children; but I am a little reſenting may be, ſo ſay no more of it. I found Mr. Warner was pretty poſitive, therefore thought it the wiſeſt way to inſiſt no farther upon the argument; but told him I would ſubmit intirely to his diſcretion. It will be beſt for you, ſaid he; conſider me as your father, and I will *be* a father to you. He then told me that he had been trying to get a houſe for me near my brother's, that I might *noſe* him as he called it; but that as there were none empty in the ſquare, he had fixed on a very handſome one in an adjoining ſtreet.

I did not like the furniture, ſaid he, ſo I ordered it out, and have beſpoke new of an upholder, who promiſes me, in a week or ten days at fartheſt, to have every thing completely fitted up. In the mean time I can't bear to ſee you in this ſorry room; poor ſoul! how long have you been here? I told him near four months, and that, with his permiſſion, I would continue in theſe lodgings till the houſe was ready, as it was not worth while to change them for ſo ſhort a time. Well, ſaid he, you may do as you will for that; I'll ſee that every thing is to your ſatisfaction. He took his leave with an affectionate ſhake by the hand.

How miraculous is all this, my dear! this meſſenger of good tidings, is he not ſent to me by providence? as I found he intended not to make a ſecret of his deſigns in my favour, I was in haſte to divulge the joyful news to my friends. I have accordingly writ to my Lady V—, giving her an account of the wonderful revolution in my affairs; and I intend, as ſoon as I can fix upon ſome curious preſent worth her acceptance, to make her a large return for her

her favours. I have alſo acquainted Mrs. Faulkland of the happy turn in my fortune, and I deſign a magnificent preſent for her as ſoon as I have time to prepare it. To neither of theſe ladies have I hinted at my brother's behaviour, either to myſelf, or Mr. Warner. I have made the good woman, with whom I lodge, ſtare wonderfully at the relation. I could get nothing from her but exclamations of aſtoniſhment, her hands and eyes lifted up, 'Good God! 'Lord bleſs us! what ſtrange things come 'about! what luck *ſome* people are born 'to! and this was your *own*, *own* couſin that 'you never ſet eyes on before? My good-'neſs, what a ſwarthy gentleman he is! but 'tumbling in gold, I warrant him. It 'would be long before ſuch good fortune 'would happen to me, though I have a 'couſin beyond ſeas too.' I could plainly ſee that this poor woman envied my proſperity, though ſhe tried to congratulate me; but it is the leſs to be wondered at, as ſhe knew not that I was born to any better proſpect, than that of working for my bread in a two pair of ſtairs room.

*February* 15.—I have not ſeen my honeſt kinſman theſe four days; but he ſent me a note to inform me that he was buſy in ſeeing every thing put in order in my new houſe; and that he abſtained from viſiting me out of *diſcretion*, this word he marked, the more to impreſs his full meaning. He ſays I ſhall not ſee any thing till all is ready, neither has he yet ſo much as told me the ſtreet where I am to live. I find he *will*, as he himſelf ſays, have his own way.

*February* 22.—Now, my Cecilia, I may reaſonably hope that my afflictions are at an end: as far as wealth can promote felicity, that felicity is mine.

I had juſt ſettled with my landlady, and having paid her for her lodgings, made her a preſent, a little to reconcile her to my proſperity, when a new chariot moſt ſuperbly gilt ſtopped at my door; a black and a white footman in rich laced liveries behind it. One of theſe brought me a note from Mr. Warner, who informed, me that he had ſent my *own* equipage to carry me home,

home, where I ſhould find him waiting to welcome me to my *own* houſe.

Patty ſeemed to have got wings to her feet; ſhe flew up to me with the welcome notice, and begged of me to obſerve from the window, that the ſervants were in our own family livery; with this difference, that the lace was ſilver inſtead of what we uſed to give.

On expreſſing my ſurpriſe at this, Patty told me that Mr. Warner had, at his ſecond viſit, enquired of her, as ſhe let him out, what liveries we uſed to give, but bid her not mention it to me; which ſhe ſaid ſhe would not do, as ſhe gueſſed he meant to ſurpriſe me. But this was not all, he had been ſo minutely correct, as to have the Arnold arms in a lozenge elegantly painted on the doors; what theſe were, he was at the pains of informing himſelf elſewhere. My Patty almoſt frantick with joy hurried the two children down ſtairs, and ſtuck them up in the chariot, telling them both it was their own as ſhe put them into it; but the poor babes fell a crying, and were not to be pacified by the novelty or finery

of the thing till I came to them. She ſtaid behind to ſend our little baggage after us, and I drove to my new houſe in Pall-mall; where I found my generous benefactor wāiting, as he had promiſed, to receive me.

Oh my dear he is a princely man! ſuch grandeur, ſuch elegance! he led me thro' every room, where wealth and magnificence were diſplayed even to profuſion. From top to bottom there is not the ſmalleſt article wanting that luxury itſelf can imagine. The carpets, ſkreens, cabinets, and an abundance of fine china, are beyond compariſon more beautiful than any thing of the kind I have ever ſeen. 'Tis but eleven days ſince my kinſman mentioned his deſign to me, and you muſt believe he has been indefatigable in his diligence, ſince he has left nothing for me to do, but at once to take poſſeſſion of this ſplendid manſion. All the neceſſary domeſticks are hired, and ready in their reſpective ſtations; and I am already as much ſettled in a few hours, as if I had lived here ſo many years.

Mr. Warner told me that as a trifle would not be ſufficient to keep up every thing in propor-

proportionable ſtate about me, he intended to allow me three thouſand pounds a year. This appointment, ſaid he, you are to conſider as your own property, and juſt call upon me as you would on your ſteward. I am ſure you will employ it well, you gave me a proof of that in *your five ſhillings*. You need not be afraid of being too profuſe in your charities; when I die you will find yourſelf poſſeſſed of the means of continuing them.

Dear ſir, ſaid I, long may you live to feel and rejoice in the bleſſings which *your* bounty will, through me, I hope, draw down on us both. I leave you to enjoy yourſelf, ſaid he; but I am impatient till your brother knows what he has loſt by his hard-heartedneſs. He cannot long be ignorant of it, Sir, replied I; but indeed I flatter myſelf that he is not quite ſo much to blame in regard to me, as we have both imagined. You ſee he ſeemed to know nothing of my ſituation when you enquired after me, and even threw out ſomething like a reproach for my having withdrawn myſelf without acquainting him where I was;

was; I am very ſure lady Sarah never informed him of my having applied to her.—It was his duty to have enquired you out, ſaid he; did he not know you were poor? He knew, ſaid I, that my circumſtances were very much ſtreighten'd, but he did know *how* much. Well, well, anſwered Mr. Warner, it is good in you to excuſe him, but *I* know him to be a narrow-hearted poltroon. He took his leave, and ſaid he would ſee me ſoon again, having taken lodgings for himſelf in my neighbourhood.

*February* 23.—I begin to doubt, my Cecilia, whether I am really awake or not! 'Tis all enchantment! I am afraid my old kinſman is a wizard..... I have been talking to, and examining my ſervants, to ſee if they are real living people, or only phantoms; I look at, and handle the rich furniture of my apartments to try if it be ſubſtantial!—'Tis all ſo—every thing real—I beg my couſin's pardon for ſuſpecting him of ſorcery; I believe he deals in no charms, but that all-powerful one—money.

Now

Now, my ſiſter, what a ſpacious field is there opened before me! Three thouſand pounds a year! how many hearts will it be in my power to make glad! and I will make many glad.

'O Lord God, who haſt ſhowered 'down thy bleſſings in abundance on my 'head, vouchſafe me ſuch a portion of 'thy grace, that I may become an hum-'ble inſtrument of thy mercy, to thoſe 'whom the rod of adverſity has laid in 'the duſt. Teach me ſo to uſe this thy 'bounteous favour, that *Thy* honour, not '*my* worldly deſires may be promoted; 'that *Thy* praiſe, not *my* pride may be 'exalted. And if, O Lord, thou haſt 'choſen me to be the diſpenſer of thy fa-'therly kindneſs to the afflicted that cry 'unto thee, quicken in my heart ſuch 'diligence, humility, and integrity, as 'may render me not unworthy of the im-'portant truſt. But if, O my God! thou 'haſt ſent riches only to be a trial of my 'ſtrength, unſupported by thee; be mer-'ciful, take them from me, and reſtore to

'me

'me that poverty, which firſt taught me 'to know myſelf.'

Upon my knees I have poured out this prayer to the Almighty, and it is the fervent wiſh of my ſoul that he would grant it.

*February* 26.—You will ſmile, my dear, as I did, in pity of the meanneſs of poor Lady Sarah; but proud people are always mean. I have been here but four days, yet I find ſhe has already heard of my metamorphoſis. Indeed ſhe could hardly do otherwiſe, ſo near her as I am. Mr. Warner has been very urgent with me to drive out in my new chariot; this I readily complied with, as both the children and I wanted air and exerciſe, and yeſterday we drove to Hyde-Park. I did not however go at the hour when there is moſt company, but I conclude I was ſeen either by Lady Sarah herſelf, or by ſome one who told her; for this morning, prodigious! ſhe ſent her woman to me with a meſſage. I had her called up ſtairs, and enquired very civilly after my brother and his lady.

She

She told me that Lady Sarah ſent her humble ſervice to me, and was very much ſurpriſed that ſhe had not heard from me in ſo long a time; that he ſuppoſed I was gone out of town, but as Sir George ſeemed uneaſy that I never wrote to him, her ladyſhip had ſent her to enquire for me at my old lodgings in the Hay-Market, from whence ſhe had been directed to me here; and that ſhe was ordered to tell me that her lady had talked to my brother about the affair that I knew of, and that Sir George would act agreeably to her requeſt, if I would call or write a line to him.

I found the woman had been inſtructed to feign an entire ignorance on her lady's part of the change in my circumſtances, but I was reſolved to let her ſee I had detected this paltry artifice. I could obſerve that the ſervant, though ſhe endeavoured to avoid it, eyed every thing in my apartment with ſurpriſe and curioſity; and I concluded that Lady Sarah had ſent her for no other purpoſe, but to ſatisfy herſelf from her maid's account, whether the report ſhe had heard concerning me was

true.

true. Tell your lady, ſaid I, ſhe needed not to have been at the pains of framing ſuch a meſſage to have gratified her curioſity; my houſe is open to any one who has a mind to look at it, even to Lady Sarah herſelf. You ſhall ſee it all over, and may report to her ladyſhip what my couſin Warner's bounty has done for me; and ſhe may then judge whether I ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance ſhe now pretends to offer me. The woman looked abaſhed, and though ſhe ſeemed inclined to aſk queſtions, was aſhamed to do ſo. This was that very ſervant who had ſo unceremoniouſly led me up the back ſtairs when I went to viſit her lady; but I appeared in a quite different light to her now; I rang the bell, and ordered a footman to *ſhew her the houſe*. She curtſied in ſilence, and withdrew.

What a poor creature is Lady Sarah! Mr. Warner called upon me before her woman went away. I told him the whole paſſage. Oh! how he chuckled, and rejoiced, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and rubbing his hands! He wanted to ſee the ſervant, but I was afraid he would be too ſtrong

ſtrong in his inſults, and turned him from the point.

He told me, he invited himſelf to dine with me; and accordingly he favoured me with his company, and ſtaid during the greateſt part of the evening. He is a man of a ſtrong natural ſenſe, though he is careleſs of improving it. He has paſſed his life in buſineſs, and in acquiring riches. He does not let me into the particulars of theſe, though he is in other reſpects very communicative and entertaining. There is a whimſical vein runs through his converſation. He now, for the firſt time, deſired me to give him the particulars of my life from my childhood, which he had but a partial account of, at different times, from myſelf. I took up my ſtory at the earlieſt period of my life, wherein any thing intereſting had occurred, and traced every circumſtance minutely to the hour he firſt ſaw me.

I could eaſily ſee that he had a tender ſympathizing heart, for he was moved to tears more than once during my relation; nor was he aſhamed of them, for he ſuffered them to run down his cheek, whilſt he

he liſtened with mute attention to my ſtory. He praiſed Mr. Faulkland highly, ſaid he was a man after his own heart, and deſerved the beſt woman in the world. I wiſh you had married him, ſaid he, ſuch a princely fellow deſerves a princely fortune. He owned my brother had ſome reaſon to be nettled at my refuſal of ſuch a man. Our ſex, ſaid he, have not ſuch *chimæra* notions as you women have; but ſtill that does not excuſe his ſordidneſs.

I took this opportunity of telling Mr. Warner that my brother did not really know the very great diſtreſs I was in, and that I had reaſon to believe, from the general tenor of Lady Sarah's character, that ſhe had either concealed it from him, or made miſrepreſentations of my caſe; doubtleſs ſhe had not informed him to what ſtreights I was reduced immediately upon my mother's death; and who knows but Sir George, having left me for a while to feel the effects of that reſentment, with which he had threatened me in his laſt letter, ſtill meant to ſhew himſelf a brother; for if he were ignorant, as I am willing to believe, of that particular

particular which I have mentioned, he could not ſuppoſe that I was driven to abſolute want; and from Lady Sarah's inſinuations, perhaps he thought that my mother left a ſum of money behind her. He knew not of the illneſs that my children and I were viſited with; and indeed it appears to me, from what he hinted to yourſelf, that he was quite unacquainted with my ſituation.

To ſay the truth, my Cecilia, as you know I am of a placable diſpoſition, I ſhould be glad to be on good terms with my brother, the only relation (my kinſman excepted) that I have in the world. I was willing therefore, if poſſible, a little to reconcile Mr. Warner to him; as I durſt not, without his permiſſion, ſeek a reconciliation with Sir George.

There *may* be ſomething in what you ſay, coz, anſwered my friend; perhaps he had a mind to let you bite on the bridle for a while, and I am willing to ſuppoſe with you, that hereafter, may be, he would have given you ſome dirty trifle; for a generous thing I am ſure he is not capable of, from his ſordidneſs to me. I found

found this ſtuck moſt with the good man. Oh, Sir, ſaid I, but conſider Lady Sarah's influence ſtepped in *there* too. My brother, you acknowlege, *was* going to give you ſomething, 'till ſhe interpoſed.—— Half a crown, I ſuppoſe, ſaid he: To ſay the truth, I believe ſhe is the worſt of the two. She has a great deal of pride, Sir, anſwered I; ſhe has communicated ſome of it to my brother; probably he was mortified and diſconcerted at the ſight of ſo near a relation, in his wife's preſence, whoſe exteriour appearance could do him no credit; perhaps, had you applied privately to him, he would have behaved better. You have not much worldly wiſdom, replied my couſin, to excuſe him thus; however, I think the better of you for it, whatever I may do of him. But ſpeak honeſtly now, don't you want to be friends with Sir George, that he and his wife may have an opportunity of ſeeing you in all your finery? As I knew Mr. Warner's temper, I was reſolved to humour him in it, and thought I could not give my deſire of ſeeing my brother a better turn than this,

this, to one of my kinſman's diſpoſition. To deal openly with you, Sir, ſaid I, I think our triumph over Lady Sarah will not be complete, unleſs ſhe herſelf is a witneſs of that high fortune, of which ſhe might have been a partaker, had it not been for her own meanneſs of ſpirit. And to be ſincere with you, my Cecilia, I did think Lady Sarah deſerved this mortification, though it did not ſo far influence me as to make me deſirous of being on terms with her: as for my brother, I was governed by no other motive than affection towards him.

Well, ſaid Mr. Warner, ſuppoſe you were to invite them both to dine with you, and to have me at table, handſomely dreſſed out (for I can dreſs fine when I pleaſe) and let them ſee that the man, who was not thought worthy to ſit down in their preſence, they had better have uſed with more ceremony. Oh, Sir, ſaid I, that would be too ſevere an inſult; beſides, I doubt whether my brother would come; you know he is angry with me, and thinks he has reaſon. If you will permit me firſt to call on my brother,

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ther, when we are reconciled, I can afterwards aſk both him and his lady to my houſe; and though I am ſure you have too much good nature and politeneſs to ſhock them all at once, by violating the laws of hoſpitality in this houſe, which your bounty has made mine, yet will you have ſufficient room for retaliation, by treating them, in your turn, with neglect.

Thou art a milkly thing, anſwered Mr. Warner; but as I am willing to pleaſe you, you may do as you like; but by—, and he ſwore a tremendous oath, they ſhall never have a croſs from me.

*February* 27. — Having obtained Mr. Warner's conſent, I went this day to my brother. He was not at home, but I was introduced to Lady Sarah, for whom I enquired. Poor woman! how ſhe looked! My reſentment was diſarmed; even my contempt ſubſided; and I felt nothing but pity. Her confuſion was ſo great, ſh knew not how to receive me: ſhe curtſied, without knowing what to ſay, or how to behave. I would not embarraſs her too far, but taking a chair by

by her, As you favoured me with a meſſage yeſterday, Lady Sarah, ſaid I, in as obliging a tone as I could ſpeak, I thought it a ſiſterly duty to wait on you and Sir George: I hope my brother is well, I long to ſee him, and flatter myſelf he will forget all former coldneſs, and again be my brother.

I ſpoke this long ſentence on purpoſe to give her time to recover herſelf. She rubbed her hand over her forehead, I believe to hide the glow that was in her face from my firſt entrance: 'Lord, 'Mrs. Arnold—I am ſo ſurprized — this 'viſit was ſo unexpected—I thought you 'were in the country'—(her woman you know had been with me the day before, I paſſed this by however) I have not been out of town at all, Madam, I was detained by illneſs—'I am mighty ſorry 'for it—I hope you are quite recovered—'pray, why did not you let me know you 'were ill?' As I had heard nothing from you, Madam, after my firſt meſſage, I was afraid that the mediation, you were ſo kind as to promiſe me, had failed, and that

that my brother's reſentment was ſo great, he would not hear of me.

'Oh dear, that is true indeed—it was a 'ſad affair—I mentioned you to your bro- 'ther when he came to town; but he was 'in *ſuch* a paſſion, I durſt not name you to 'him again.' (She durſt not name me, obſerve that, my dear; poor George, whom ſhe governs with deſpotic ſway). Then probably, Madam, my brother knew not *all* my diſtreſs? I proteſt I don't know—ſaid ſhe— you know your brother is very warm, and whenever I attempted to ſpeak of you, he always ſtopped me ſhort——ſo——I don't know how it was; but I never could get to tell him your ſituation — I ſhould think I had great reaſon to reſent my brother's cruelty, Madam, ſaid I, if he had known thoſe particulars of which my maid informed *you*, but ſince he did not, I will not reproach him; neither will I accuſe your ladyſhip of unkindneſs in concealing them from him. My ſufferings are, thank God! at an end, and I am now come to offer you, and Sir George, my ſiſterly love; I hope he will not refuſe me his love in re-

turn,

one, where that gentleman knew he would paſs his moſt agreeable hours.

For my part as I did not care to go abroad, 'till I had a proper perſon for me to appear with, I declined the offer Mr. Ware very obligingly made of getting ſome ladies of his acquaintance to take me to public places. I expected his ſiſter every day, and if ſhe came, as I knew my father purpoſed ſtaying a month, I thought I ſhould have time enough to ſee every thing; ſo I choſe to entertain myſelf with working, and reading in my own room.

But, Madam, I ſoon found that Mr. Ware was a very baſe man. The third day after we came to his houſe, his behaviour towards me began to change intirely from what it was before; he took every opportunity of being particular to me in his compliments. I received them at firſt with that diſtant civility which I thought would neither encourage nor offend; I looked upon him as a worthy young man, and my father's friend and benefactor; and thought in my humble ſtation I ſhould not be too quick at taking exceptions, as there had nothing as yet ap-

peared in his behaviour which exceeded the bounds of reſpect: but he did not preſerve this long; on the fifth day he came into a cloſet where I was reading, and there in the warmeſt manner declared himſelf my lover. I would fain have turned his diſcourſe into pleaſanty, but he had recourſe to oaths and proteſtations, and ſwore he could not live without my favour. I repreſented the cruelty of the inſult he offered me in his own houſe, and begged he would leave me, as I was determined to depart immediately. I will not, Sir, ſaid I, let my father know the unkind return you have made for all his care of you, but I can eaſily prevail with him to leave your houſe. He fell at my feet, begged my pardon, and talked all that ſort of ſtuff which I have read in romances. At length I got him out of the cloſet, and locked the door; reſolving never to ſit alone, without uſing the ſame precaution while we ſtaid in his houſe, which I hoped would not be above a day or two longer; for I concluded there was no ſiſter to come, and that this was only made uſe of as a ſnare to draw us to town.

As

As I had a mind to try the young girl, I aſked her, How came you to receive Mr. Ware's addreſſes in the manner you mentioned? how did you know but he intended to marry you?

Ah no, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I could not entertain ſuch a thought; I have not troubled you with the particulars of what he ſaid to me, but young as I was, I knew too well what it tended to; beſides the fear he ſhewed leſt my father ſhould know of his pretended courtſhip, was enough to convince me what his deſigns were, without any thing elſe to guide me.

Did you like him, I aſked? The ingenuous young woman bluſhed.

I *could* have liked him, Madam, ſhe replied, better than any body I had ever ſeen, if there had not been ſuch a diſtance between us. I deſired her to proceed.

I told my father that ſame evening, that as I ſaw there was no likelihood of the lady's coming to her brother; and as I led but a melancholy life, having no woman to converſe with, I had much rather be at home amongſt my neighbours and

acquaintance, and begged he would return to Berkſhire.

My father ſaid, it was what he had determined on after completing our week in town, unleſs Miſs Ware came in the interim; I have juſt told our friend ſo, ſaid he; he ſeems to take it unkindly, and ſays he is afraid he has diſobliged me; but I aſſured him my only reaſon was, that I did not think the houſe of a handſome young batchelor, a proper place for a pretty little country girl, even though her old father was with her. He aſſures me his ſiſter will come, and wants to protract our ſtay a few days longer; I hardly know how to refuſe his entreaties, but I ſhall be uneaſy till we are at home.

I told my father, Mr. Ware had too much ſenſe to take his refuſal amiſs, and begged of him to ſtick to his day.

I gave Mr. Ware no opportunity of ſpeaking to me the remainder of that day, nor all the next; though he came to my cloſet door where I always ſat, and entreated for admiſſion; but I was peremptory

tory in my denial, and he went away reproaching me with cruelty.

Mr. Ware made an apology to my father, on account of his being obliged to ſpend the evening abroad, the firſt time that he had been abſent from us ſince we came to his houſe. He had twice entertained us with a very agreeable concert, at which there was a great deal of company, both gentlemen and ladies. He had got it performed at his own houſe, on purpoſe to amuſe my father, who was a great lover of muſic; but excepting thoſe two mornings, I had never ſeen any company with him, as he ſaid he would not invite ſtrangers, 'till I had got a companion of my own ſex to keep me in countenance. My father and I ſupped alone; we were to go out of town the next day, and we retired to our reſpective chambers about eleven o'clock, in order to go to bed.

The poor girl pauſed at this part of her ſtory, as if ſhe were aſhamed to proceed.

I hope, ſaid I, Mr. Ware did not violate the laws of hoſpitality, by intruding on you that night. Oh, Madam, he did, he did, ſaid ſhe; the vile wretch hid

himſelf ſomewhere, I know not where, for it was not in my cloſet. The houſe-keeper ſlept in my room, in a little tent-bed, which had been put up for that purpoſe; but ſhe was not as yet come up ſtairs. The chamber-maid, who had attended me to my room, told me there was to be a great deal of company to dine with her maſter the next day, and as the houſe-keeper was very buſy in making jellies and paſtry, ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould ſit up late, and hoped I ſhould not be diſturbed at her coming into the room. I always diſmiſſed the maid immediately, as I was not uſed to have a perſon to undreſs me. I went to bed, but not being a very ſound ſleeper, and knowing a particularity I had, which was, that if once rouzed, I could not compoſe myſelf to reſt again, I reſolved not to attempt it at all 'till the houſe-keeper came to bed. I placed the candle on a ſtand near me, and took up a book that I found on a chair, by my bed-ſide, which I had been reading in the evening. I had been about an hour thus emyloyed, when I heard ſomebody treading ſoftly in the room: as I had

had not heard the door open, I called out, in a fright, to know who was there. I received no anſwer; but immediately Mr. Ware preſented himſelf, on his knees, at my bed-ſide, and half leaning on my bed. I ſhrieked out; I knew not what he ſaid, but I remember the moſt wicked of men held me faſt, and talked a great deal; I continued ſhrieking inceſſantly, and ſtruggling to get looſe from him, which at laſt I did, by giving a violent ſpring, which threw me out of bed on the floor.

I had hurt myſelf ſadly by the fall; but dragging the quilt off the bed after me, I wrapped it about me and ſhrieked louder than before. The vile man tried to pacify me, and ſaid I ſhould diſturb my father.

Providentially for me, my dear father had not gone to bed, for his room was a great way from mine, but was reading in the ſtudy, which was over my bed-chamber. He had heard my ſhrieks from the firſt, but, little dreaming it was his poor daughter's voice, he imagined the noiſe was in the ſtreet, and had lifted up the ſaſh, and looked out to try whence it proceed-

ed. Finding every thing quiet without doors, he ran down ſtairs, and was led, by my cries, into my room, for my vile perſecutor had not locked the door, very well knowing none of his own people could dare to moleſt him, and he did not think my cries would have reached my father's ears, as indeed they would not, if he had gone to bed. Think, Madam, what my poor father muſt feel, when he ſaw me on the floor (for I was not able to riſe) ſuch a ſpectacle of horror; my cap was off, and my noſe bleeding with the fall.

The wretch was endeavouring to lift me up, and I trying to reſiſt him. Good God defend me! ſaid my father, what is this I ſee? Oh, Sir, ſaid I, clinging round him, carry me out of the houſe! carry me out directly from this monſter! my father looked aghaſt. You do not mean Mr. Ware, my child, ſaid he, it cannot be *He* who has put you into this condition? Mr. Ware quitted the room the minute he ſaw my father, which was not till I catched hold of him: for he had his back

to

to the door, and, I ſuppoſe, was in too much agitation to hear him coming in.

My poor father, ſpeechleſs with aſtoniſhment, took me into his arms, and put me ſitting on the bed; then ſtepping into my cloſet, brought out a bottle of water, ſome of which he made me drink, and afterwards waſhed the blood from my face, which he ſoon found only proceeded from my having hurt my noſe a little.

When I had recovered breath enough, I told him all that had paſſed. His deſpair, Madam, is not to be deſcribed; he tore his hair, and was like a madman. Where is the ungrateful villain, ſaid he? I will go this minute and upbraid him with his treachery; he ran to the chamber-door, but it was locked on the outſide. My father thus prevented from going out, had time to cool a little: he conſidered it would be to no purpoſe to reproach a powerful tyrant with the injuries he did us; he reſolved to quit the inhoſpitable houſe as ſoon as any one in the family was up to open the door to him, and

without ever ſeeing his face again, commit himſelf to providence for his future ſubſiſtence.

It would have been happy for us if he could have executed this deſign; but the profligate man prevented us. We ſpent the remainder of the night in lamenting our miſery. At day-light Mr. Ware entered the room in his night-gown, for I ſuppoſe he had gone to reſt after he left us.

He told my father he was ſorry for what had paſſed, and imputed it to his having drunk too much. I own, ſaid he, I love your daughter to diſtraction, and could not bear the thoughts of loſing her, as I found you reſolved to go out of town ſo ſuddenly. My father anſwered, I will not reproach you as I ought, but my tender care of your youth did not deſerve this return: ſuffer us to depart out of your houſe, and you ſhall never more be troubled with us.

Mr. Ware entreated to ſpeak with my father by himſelf, and with much difficulty prevailed on him to go into his ſtudy with him. They ſtaid together near half an hour, and I heard them talking high;

my

my father then entered my room with tears ſtreaming from his eyes. He threw himſelf into a chair in an agony of grief. The villain, ſaid he, has finiſhed his work —he has ſtabbed your father's heart—I ran to him almoſt frantic; I thought he had made an attempt upon his life. When I found he was not hurt, I aſked him the meaning of his words.

He would have me *ſell* you to him, ſaid he; he would have bribed the father to proſtitute his child. Oh, Sir, ſaid I, why, do we ſtay under this deteſted roof? There is no ſafety for us here, ſaid he, come, my dear, let us get out of the houſe, and then we will conſider which way we are to turn ourſelves.

My father laid hold of my hand, and I followed him, juſt as I was in my morning gown. We thought if we could once find ourſelves in the ſtreet, we ſhould be happy, though neither of us knew where to go, having no acquaintance in London. I had never been there before, and my father had been ſo long abſent, that he was forgotten by every body.

We

We got out of my room into a little ſort of anti-chamber, but found the door of that faſt locked.

We now gave ourſelves up for loſt; our deſpair is not to be expreſſed: we ſat down, and conſulted what was beſt to be done. I ſaw now there was nothing that our baſe perſecutor would not attempt, and I told my father I was reſolved at all events to make my eſcape.

He ſaid that the ſhocking wretch had given him till the next day to conſider of his propoſal; and he hoped, by that time, both father and daughter would come enough to their ſenſes, to think he had made them a very advantageous offer.

I told him in that lucky interval I hoped to be able to affect my deliverance; which I thought I might accompliſh, with his aſſiſtance, by tying the ſheets of my bed together, and ſo from the window, ſliding into the ſtreet.

We were both pleaſed with this expedient; but the next thing to be conſidered was, what place I ſhould go to, as I could not make this attempt till late at night, and

muſt

muſt go alone; for my father being in years, and pretty corpulent, I could not think of letting him run the ſame hazard, which might have put his life into imminent danger, eſpecially as I could not give him the ſame help which he could afford me. This was a difficulty, till I recollected a mantua-maker, who was then making ſome clothes for me; and I happened to know where ſhe lived. To her houſe I reſolved to go (having firſt ſettled all my previous ſteps) and to remain concealed there till my father ſhould get an opportunity of coming to me. I told him as *I* was the unhappy object on whom Mr. Ware had deſigns, I ſuppoſed he would not detain my father after I was gone. He ſhook his head, but ſaid, he hoped he would not.

Having now ſettled our little plan, we were more compoſed. A ſervant brought breakfaſt into my apartment at the uſual hour, and dinner, and ſupper, in the like manner. We did not appear, troubled, but as carefully avoided ſeeming chearful, for fear of giving ſuſpicion.

The

The houſe-keeper was generally the laſt perſon up in the family; ſo that I was either to ſeize the opportunity before ſhe came up to my room, or wait till ſhe was aſleep. The laſt I thought was the ſecureſt method, as ſhe was an extremely ſound ſleeper. I lifted up the ſaſh in the bed-chamber, to be in readineſs, and cloſed the ſhutters again.

Very fortunately my father having received his quarterly payment from Mr. Ware juſt before we came to town, had fifty guineas in his purſe, half of which he inſiſted on my taking in caſe of any emergency.

About twelve o'clock the houſe-keeper came into the room where we were ſitting, as ſhe was obliged to paſs through that to go to the room where we lay.

We heard her at the door, and my father ſuddenly changing the ſubject of our diſcourſe, made me a ſign which I underſtood; and as the woman entered, affected to be repreſenting to me the charms of wealth and grandeur, whilſt I ſeemed to liſten with a ſort of pleaſure to him. He

ſtopped

ſtopped when the woman came in, but not till he was ſure ſhe had heard what he ſaid, for we obſerved ſhe ſtaid at the outſide of the door a little while, as if to liſten to our converſation. On ſeeing us engaged in diſcourſe, ſhe made a motion to withdraw, ſaying ſhe would come up again when Mr. Price was retired to reſt; but I told her ſhe might if ſhe pleaſed, then go to bed, as we ſhould not ſit up long. But as I ſuppoſe ſhe had orders to lock me in after my father had left me, ſhe did not chuſe to do this. She ſaid ſhe was not ſleepy, but would come up in half an hour, and left the room ſmiling.

This was an opportunity which I thought was not to be loſt. I repaired to the window, and hearing a watchman cry the hour, I waited till he came under it, and having prepared a piece of paper, in which I had put a weight to carry it down, I lighted it and dropped it at his feet; it was faſtened to a ſtring, and at ſome diſtance from it above, was faſtened another large piece of white paper folded up, in which I put a guinea, and in two lines written in a large plain

plain hand, beſeeched him to aſſiſt me in getting down, for which I would reward him with another guinea.

The lighted paper (as I concluded it would) attracted the man's notice, he ſtopped and took it up, and finding another paper hanging to the ſtring, looked up at the window. I leaned my body out as far I could, and, in a low voice, but loud enough for him to hear me, bid him read it. He opened the paper, and, by the light of his own lantern, read the lines, at the ſame time taking out the guinea, which I could perceive he alſo examined by the ſame light. He then ſaid, I'll help you, ſtay a little.

He made what haſte he could away, and I was now afraid he intended to leave me, and return no more. My terror was inexpreſſible during the man's abſence, eſpecially as ſeveral people in that interval paſſed by; however, he ſoon returned with a companion; and the ſtreet being now clear, I ſaw he had brought a ſort of plank, or board, under his arm, which he fixed from the iron palliſados a-croſs to the ſtone-work

which

which jutted out from the bottom of the lower windows, on this he without difficulty mounted, and being now much nearer to me, he told me he would receive me, if I could contrive to get down to him.

My poor father haſtily kiſſed, and bleſſed me, and having my apparatus ready for deſcending, he had the farther precaution to fix ſome ſtrong ribbons, which I had tied together for the purpoſe, under my arms; theſe he held in his hands, whilſt I ſlid down by the ſheets which I had faſtened together corner-ways with a knot.

The truſty watchman caught me in his arms, and lifted me over the palliſados, to his comrade, who ſet me ſafely down in the ſtreet.

It was very dark, but I could diſtinguiſh when my father drew in the linen, and heard him ſhut the window. I then told my deliverer that I muſt beg a farther act of kindneſs from him, which was to ſee me ſafe to the ſtreet where I wanted to go.

He readily complied, and leaving it to his comrade to carry away the plank, took

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me under the arm, and we got without being moleſted to the mantua-maker's houſe. The family were all in bed; when after repeated knocking, a maid looked out of an upper window, and aſked us what we wanted. I told her an acquaintance of her miſtreſs had urgent buſineſs with her, and begged ſhe would ſtep down and ſpeak to me from the parlour window. After keeping me a long while waiting, ſhe at length came down, I then gave the watchman the other guinea I had promiſed him, and diſmiſſed him, very well pleaſed with his night's adventure.

After he was gone, I told the woman my name, and begged ſhe would let me in, which ſhe immediately did. I without ſcruple acquainted her with the manner of my eſcape, and the occaſion of it; ſhe was ſhocked and affected with my ſtory, and promiſed to keep me concealed till my father ſhould come to carry me to ſome place of greater ſafety; for ſhe ſaid, as Mr. Ware's houſe-keeper was her acquaintance I might be diſcovered at her houſe.

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This terrified me exceedingly, but the good-natured woman gave me the moſt ſolemn aſſurances that I ſhould be ſafe for the ſhort time ſhe ſuppoſed I ſhould ſtay with her. She invited me to part of her bed, as ſhe told me ſhe had never a ſpare one, and I readily accepted of her offer.

I remained all the next day in the utmoſt grief and anxiety, at hearing nothing from my poor father. In the evening of the ſecond day, a porter brought a letter to the mantua-maker, which ſerved only as a cover for a note directed to me. Seeing it writ in my father's hand, I eagerly opened it; but oh, Madam, how ſhall I tell you my grief, and horror, when I ſaw it dated from a priſon! My poor father told me, that our cruel perſecutor, enraged at my eſcape, which he did not diſcover 'till next day, had charged my father with it, who immediately acknowleged he had aſſiſted in delivering me from ruin; that Mr. Ware, after treating him with the moſt injurious language, demanded payment of him for the ſums he ſaid he had lent him from time to time ſince his father's death.

To this my father making no other reply, than that Mr. Ware knew he had it not in his power to refund any of that money, which, though it was a free gift, he would reſtore ſooner than lie under any obligation to ſuch a baſe man, the villain was barbarous enough to have him arreſted, and ſent to jail, where he ſaid he ſhould remain till his ſtubborn ſpirit ſhould be glad to yield up his daughter to him.

My father deſired me to come to him directly, and to bring ſome body with me to protect me by the way. I inſtantly obeyed, and ſending for a hackney coach, the mantua-maker got her huſband, a decent tradeſman, and his apprentice to accompany me. We drove directly to my poor father's melancholy habitation, where they delivered me ſafe into his hands. His joy at ſeeing me again, made him for a while forget the ſorrows which ſurrounded us.

He told me that after he had ſeen me get ſafe into the ſtreet, and had recommended me to the care of providence, he had put every thing out of the way which had aſſiſted me in my eſcape; and putting out one

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of the candles left it in my room, that the houſe-keeper, when ſhe come up, might ſuppoſe me in bed; he then went to his own. He concluded that the woman, when ſhe went into my room, ſuppoſed me aſleep. Mr. Ware was at home the whole evening, and had before that retired to reſt, ſo that there was no diſcovery made that night.

My father now informed me that Mr. Ware had ſaid, when he firſt made the odious propoſal to him, that if I complied, he would allow my father four hundred pounds a year, and ſettle the like ſum upon me for life; at the ſame time, in caſe of refuſal, inſinuating the threat which he afterwards put in execution. Thinking, no doubt, he ſhould by this intimidate my poor father ſo much, that upon reflexion he would uſe his endeavours to prevail on me to comply; and it was for this wicked purpoſe he was permitted, or rather compelled to paſs the whole day with me. I would not, added my father relate this particular to you, for fear your tenderneſs to me might ſhake your virtue: but the trial God be praiſed! is now paſt; you are here

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my poor child at leaſt in ſafety. We have ſome money to ſupport us for a while, perhaps the wicked wretch may relent. If he gives me my liberty I may ſtill obtain a livelihood; and if I can get you received into ſome worthy family, that will protect you from his violence, I ſhall be contented.

My father, unwilling to expoſe his ungrateful pupil, and thinking when he cooled a little he would be aſhamed of his conduct and releaſe him, reſolved not to apprile any of his friends in Berkſhire of his ſituation; but wrote a long expoſtulatory letter to Mr. Ware, which he concluded with requeſting no other favour but his liberty.

To this, Mr. Ware wrote in anſwer, that he was ſtill ready to make good his firſt propoſals, and ſince he now found that he had got his daughter with him, he ſhould obtain his liberty on no other terms.

My father ſtill loath to believe him ſo loſt to humanity as to perſiſt in this barbarous reſolution, patiently waited another month; at the end of which he again wrote him a very affecting letter; but to this he received no anſwer, being told Mr. Ware was gone

gone into Berkſhire. He wrote to two or three gentlemen of his acquaintance there, informing them of his deplorable ſituation, and begging them to uſe their influence with Mr. Ware in his behalf. He did not diſcloſe the enormity of his behaviour, but only ſaid, that on a quarrel he had with him, he had confined him under colour of a debt, which it was not in his power to diſcharge; this he did as much in tenderneſs to Mr. Ware's character, as to avoid exaſperating him more againſt him.

He ordered me at the ſame time to write to an old maid-ſervant, who took care of our little houſe in the country, to ſend me my clothes, my father's books, and ſuch other things as belonged to him. As I had come to town but for a month, and was in deep mourning for my mother, I had left the beſt part of my apparel behind me, and I had taken nothing with me from Mr. Ware's but a little bundle of linnen; my father had been permitted to carry his with him to the priſon.

As the furniture in this little houſe was of no great value, my father having purchaſed

chaſed it as it ſtood in the houſe of the former curate, he made a preſent of it to this old ſervant, who had lived with him from the time he married.

He received no anſwer to any of the letters he wrote to the gentlemen; but I got a letter from this old ſervant, at the ſame time that ſhe ſent the things which I wrote for. And you will ſcare believe, Madam, to what a height this abandoned wretch carried his crimes.

Not contented with having plunged my poor father and me into the deepeſt diſtreſs, he endeavoured to blaſt and deſtroy our characters in the country. He gave out that my father, taking advantage of his (Mr. Ware's) being a little overcome with wine one night, had put his daughter to bed to him, and would have inſiſted the next day that he had married them. To puniſh the ungrateful deſigning old rogue, he ſaid he had put him into jail where he intended to keep him a month or two till he repented.

Though the reſpectable character my father bore in his neighbourhood made this

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ſtory incredible, yet Mr. Ware's power and influence was ſuch, that people ſeemed to believe it, and applauded Mr. Ware's clemency in my father's puniſhment. No wonder then his letters were unanſwered; they were ſhewn to Mr. Ware, and laughed at. The old ſervant, who was ſure we were both cruelly belied, lamented our unhappy fate, but poor creature ſhe could do nothing *but* lament. This laſt blow quite ſubdued my father's courage; he fell ſick upon it, and languiſhed many weeks in a moſt melancholy condition.

When he recovered a little from his ſickneſs, he was ſuddenly ſtruck with the dead palſey on one ſide, by which he loſt the uſe of his right hand; ſo that I am obliged to dreſs and undreſs him like a child.

When the money which we had brought with us to the priſon was ſpent, we were obliged to ſell moſt of my father's books, and the beſt of my clothes.

We had repeated meſſages from the mercileſs man, by his vile houſe-keeper, who uſed all her rhetoric to perſuade us to compliance; but my father conſtantly re-

pulſed her, with contempt and indignation; 'till at length Mr. Ware, tired, I believe, with perſecuting us, left us to periſh in peace. He ſuppoſed my father could not hold out long, and he then concluded I ſhould be at his mercy; for as I never ſtirred out of the jail, he had no hopes of getting me into his power whilſt my poor father lived.

If I had even had a place of refuge to go to, I could not think of leaving him in the wretched helpleſs condition to which he was now reduced. I thought therefore of applying myſelf to ſomething, by which I could obtain bread for our ſupport. I ſet about making thoſe little artificial flowers, which had formerly been one of my amuſements; and a woman, who was confined in the ſame priſon with us, and worked for ſome ſhops, undertook to diſpoſe of them for me. She had a daughter, who came often to ſee her, and uſed to carry her work and mine to the people who beſpoke it.

In this manner we have languiſhed, Madam, near eighteen months; when hearing lately that Mr. Ware was gone to Bath, and

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the girl who uſed to viſit her mother being ſick, I ventured out myſelf with the work. The perſon who employs us did live in the city, but has lately taken a ſhop in this ſtreet; and though it is a journey from what I now call my diſmal home, I have come to her once a week, for this month paſt, with the product of my own, and, I may ſay, my fellow priſoner's labours. She this day told me ſhe was overſtocked with ſuch flowers as I brought her, and, having picked out a few of the beſt of them, ſhe left thoſe, which you ſee in the band-box, upon my hands. I was returning home very diſconſolate, when, to avoid your chariot, which drew up cloſe to the houſe, I ſtood up on one of your ſteps, not knowing it was going to ſtop; and ſomething in your countenance, Madam, I know not how, encouraged me to offer my little ware to you.

I have given you this affecting ſtory, my Cecilia, pretty nearly in the girl's own words. I was much moved by it. If this be all fact, ſaid I, what monſters are there among mankind!

She replied, It was all very true.

Though the girl was very young, and, as I told you, had a modeſt and ingenuous look, yet as I had ſeen ſuch cheating faces before, I would not yield up my belief implicitly. This ſtory might be invented to move compaſſion, at leaſt, the moſt material circumſtances of it; and though I could not ſuppoſe ſhe had contrived it on the ſpot, yet I did not know but it might have been contrived for her.

I have a mind to ſee your father, child, ſaid I.

She anſwered, quite compoſed, Then, Madam, you will ſee an object, that would greatly move your pity.

She roſe up as ſhe ſpoke this, ſaying, her poor father would be very uneaſy at her ſtaying ſo long, and was preparing to go.

I was ſeized with a ſtrong inclination to viſit this unhappy father directly. If, ſaid I, the caſe be as ſhe repreſents it, I cannot be too ſpeedy in my relief; and, if ſhe has falſified in any thing, I ſhall probably detect her, by not giving her an opportunity of ſeeing and preparing him firſt.

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It was not more than eleven o'clock; and I reſolved not to defer the charity I intended. I deſired the young woman to ſtay a while, and ordering Patty to bring down a plain black ſilk hood and ſcarf of her own, I made the poor girl, to her great aſtoniſhment, put them on. I then ordered a hackney coach to be called, and ſaid, I would go with her to her father. She looked ſurprized, but not ſtartled, which made a favourable impreſſion on me. She appeared decent, and I deſired her to get into the coach, which I ordered, according to her direction, to drive to the jail, where her father was confined.

When we arrived at this manſion of horror, for ſo it appeared to me, I let her go up ſtairs before me. She ſtopped at a door, and ſaid that was the room where her father lay. I bid her go in firſt; ſhe entered, and I ſtood without-ſide the door, where (as the lobby was dark) I could not readily be perceived.

I ſaw there a man of about ſixty; and as ſhe had told me her father was corpulent, I did not at firſt take him to be the

perſon, for he looked worn out, pale, and emaciated. He wore his own griſled hair, and had on a caſſock, girded about him with ſilk ſaſh. One of his hands was ſlung in a black crape; he ſat penſively, leaning on a table, with a book open before him, which ſeemed to be the Bible.

Upon his daughter's going into the room, he lifted up his eyes to ſee who it was: he had a fine countenance; candour and ſincerity were painted on it.

My dear, you made a long ſtay, ſaid he, in a melancholy voice, I was afraid ſomething had happened to you. What has detained you?

Oh, Sir, ſaid ſhe, looking towards the door, I believe I met with a good angel, who is come to viſit you in priſon.

I entered at theſe words: the venerable man roſe.—A good angel indeed, if her mind be like her face! He bowed reſpectfully.

Pray, Sir, keep your ſeat.

I took a chair, and placed myſelf by him. He did not ſeem in the leaſt embarraſſed, but gravely, and modeſtly demanded to what

what it was that he owed the honour of a viſit from a lady of my appearance; for, ſaid he, affluence and proſperity ſeldom ſeek the dwellings of the wretched.

I informed him, that, having met with his daughter by accident, ſhe had given me a melancholy account of his ſituation, and that I wiſhed to hear the particulars from his own mouth. He made an apology for the length of his ſtory; but ſaid, if I had patience, he would relate it. I told him, I had come for that purpoſe.

He then repeated to me every particular, as I had before heard them from his daughter, enlarging on certain paſſages, which ſhe had but ſlightly touched upon. He ſhewed me the copies of his two letters to Mr. Ware, and that gentleman's anſwer to the firſt, as alſo the old ſervant's letter to his daughter, which convinced me of the truth of every thing he had ſaid.

I aſked Mr. Price, what Mr. Ware's demand on him might amount to?

He ſaid, four hundred pounds, which was what he had received from him, ſince his father's death.

Take courage, Sir, ſaid I, you ſhall not long remain here.

Ah! Madam, cried he, may God be the rewarder of your goodneſs! but my enemy is a hardened man; he is not to be influenced by honour or virtue.

I perceived by this that the poor gentleman had no thought of my paying his debt, but ſuppoſed I would endeavour to ſoften Mr. Ware in his favour. Have a little patience, ſaid I, and we will try what is to be done.

I requeſted he would give me Mr. Ware's letter, wherein he promiſed to make good his firſt propoſal, if he would conſent to yield up his daughter to him.

I took my leave, and ſlipped my purſe, which had ten guineas in it, into his daughter's hand as I went down ſtairs.

As ſoon as I returned home, I ſent for Mr. Warner, and related to him circumſtantially the diſtreſſes of this worthy father and child. His honeſt indignation burſt forth againſt the baſe betrayer of them both; honeſt I muſt call it, though he vented his wrath in oaths and execrations on his head.

Theſe

Theſe are proper objects, ſaid I, to exerciſe our humanity on; I mean to pay his debt, and make the remnant of his days comfortable. You are a good girl, ſaid, he, you know my purſe is open to you.

Oh, Sir, ſaid I, there is no need to tax your generoſity upon this occaſion, the two thouſand pounds you ſo lately gave me is but little diminiſhed. Pſha, pſha, ſaid he, I gave you that to make ducks and drakes of; it is not to go into the account; you know your quarter's income is commenced, you may have what you will.

I begged he would immediately write to Mr. Ware, who is now at Bath, and make him a tender of his money, that we might get the poor man diſcharged from confinement as ſoon as poſſible.

I gave him that vile fellow's letter, and adviſed him to let him know that he was acquainted with the whole truth of the ſtory; which, perhaps, might frighten him into better terms than inſiſting on his whole demand.

Mr. Warner ſaid, there was a merchant of his acquaintance at Briſtol, to whom he

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would write immediately, and order him to pay the money directly, if it was inſiſted on. He ſaid, he knew his friend would readily undertake the thing, and execute it as ſoon as poſſible.

He called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote before me the following letter to his correſpondent, which, as he left it with me to ſeal, and ſend it to the poſt-office, I firſt copied.

'Dear Sir,

'I beg immediately on the receipt of 'this, you will take the trouble of riding 'to Bath, and there enquire for a man of 'fortune, one Ware, who is the greateſt 'villain in England, and you may tell him 'I ſay ſo. He has kept a poor honeſt 'clergyman ſtarving in jail this year and 'a half, becauſe he would not ſell his 'daughter to him. He pretends the par-'ſon owes him four hundred pounds, 'which is a lie; for though he received 'that ſum from him, it was paid him for 'value received by agreement. How-'ever, as the man can have no redreſs, I 'requeſt you would immediately tender

'him that ſum, and get a diſcharge, for I 'will have the poor fellow out.

'I herewith ſend you incloſed a letter 'which that ſcoundrel Ware wrote; pray 'ſhew it to him, as a token that the par-'ſon's caſe is known, and that he has got 'friends to ſtand by him.

'Your ſpeedy execution of this affair, 'and anſwer, will oblige,

'Your friend and ſervant,

'EDWARD WARNER.'

To Mr. William Blow,
merchant, at Briſtol.

London, March 14, 1707-8.

My honeſt kinſman deſired I would immediately ſend this letter off. I ſuppoſe his correſpondent will have more diſcretion than to let Mr. Ware ſee the contents, but I hope we ſhall have a good account of this negotiation.

*March* 22.—I have been very impatient, my Cecilia, for an anſwer to Mr. Warner's odd letter, and this day he received one. His friend at Briſtol I take it for granted acted very prudently, for he ſays,

ſays, that having *waited* on Mr. Ware (which word Mr. Warner took great exceptions to) he acquainted him with his commiſſion, and at the ſame time produced his letter to Mr. Price by way of identifying the perſon, as Mr. Ware at firſt ſeemed not to recollect any thing of the matter. He ſaid, Mr. Ware bluſhed upon ſeeing his own letter, in the hands of a ſtranger; Aye, I remember the ſilly affair now, ſaid he; the man is an old hypocrite, and his daughter is a young one; but as I never meant to ruin him, I will forgive him the debt; and accordingly wrote a full acquittal, which the merchant tranſmitted with his anſwer.

Nothing now remained but to pay the uſual fees, and get the poor old gentleman out as faſt as we could. Mr. Warner undertook to do what was proper on the occaſion, and inſtantly ſet about it with an alacrity that ſhewed the goodneſs of his heart.

How wonderfully ſhame operates on ſome minds! this wretched man, Ware, whom neither the laws of God nor man could reſtrain, has, by this ſingle paſſion

alone, been ſubdued. He found his baſe conduct was known by people whom he could not impoſe on; and his forgiving the pretended debt, no doubt, was meant as a bribe to prevent his diſgrace from being propagated: for though he could ſit down and enjoy himſelf under the accumulated guilt of fraud, perfidy, cruelty, oppreſſion, and ingratitude; he was not proof againſt the reproach and ridicule of the world. This ſhews at leaſt that he was not long practiſed in crimes of this ſort.

*March* 24.—I did not ſee Mr. Warner again till this morning, when he entered my room making flouriſhes with his hands. Mr. Price and his daughter were with him —Here they are for you, ſaid he, and it has done my heart good to deliver ſuch honeſt people from their miſery.

The good old man poured forth ſuch fervent prayers, and thanks for my kindneſs towards them, that my heart exulted with rapture, at being the means of conferring ſuch happineſs, as this worthy parent and child ſeemed to enjoy. The young girl's

girl's gratitude was ſilent, but not leſs ardent than her father's. She had kneeled down before me, and kiſſed my hands. I was greatly touched with the humility and tenderneſs of her acknowlegement.

I put an end to the grateful effuſions of theſe honeſt hearts. I have done but little for you, ſaid I, as yet; as Mr. Ware had the grace to refuſe the offered ſum, I ſhall apply that money which I intended for him to your future uſe, or your liberty will avail you but little.

We ſhall think of ſome method of ſettling you comfortably for life; in the mean while your daughter and you ſhall be welcome to live with me.

I ſtopped him from renewing his thanks, and inſiſted on his ſaying no more on that ſubject. The poor old gentleman is extremely feeble and languiſhing from his long confinement, but I hope with proper care, as he is naturally ſtrong, he will recover his health.

*April* 1.——What true delight ſprings from benevolent actions, my dear! I never expe-

experienced ſuch heart-felt ſatisfaction as I have received from reſtoring comfort to theſe truly deſerving people. I have bought the young lady ſome new clothes, plain, but genteel; and you cannot imagine what a pretty creature ſhe is, now ſhe is dreſſed. I find the old gentleman a man of admirable underſtanding, and great reading. He has a ſimplicity in his manner that is truly engaging, but at the ſame time a politeneſs that ſhews he is no ſtranger to the great world. Of his integrity he has given convincing proofs. Praiſed be the Lord! who has made me, and honeſt Mr. Warner, the inſtruments of delivering ſuch a man from the depths of affliction. He mends apace in his health, but I am afraid he will never recover the uſe of his hand; though, as it is not painful, it ſeems not to give him any uneaſineſs.—

*April* 10.—I am infinitely charmed with the converſation of this couple; for the girl is very ſenſible, and prettily accompliſhed. I wiſh ſhe were married to ſome honeſt man that knew her value; for I find ſhe

ſhe has ſtill terrors on Mr. Ware's account, nor is her father without his apprehenſions.

He ſaid to me to-day, if I were to die, Madam, I would conjure you as my laſt requeſt to take my daughter into your ſervice. With ſuch a pattern before her ſhe muſt be virtuous, and with ſuch a protector I am ſure ſhe would be ſafe.

I told him he might rely on me, but that I hoped he would live long enough to ſee her happily diſpoſed of in marriage.

If I could ſee that day, ſaid he, I ſhould then have no other worldly care to diſturb me.

Here, my deareſt Cecilia, I will cloſe my very long narrative. The pacquet is already ſwelled to an enormous ſize, but you never think them to large.

*May* 14.——After ſo many trifles, my dear, as my journal for nearly a month paſt contained, you will be glad of ſomething a little more ſerious. I mentioned in my laſt week's journal, that I had caſt my eyes on a young man, who I thought would make a ſuitable match for Miſs Price, if he were approved

approved of by her, and her father. This perſon is a linen-draper in the Strand, a ſecond brother of my Patty's. You can't have forgot Harry Main, my dear, whom we both knew when a boy, remarkable for his ſober behaviour, modeſty, and ſweetneſs of temper. He is juſt now out of his time, and his eldeſt brother has ſet him up in a handſome ſhop. You may be ſure I am his cuſtomer. 'Tis on this lad then that I have turned my thoughts, as a fit huſband for the amiable girl. I went yeſterday morning to buy ſome linen for Miſs Price, and carried her with me, as I had done once or twice before. After we had made our markets, I told young Main, with a freedom which a long acquaintance gave me, that I thought he was ſo well ſettled, he wanted nothing but a good wife to complete his happineſs. He replied, he ſhould think himſelf very happy if he could light on ſome good young woman as a partner for life. Why do you not look out for one, ſaid I? They are not ſo hard to be come at. I believe, Madam, he anſwered, I muſt get ſome one elſe to do it for me, my friends laugh at me and

ſay

ſay I am too baſhful to ſpeak for myſelf; but I fancy were I to meet with a perſon that really touched my heart, I ſhould make a ſhift to find courage enough to tell her ſo.

And have you never yet ſeen ſuch a perſon, ſaid I? He bluſhed, and by an involuntary motion his eyes were turned on Miſs Price, of whom I concluded his ſiſter Patty, as ſhe often viſits him, had given him the hiſtory. He ſaid if I commanded him to tell his ſecret, I ſhould know it another time.

This was enough; I aſked in a jocoſe way, would he take a wife of my chuſing? Sooner than of any body's in the world, Madam, he replied.

We took our leave, and I aſked Patty when I went home, whether ſhe had ever mentioned any thing about Miſs Price to her brother? Poor Patty coloured for fear ſhe had committed a fault, but owned directly ſhe had told him every circumſtance of her ſtory; her brother having been very inquiſitive about her, from the firſt time he had ſeen her with me; and added, that ſhe believed

believed he was down-right in love with her.

I told her if Miſs Price liked her brother, and her father did not diſapprove the match, I ſaw no reaſon why they might not make each other happy, as I ſhould give Miſs Price a fortune worth a young man's acceptance.

Patty ſaid, ſhe was ſure her brother would rejoice at the offer, and that ſhe herſelf could not wiſh him to make a better choice.

It only remained now to know how the young lady herſelf ſtood affected towards him. I put Patty (for whom Miſs Price had conceived a great affection) upon this taſk. I thought ſhe would ſpeak her mind with leſs reſerve to her, as I feared the obligation ſhe thought herſelf under to me, might have ſuch an influence on her gratitude, as to prevent that freedom which I wiſhed her to uſe; for I was reſolved not to put the leaſt ſhadow of conſtraint on her inclinations.

Patty ſucceeded ſo well, that without ſeeming to have any deſign in it, ſhe drew a con-

a confeſſion from Miſs Price very much in her brother's favour.

Being now ſure that the young people liked each other, I thought I might open my deſign to the old gentleman, which I did in few words. How the good man was delighted with the happy proſpect which his deſervedly-beloved daughter had before her! he has left the affair intirely to me, ſo that I hope to have the girl diſpoſed of very much to all our ſatisfaction.

*May* 18. — I am charmed with Mr. Warner's noble behaviour. I claim an intereſt, ſaid he, in theſe honeſt creatures that you have taken under your protection. I like the old fellow mightily, and admire the little girl ſo much, that, if you had not provided a better huſband for her, I ſhould have been half tempted to have taken her myſelf; but ſince it is as it is, we muſt do handſomely by her.

I told him I had enquired into the young man's circumſtances, and found that about a thouſand pounds would ſet him forward extremely well, and that this was the portion

tion I intended to give him with the young gentlewoman.

Well ſaid he, I believe that will do; but I muſt make the poor thing a preſent myſelf for wedding-trinkets. And the old man too, muſt we not take care of him?

Dear Sir, ſaid I, how good you are? You would remind me of my duty, if I myſelf were forgetful of it. But I have already ſettled a hundred pounds a year on him.

Is that enough, ſaid he? will it make the good fellow eaſy?

Oh, Sir, it exceeds his wiſhes; he intends to live with his daughter, as his growing infirmities require her tender care.

Every thing is to be this day ſettled. Mr. Price is exceedingly pleaſed with his ſon in-law elect; and the wedding will be no longer delayed, than till Mr. Main receives the anſwers to thoſe letters which he has wrote to his friends in the country, to apprize them of his approaching marriage.

*May* 26.—I am ſure my dear Cecilia will rejoice with her friend in the acquiſition ſhe has received to her own happineſs by

by conferring ſo much on a worthy family. The bride is this day gone home to her own houſe; her delighted father with her. Their prayers and bleſſings, poured out from truly grateful and virtuous hearts, remain with me. A reward, my dear, and a rich one too, for the ſelf-ſatisfying part I have acted.

My worthy Patty, whoſe merit alone raiſes her much above her ſtation, I ſhall no longer conſider as my ſervant. She has been my friend in the tendereſt and moſt enlarged ſenſe of the word, and ſhe ſhall continue ſo. I have hired another maid to wait on me, and with a ſort of merry ceremony enfranchiſed Patty on the day of her brother's marriage; for I had her dreſſed elegantly as bride's maid to her new ſiſter, and ſhe ſat on her right hand at the wedding dinner. I look on her as my companion, but I cannot perſuade her to forget that I was her miſtreſs. She ſhews this by actions, not by words.

[Here follows an interval of thirteen months, in which nothing material to the thread of the ſtory occurs. The journal contains

contains only a continued ſeries of ſuch actions, as ſhewed the noble and pious uſe which Mrs. Arnold made of the great fortune which providence had bleſſed her with. The reſt is filled up with a variety of little incidents, many of them relative to her brother and his lady, to Mr. Warner, and ſeveral letters from Lady V—, with whom ſhe conſtantly correſponded. At the end of that period the journal proceeds thus.]

1708.

*June* 28. — And ſhall I really be ſo bleſſed, my ever beloved Cecilia, as to ſee you at the time you mention? Oh, my dear, after an abſence of five long years, how my heart bounds with joy at your approach! The two months that are to intervene before we meet will appear very tedious to me. But it is always ſo with happineſs, that is within our view. Before I expected you, though I regretted your abſence, yet did I patiently acquieſce under it, and could entertain my thoughts with other objects; but I am now, I cannot tell you how anxious and impatient to ſee you. And yet, my Cecilia, we ſhall have nothing new to ſay

to

to each other, knowing as we both do every circumſtance of each other's life ſince we parted. Mine has been a ſtrange one; but my lot is now fallen on a fair ground, where, I hope it will pleaſe heaven to continue me whilſt I am to remain in this world. The noble, I may almoſt call it, princely fortune that my kinſman has ſettled on me, will enable me to leave my children greatly provided for, whenever it ſhall be God's pleaſure to call me away. Let me but live to embrace my Cecilia, and then, providence, thy will be done!

*June* 29.—Gracious God! for what am I yet reſerved? My trembling hand can ſcarce hold my pen, but I will try to tell you the event which yeſterday produced.

I was but juſt ſet down to dinner; nobody with me but Patty and my children. A note was brought in to me, which, they ſaid came by a porter, who waited for an anſwer. I opened and read it. My eyes were ſtruck with the unlooked for name of Orlando Faulkland at the bottom; the contents filled me with terror and ſurprize. I know

know not what I have done with the note, but he informed me in it that he was juſt arrived in town, and begged I would appoint an hour that evening to ſee him alone, adding, that his arrival was, and muſt be, a ſecret to every body but me.

Troubled and ſhocked as I was, I returned for anſwer, by the ſame meſſenger, that I ſhould expect him at ſix o'clock. I need not tell you how I paſſed the interval 'till that hour. It was impoſſible for me, amidſt a thouſand conjectures, to form one which could probably occaſion this amazing viſit. So ſtrangely introduced! ſo unthought of! and from one I imagined to be in another kingdom.

Preciſely at ſix o'clock, I heard a coach ſtop at the door; Patty was in the way to receive him, and preſently Mr. Faulkland himſelf entered the drawing-room. Diſtraction was in his looks! I roſe to receive him, but ſhook from head to foot; and I felt the blood forſaking my face. He ran to me, as if with a deſign to ſalute me, but ſtarted back without making the offer. I made a motion to a chair for him, and ſat

down myſelf, for I was not able to ſtand. You are welcome to England, Sir, I am glad to ſee you—ſcarce knowing what I ſaid. I hope your lady is well? He looked wildly, as if in horror at the queſtion. Then ſuddenly catching both my hands, he fell on his knees before me, his eyes fixed mournfully on my face, and it was ſome time before he could anſwer.

I could not ſpeak; I burſt into tears:—there was ſomething dreadful in his ſilence. He kiſſed both my hands, but I withdrew them from him. Sir, Sir, ſpeak I conjure you. You ſhock me to death! I ſee I have, ſaid he, and I am afraid to proceed: you will die at the relation. For God's ſake, Sir, explain yourſelf.—

You ſee a man, ſaid he, whoſe life is forfeited to the law—My wife is dead—and by my hand—.

I don't know whether he ſaid more, for I fainted away. It ſeems he did not call for any help, but by his own endeavours at laſt brought me to myſelf, and I found him weeping bitterly over me.

The

The ſound of the laſt horrid words I had heard him ſpeak ſtill rung in my ears. I begged him to explain them.

That wife, ſaid he, that woman whom *you* perſuaded me to marry, I caught in adultery, and I puniſhed the villain that wronged me with death. She ſhared in his fate, though without my intending it. For this act of juſtice, which the law will deem murder, I myſelf muſt die, and I am come but to take a laſt look.—What recompence then can you make the man, whom you have brought to miſery, ſhame and death?

His looks, and the tone of voice with which he ſpoke this, made my blood run cold, and my heart die within me.

I wrung my hands, and redoubling my tears, I do not need your reproaches, ſaid I, to make me the moſt miſerable woman on earth—What recompence indeed *can* I make you—None, none, but to tell you that if you will fly this inſtant, my fortune ſhall be at your diſpoſal, and I will take care to ſupply you in what part ſoever of the world you ſhall chuſe for your reſidence.

And can you after all that is paſt, ſaid he, perſiſt in ſuch barbarity as to drive me from you? or are you determined to ſee me periſh here? If that be ſo, I will ſoon rid you of this miſerable hated wretch.

He drew his ſword like a madman, and with a dreadful imprecation, which made me ſhudder, ſwore that if I did not that minute, promiſe to bear him company in his flight, he would plunge it into his breaſt, and die before my eyes.—Good God, what a ſcene of horror was this! I will, I will, I cried. I will go with you to the fartheſt verge of the earth. I catched his arm, fell down on my knees, and was more mad, if poſſible, than himſelf.

I begged of him to put up his ſword, which he did, ſeeing me almoſt dead with fear. You know, ſaid he, the means of dying are always in my own power; take care you do not trifle with me, nor plead in excuſe for falſifying your promiſe, that you made it to ſave me from immediate deſtruction.

I be-

I beſeeched him to calm himſelf a little, and to permit me to ſend for my brother. Sir George you know has an intire affection for you, ſaid I, you may truſt him with your life in ſafety.

I had forgot him, ſaid he; poor Bidulph! he will be afflicted when he hears my ſtory.

I inſtantly wrote a line to my brother requeſting to ſee him immediately. By good fortune he was at home, and came to me directly.

In the mean time, as I ſaw Mr. Faulkland's mind was exceedingly diſturbed, I endeavoured, by giving him an account of my own ſituation, to divert his thoughts from the trouble that preyed on them; for I was apprehenſive of his relapſing into the ſame phrenzy that had ſo much terrified me, if I touched on the cauſe, and therefore choſe to defer enquiring into the particulars of his misfortune, till my brother ſhould be preſent.

Sir George was equally aſtoniſhed with me at the ſight of Mr. Faulkland; they embraced tenderly; poor Mr. Faulkland wept upon my brother's neck. It was eaſy

to diſcover he laboured under ſome extraordinary affliction.

My brother looked at me as if for an explanation; he ſeemed to gueſs at leaſt part of the fatal truth. Are you come to England alone, Faulkland, ſaid he? I prevented the reply; he is alone, ſaid I, he has a dreadful ſtory to relate to you. Mrs. Faulkland is dead. I durſt not aſk the manner of her death, till you were by, to calm the tranſports of your friend.

My heart forebodes, anſwered my brother, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Faulkland, that the ungrateful woman you married has betrayed you. She did, replied Mr. Faulkland, but I did not mean to ſtain my hands with her blood, perfidious as ſhe was; her death be on her own head.

Sir George looked aſtoniſhed; that ſhe is dead I rejoice ſaid he, but how my dear Faulkland, were you acceſſary to it?

We were that inſtant interrupted. Mr. Warner paſſing by, called to aſk me how I did, and as my brother's chariot ſtood at the door, I could not be denied to him, though

though I had ordered that nobody ſhould be let in.'

I was called down to him, and indeed was not ſorry to have an excuſe for abſenting myſelf a while, for my ſpirits were quite overpowered.

Mr Warner quickly obſerved that ſomething extraordinary had happened, and as he was already acquainted with the greateſt part of Mr. Faulkland's hiſtory, ſome particulars relative to his wife excepted, I made no ſcruple, relying on his prudence and ſecrecy, of telling him the cauſe of my preſent diſtreſs; in which he ſeemed to take a friendly and even paternal ſhare.

When he was gone, I returned to the room where I had left my brother and his friend. They both ſeemed in extreme agitation, they were walking about.

This is an unfortunate affair ſaid my brother, and may be attended with dreadful conſequences, if Faulkland does not ſhew more regard to his own ſafety, than he ſeems inclined to do. I have been perſuading him to retire to a place which I can provide for him, where he may lye concealed

for a day or two, till he is recovered from the fatigue of his journey; for he has travelled night and day for theſe three days without ſleeping.

Sir George looked at me, and by a ſorrowful ſign which he made, I apprehended he feared his unhappy friend's head was diſturbed.

For heaven's ſake, Sir, ſaid I, be adviſed by my brother, who loves you; ſuffer him to conduct you to ſome place of ſecurity; when you have had a little repoſe we will both come to you, and concert ſuch meaſures as ſhall be beſt for your ſafety.

He ſnatched my hand, Sir George is my true friend, ſaid he, take care that *you* do not deceive me. I find myſelf giddy for want of reſt. I am ſatisfied to be diſpoſed of for to-night how you pleaſe. But give me your word of honour that I ſhall ſee you in the morning.

You ſhall indeed, Sir, I replied.

Depend upon it, anſwered Sir George, I'll bring her to you myſelf.

He looked irreſolute, and as if he knew not what to ſay; then turning to my brother,

ther, and leaning on his ſhoulder, Do, dear Bidulph, carry me to ſome place where I may lie down, for my ſpirits can hold out no longer.

Come, ſaid Sir George, taking him under the arm, my chariot is at the door, I will bring you to a houſe where you may be quiet at home.

Mr. Faulkland rivetted his eyes on me, as my brother led him out of the room, but he did not ſpeak.

Sir George whiſpered me that he would return again. They went into the chariot together and drove away.

It was ten o'clock before my brother returned. He told me he had lodged Mr. Faulkland ſafely at a friend's houſe in whom he could confide, as he did not think his own, in caſe of a ſearch, a place of ſecurity.

He ſaid he had ſeen him in bed, and hoped a little ſleep would compoſe his mind, which ſeemed very much diſturbed. I requeſted my brother to give me the particulars of that terrible affair, which Mr. Faulkland had mentioned. Sir George related to me what follows, though Mr. Faulkland, he ſaid, told the ſtory but incoherently.

Mr. Faulkland ſaid he had no reaſon to be diſpleaſed with his wife's conduct for more than a year after their marriage; her affection for him ſeemed lively and ſincere; and he had made her the moſt grateful returns, it being the ſtudy of his life to render her happy. Her love abated not of its ardor, and he had all the reaſon in the world to imagine himſelf intirely poſſeſſed of her heart.

Whilſt Mr. Faulkland's houſe in the country was building, he had been invited by a neighbouring gentleman, who lived at the diſtance of about three miles from his own place, to ſtay at his houſe; which obliging offer Mr. Faulkland had readily accepted, as by that means he had daily opportunities of ſeeing, and expediting his own improvements.

Mr. Bond (that was the gentleman's name) had a wife and two or three daughters, all very agreeable women; with whom Mrs. Faulkland had, by living ſo much in their family, contracted a great intimacy; but particularly with the eldeſt, a ſprightly fine young woman, of about twenty

twenty years old. They had been three or four Months at Mr. Bond's; their houſe, which was nothing more than a little lodge, was finiſhed; and they only waited till it was thoroughly dry to remove into it, as Mr. Faulkland had laid out extenſive gardens, in the finiſhing of which he propoſed to amuſe himſelf ſome time; for he acknowleged to my brother, he was in no haſte to return to England.

During their reſidence with this gentleman, they had made two or three excurſions to town. On their return from one of theſe, after an abſence of about a fortnight, they found a viſitor at Mr. Bond's; his name was Smyth; he was an officer, a genteel handſome man, and they were given to underſtand he made his addreſſes to the eldeſt daughter; of whom he had been an admirer a long time, but durſt not make his pretenſions known to her father, till having lately been promoted in the army to the rank of a major, the young lady's parents admitted his viſits to their daughter. She had long before that acknowleged to Mrs. Faulkland in confidence, her attachment

ment to him. Mr. Faulkland, who had learned this ſecret from his wife, was very glad to find that Miſs Bond, for whom he had great eſteem, was likely to have her wiſhes accompliſhed, as he ſaw that Major Smyth was treated with diſtinction by her parents, who complimented him with a bed at their houſe; for he generally ſtaid two or three nights with them, every time he paid them a viſit, as his regiment was then quartered at a town about fifteen miles diſtant from their houſe.

The Major, without being a man of very ſhining parts, had ſuch talents as made him acceptable to the women. He ſung prettily, was lively to extravagance, full of agreeable trifling, and always in good humour. Miſs Bond loved him; and as he was conſidered in the light of a perſon who would ſhortly be one of the family. Mr. Faulkland ſoon contracted a friendſhip with him, which the Major on his part, ſeemed very ſolicitous to improve.

The marriage was now agreed on, and was only deferred till the young lady's brother ſhould be at age, as he was to join with

his father in making a ſettlement on his ſiſter. This deſirable event was at the diſtance of four months; but as the lover was in the mean time permitted to enjoy ſo much of his miſtreſs's converſation, he ſeemed to ſubmit to the delay with patience.

Things were in this ſituation, when Mr. Faulkland, thinking it time to remove to his own houſe, propoſed it to his lady; but ſhe objected to it, declaring ſhe did not think it ſafe, as the houſe had been ſo lately built. Though indeed it was now perfectly well ſeaſoned; for the ſhell had been intirely finiſhed ſome time before Mr. Faulkland had gone to Mr. Bond's houſe, and it was only the inſide work, and a kitchen that was built apart from the lodge, that wanted to be completed. Mr. Faulkland was unwilling to oppoſe his lady in any thing; but he was the more ſolicitous that ſhe ſhould comply with his requeſt in this particular, as he thought he had obſerved that the eldeſt Miſs Bond, had, of late, behaved with more coldneſs towards her than uſual. Though he was far from gueſſing the

cauſe

cauſe of this, he thought it, however, a ſufficient reaſon for their removal. He was afraid they had already ſtaid too long; and that, perhaps, notwithſtanding the good nature and hoſpitality of the family they all now ſecretly wiſhed their abſence. This, though he intended to make a ſuitable return for their friendly reception of him during ſo long a time, made him reſolve not to continue there; and the more ſo, as Miſs Bond, who was preſent when he propoſed it to Mrs. Faulkland, ſeemed to wiſh for their departure; as ſhe diſſented from that lady with regard to her opinion of the ſtate of the new houſe, and ſeemed to think there could no danger attend their immediate entrance into it. Mrs. Faulkland ſeemed nettled at this, and immediately aſſented to her huſband's propoſal; the next day they took their leave of Mr. Bond's family, and repaired to their own houſe.

Mr. Faulkland, from this period, remarked a change in his wife's behaviour; ſhew grew melancholy and peeviſh; but as ſhe complained of not being well, he imputed the alteration in her temper to that alone;

alone; and the more ſo, as ſhe did not abate in the tokens of her ſeeming affection for him.

Mr. Bond's family frequently viſited them; Major Smyth always made one of the party, and often came without them. Though they lived but at the diſtance of three miles from each other, yet as the road for carriages between the two houſes, being a-croſs one, was very bad, the ladies were often prevailed on, if they ſtaid late, to lye a night at Mr. Faulkland's, and in conſequence of this, Mr. Bond and the Major had frequently done the ſame when they were of the party.

Though Mr. Faulkland was far from having any injurious ſuſpicion of his wife, yet he could not help obſerving that all her complaints vaniſhed, whenever this family were at her houſe. This, however, he aſcribed to nothing more than her being fond of the company, though he thought a coolneſs between her, and the eldeſt Miſs Bond, was ſtill apparent. The principals of the family, however, behaved with their uſual frankneſs and good-humour, and

Mr.

Mr. Faulkland thought there might be ſome little female pique between the two ladies, which was not worth enquiring into.

As they punctually returned the friendly viſits of theſe agreeable neighbours, Mrs. Faulkland always propoſed paſſing the night there, to induce them, as ſhe ſaid, to uſe the ſame obliging freedom at her houſe. Mr. Faulkland, on thoſe occaſions obſerved, that his lady always roſe much earlier than uſual, but unſuſpecting as he was, he was ſatisfied with the reaſon ſhe aſſigned for it, that of enjoying the pleaſant hours of the morning in a very delicious garden; a pleaſure which they could not have at home, as Mr. Faulkland's improvements were only in their infancy.

The mutual intercourſe between the two families was thus carried on for more than three months, when the time drew near, that Miſs Bond and her lover were to be united, and every thing was preparing for the purpoſe. The young Mr. Bond was come home from the college, and the houſe on this occaſion was more chearful than ever.

ever. Mr. Faulkland and his lady were there at a ball one night, when the latter, after dancing a long time, complained ſuddenly of being violently ill, and either really did, or pretended to, faint. She was immediately conveyed to bed, and, at her requeſt, another room prepared for Mr. Faulkland. He, extremely alarmed at her indiſpoſition, came to her bed-ſide, purpoſing to ſit up by her the whole night; the youngeſt of the Miſs Bond's offering to do the ſame, but Mrs. Faulkland abſolutely refuſed them both, and about midnight, ſaying ſhe found herſelf inclined to ſleep, inſiſted on their retiring; nor would ſhe admit a ſervant to ſtay in the room, but contented herſelf with having a candle burning on the hearth.

Mr. Faulkland, who really had an affection for his lady, was impatient the next morning to enquire after her health; he found her in bed, the complaints of the preceding night all renewed.

The family were extremely diſconcerted at this unlucky accident, and expreſſed the utmoſt uneaſineſs, all but the eldeſt Miſs Bond, who was ſilent; and heard her mother

ther and ſiſters condoling with Mr. Faulkland, not only with unconcern, but a ſuppreſſed ſmile of contempt, which did not eſcape Mr. Faulkland's obſervation. He now began to reſent ſuch a behaviour, which he thought very unkind; and told his lady he wiſhed ſhe was in a condition to be removed, as he was fearful in her preſent ſituation it might be very inconvenient to the family to have her remain ſick in their houſe; eſpecially as it quite broke in on the mirth and feſtivity which were now going forward.

To this ſhe replied, that ſhe found herſelf ſo very weak and diſpirited, which ſhe ſaid was always the conſequence of thoſe faintings, to which ſhe had been ſubject from her childhood, that ſhe could not think of leaving her room. She made a ſhift, however, to riſe, and ſaid ſhe hoped in a day or two to be able to remove.

Mrs. Bond, who was of an extremely humane and tender diſpoſition, begged of her not to think of ſtirring till ſhe found her health perfectly re-eſtabliſhed: Mrs. Faulkland thankfully accepted her offer, and

and Mr. Faulkland, though reluctantly, was obliged to acquieſce.

They remained thus two days longer, Mrs. Faulkland's complaints ſtill furniſhing her with a pretence for ſleeping alone; and, under colour of not giving trouble in the family, ſhe would not ſuffer a maid to ſit up with her.

Major Smyth, who had been in the houſe all this time, had now ſome call to his regiment, which obliged him to go to the town where it lay, and Mr. Faulkland heard him give his man directions for their journey.

Mrs. Faulkland ſtill kept her room, and had not left it ſince the time ſhe was firſt taken ill. It happened that the chamber which was aſſigned for Mr. Faulkland, immediately joined his lady's, and was only ſeparated from it by a wainſcot partition, by which means he could hear the leaſt ſtir in her chamber.

The unſuſpecting injured huſband, whoſe anxiety for his faithleſs wife had always made him watchful and attentive to her motions, happened this night to be more than ordinarily ſo. The family had now

been for ſome hours buried in ſleep; every thing was profoundly ſilent for ſome time, Mr. Faulkland, who hoped his lady was ſettled to reſt, was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, when he heard her ſtir. This immediately rouſed him, and raiſing his head off the pillow, he found ſhe got out of bed. Though ſhe ſeemed to uſe the utmoſt precaution, he nevertheleſs heard her very diſtinctly open her door, and go out. Surprized as he was at this motion, no other thought occurred to him, than that perhaps Mrs. Faulkland, finding herſelf ill, had got up to call ſome of the female ſervants. Prepoſſeſſed with this belief, he ſtarted out of bed, and haſtily ſlipping on his clothes, ran into his lady's room, where he found her candle ſtill burning.

As he concluded ſhe would preſently return, he waited ſome minutes in her chamber; at length, perceiving her clothes lying on a chair at her bed-ſide, he was afraid ſhe had gone out without putting any thing on her, and though the night was not cold, he was apprehenſive, that

that in her apparently weak condition, her health might be farther injured.

On this account, he determined to go in queſt of her; and concluding ſhe had gone to the apartment of the female ſervants, which was on the floor over that on which they lay, he aſcended the ſtairs as ſilently as poſſibly.

As he was paſſing by a room on the top of the firſt flight, he heard ſome one ſpeak in a low voice, and liſtning, fancied it was his wife's.

As he knew not who lay in the room, he made no doubt but that it was ſhe, who was calling the perſon that ſlept there; and, without farther reflection, haſtily opened the door, and went in, with the candle, which he had taken in his hand. On his ſudden entrance, the perſon, who was in bed, eagerly called out, Who is there? He ſoon perceived by his voice, that it was Major Smyth. He was about to make an apology for his intruſion, when he perceiving his lady's wrapping gown, which he had ſeen her wear that morning, lying on the floor,

and

and in the ſame inſtant recollecting that he had heard a woman's voice when he was without-ſide the door, the horror of her guilt ruſhed upon him at once, and without making any anſwer to the major, he ſuddenly drew back the feet curtains of the bed, where he plainly perceived that the major had a companion, though ſhe had hid her head under the clothes.

The major inſtantly leapt out of bed, and though he ſaw Mr. Faulkland was unarmed, he ſnatched up one of his own piſtols, which lay on the table, and which his man had charged that night, as they were to go a ſhort journey the next morning. Mr. Faulkland, in the firſt tranſports of his rage, ſeized the other; the miſerable woman, obſerving their fatal motions, threw herſelf out of bed. Mr. Faulkland was too much diſtracted to be able to give a diſtinct account of this dreadful incident; all he can ſay is, that Major Smyth ſnapped his piſtol at him, which, he thinks, miſſed fire, and he inſtantly diſcharged his with more fatal ſucceſs; for Mrs. Faulkland, who had in the inſtant ruſhed be-

between them, ſhrieked out, and dropped on the ground; and the major reeling a few ſteps, fell againſt one of the pillars of the bed, and cried out, He has killed us both.

Mr. Faulkland ſays, that, after this dreadful action, without knowing what he did, he ran down ſtairs, and opening the front door, made the beſt of his way home on foot. The phrenzy of his mind was ſuch that he thought not of providing for his ſafety; but having got into his houſe, he had no intention of going farther, when, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, one of his ſervants, whom he had left behind him at Mr. Bond's, a faithful fellow, who had lived with him many years, came to him, ſcared and breathleſs, having ran himſelf almoſt dead to overtake his maſter.

Oh, Sir, ſaid he, for heaven's ſake, get away as faſt as you can: Mr. Bond's family are all in an uproar; you will be taken, if you do not make your eſcape this inſtant.

Have I killed any body? demanded Mr. Faulkland.

Oh, Sir, anſwered the man, you have killed my lady, and Major Smyth is mortally wounded.

I know

I know not what I did, cried Mr. Faulkland, but I did not mean to hurt your miſtreſs.

I believe it, Sir, replied the ſervant, but I fear nobody elſe will, for that wicked wretch, though they think he cannot live many hours, would take away your life if he could. The report of the piſtol alarmed the family, and we all ran into his room, gentry and ſervants and all; the major was able to ſpeak, but my lady was quite dead.

The account he gives is, that my lady's candle having gone out ſhe got up to get it lighted, and was endeavouring to find one of the maid's rooms, when paſſing by his, and ſeeing a light, for he was but juſt got into bed, ſhe ſtepped in; and before ſhe had time to retire again, you ruſhed in like a madman; and ſeeing his piſtols lie on the table, you ſnatched them both up, and diſcharged one at your lady, which killed her on the ſpot, you fired the other at him, while he was leaping out of bed. I am ſure, Sir, this is a falſe ſtory, yet, as the family may all believe it, I beg you on my knees, to provide for your ſafety. Miſs

Bond

I told him, in this ſhe had impoſed on him, to anſwer her own ends, in engaging him the more firmly to keep her ſecret; for to my knowledge, ſhe had ſeven thouſand pounds, as I was informed by Lady V—, who knew her circumſtances.

Sir George vented two or three curſes on her head. I am not ſurprized at any inſtance of her falſhood, ſaid he; ſhe is made up of deceit. Such characters as her's are not uncommon; but none of them ever fell in your way before, and I hope never will again. If you will look back on her whole conduct, however it may ſurprize you, you will find there is nothing inconſiſtent in it. She is only a ſly rake in petticoats, of which there are numbers, that you good women would ſtare at, if you knew their behaviour. She conſiders men juſt as the libertines of our ſex do women. She likes for the preſent; ſhe ſeduces; her inclinations cool towards an old lover, and are warmed again by a new face. She retained not Faulkland long enough to grow tired of him, and therefore poſſibly ſtill preſerved ſome tenderneſs for him; indeed his uncommon at-

tractions muſt have made an impreſſion even on *her* heart; but this did not hinder her from indulging her inclinations elſewhere. You muſt throw into the account too that ſhe had by accident got a ſort of hold on him, of which, by my mother's indulgence, and ſome other concurring circumſtances, ſhe hoped one day or other to avail herſelf. With ſo pretty a perſon as ſhe has, and the fortune you tell me ſhe is miſtreſs of, do you think ſhe could have failed of marrying creditably, if that had been her view? No, no, ſhe meant not to confine herſelf. Her paſſion for Faulkland, whether real or pretended, gave a colour to her preſerving that liberty, in the licentious uſe of which ſhe placed her happineſs: nor would ſhe in the end have confined herſelf within the bounds of marriage, if an immenſe fortune had not ſweetened the reſtraint.

I pray heaven it may, anſwered I; 'tis all we have now to truſt to. You have given me an idea of a character, which I thought was not in the female world.

I own,

I own, replied Sir George, I live in perpetual fears of her relapſing into vice. A woman without principle, Sidney, is not to be relied on. Love (if in ſuch a breaſt it can merit that name) even towards the moſt deſerving object, is never permanent. Fear, and even ſhame, are ſubdued by repeated crimes; what hold then remains? Intereſt alone (where that happens to interfere;) but if detection can be avoided, even that can have do farther influence.

Sir George took his leave of me, in order to go home to dreſs; but I was not to ſay a word of his morning viſit, ſo that I found I needed not to be under any apprehenſions of reproaching Lady Sarah with her behaviour towards me; for he meant not to let her know he was informed of it. So much the better; I ſhould be extemely ſorry to be the occaſion of any difference between them.

They came at the appointed hour; I entertained them magnificently; and we were all harmony and good humour. When dinner was over, I told them, they muſt not be ſurprized, if we ſhould have a viſit from

our Weſt Indian relation, in the evening, for that it was very probable he would call, and if I ſhould be denied, he would never forgive me, as he poſſibly might find it out. Lady Sarah looked frightened, and ſaid ſhe would not ſtay; but Sir George declared he would arm himſelf with a few bumpers, and ſtand his ground.

I affected to treat the interview with pleaſantry and reconciled them both to it; for I was really apprehenſive that Mr. Warner would take it very ill, and think I betrayed him, if I let them eſcape. I ſuppoſed too, that after he had indulged himſelf in a ſhort triumph, all would be over, and they might afterwards meet on better terms.

In leſs than half an hour, we heard a loud rap; Lady Sarah turned pale; Sir George laughed at her, but was himſelf a little diſconcerted. The parlour door flew open—a footman entered—Mr. Warner—and in ſtalked my kinſman, with a very ſtately tread. He was dreſſed out, I aſſure you. A large well powdered wig, tied with a roſe; a ſuit of the fineſt cinamon-coloured cloth, and over it a ſurtout of the richeſt mohair

and

and ſilk, with gold frogs; and a fine cloud-ed cane, with a gold head; ſilk ſtockings of the ſame colour with his coat; a fine lace-cravat, his hat under his arm. He really looked very gentleman-like, and ve-nerable; for he appears older than he is.

He glanced his eyes with a ſupercilious ſcorn, over my brother and ſiſter, who ſtood up at his entrance, and making up directly to me, ſaluted me, and took his place by me. A ſhort ſilence enſued, which was broken by my aſking Mr. Warner to drink a glaſs of wine. I could almoſt have ſmiled at the embarraſſment of my brother and Lady Sarah; the old gentleman enjoyed it, and looked at them both, but as if he knew neither. My brother had recourſe to the bottle, he drank my health, and ci-villy enough bowed to Mr. Warner, juſt pronouncing the word Sir!—the other ſcarce returned it by a ſlight inclination of his head.

At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to me, couſin, if you have no averſion to tobacco, I ſhould be glad you would indulge me with a pipe;

'tis my cuſtom after dinner, but I have not ſmoaked yet.

As I had never obſerved him to do this when he had dined with me before, I took it for granted the compliment was meant for Lady Sarah.

I ſaid *I* had no objection, and referred myſelf by a bow to Lady Sarah.

She made no reply, and my kinſman, without ſeeming to mind any one elſe, rang the bell, ſaying, if *you* don't diſlike it, there is no more to be ſaid. The black, whom he had given me, preſenting himſelf at the door, Mr. Warner deſired him to ſtep to his lodgings for his pipe and ſome tobacco. The man quickly returned with a long japaned reed, with a boll fixed at the end of it. Mr. Warner called for a lighted taper, and throwing himſelf back in his chair with one leg croſſed over the other, lighted his pipe with much compoſure, puffing large clouds of ſmoak-a-croſs Lady Sarah's noſe, who ſat at his right-hand. My ſiſter, who had really an unaffected averſion to tobacco, could not bear this; ſhe coughed exceſſively, and, with tears in her eyes, roſe

off

off her chair, and retired to the other end of the room. My old gentleman laughed till he weezed, nodding his head after her, and looking at me, as much as to ſay, I am glad I have ſent her off.

Sir George, though determined not to be put out of humour, thought this was going too far; I was really uneaſy myſelf, and hardly knew how to act; for if I ſhewed any mark of diſtinction to Lady Sarah, I knew it would be conſtrued by Mr. Warner as an affront to him. I ventured, however, to tell her that if ſhe would ſtep into the drawing-room, I ſhould order coffee, and wait on her immediately.

Ay, ſaid my brother, approaching his lady, and taking her by the hand, let us get out of the horrid atmoſphere that this honeſt gentleman has raiſed about us. The honeſt gentleman vouchſafed not to look at him, and my brother and ſiſter withdrew into the adjoining room.

As ſoon as they were gone, Mr. Warner threw down his pipe, and ſtriking the table with his clenched fiſt, burſt into a loud laugh. Lord, Lord! ſaid he, pride *will*

have a fall. I think I have brought them down a little; how like aſſes they both looked! Well, now I am ſatisfied—I have had my revenge, you may go and drink your coffee with them, I'll bid you good-by.

He immediately withdrew, and I joined my brother and ſiſter, who were heartily rejoiced that they had got rid of him.

Sir George ſaid, he ſaw his deſign, but was reſolved not to give an opportunity for inſults, and ſo held his tongue. As he is your friend, Sidney, ſaid he, I would not diſtreſs you by engaging you as a party on either ſide, which muſt have been the caſe; for that old fellow would not have ſuffered you to remain neutral.

I told him our kinſman was whimſical, but that as he was now thoroughly ſatisfied at having paid them in kind, I was ſure he would never again ſeek to give them any offence, and they ought to forgive him by the law of retaliation.

They laughed at the ſingularity of his manner, and the whole paſſed off in mirth: though Lady Sarah declared he had made her quite ſick with his nauſeous tobacco.

*March*

*March.* 3 — The ridiculous ſcene of yeſterday, my Cecilia, for a while called off my thoughts from the melancholy ſubject which is now neareſt my heart, I mean the ſhocking account which Sir George gave me of Mrs.——, can I bear to call her— Faulkland! but it now recurs to me with all its horrors. Oh, my dear, what a fatal wretch have I been to Mr. Faulkland! my beſt purpoſes, by ſome unſeen power, are perverted from their ends. I wonder the food which I take to nouriſh me is not converted into poiſon when I touch it. But I will calm my troubled mind with this reflexion, that I *meant* not to do evil. Mr. Faulkland, ignorant of his own misfortune, may (as hundreds of others in the ſame ſituation are) ſtill be happy, if that light creature has but a ſingle grain of honour or gratitude. I will not think of it—anticipating as you uſed to call me, I will baniſh the hateful idea from my mind.

*March* 12— What do you think, my Cecilia? Mrs. Gerrarde has eloped from

her huſband, and is now at Paris in quality of miſtreſs to a young nobleman who maintains her in vaſt ſplendour. I had this news in a letter from Mrs. Faulkland today.

Poor Pivet wrote his maſter an account of it. You know the agreement to pay this young man an annual ſum was conditional. Upon Mr. Arnold's death, Pivet tired of the termagant ſpirit, and intolerable coquetry of his wife, was very glad to relax his diſcipline; and declared, were he to have had a thouſand a year, he would not undertake to keep her within bounds; and that nothing but his great reſpect for Mr. Faulkland could have engaged him in the taſk ſo long. He acknowleges that he is very glad to be rid of her, and as Mr. Faulkland enabled him to ſet up very handſomely in his buſineſs, I really think he is happy in his loſs.

*March* 14.—I have been deeply affected, my Cecilia, within theſe two days. If it had not been in my power to relieve the

the diſtreſs I have been a witneſs to, how unhappy would it have made me!

I was ſtepping out of my chariot yeſterday morning, when a young woman who ſtood at my door, in an old linnen gown, preſented to me a little band-box, open and filled with artificial flowers; ſhe ſpoke not, but the ſilent anguiſh in her looks drew my attention. She ſeemed about eighteen, and very pretty. As an appearance of induſtry I think doubles the claim which the poor have to our compaſſion, I took out of her box a ſmall ſprig of jeſſamin, very naturally imitated, and aſked the young woman if ſhe made thoſe flowers herſelf.

She modeſtly replied, ſhe did. And cannot you, child, ſaid I, find any one who would give you conſtant employment in this way to prevent your wandering about the ſtreets to diſpoſe of your work?

She anſwered, Yes, Madam, but I have a poor decrepid father in jail, who cannot be without my aſſiſtance. I live with him, and only come out once a week to ſell my flowers. I might go to ſervice, but he

would die if I were to leave him. Her gentle ſpeech, her youth, and the unaffected tender ſorrow that appeared in her face, when ſhe ſpoke of her father, touched me to the heart.

I bade her come in, and taking her into the parlour, was deſirous to aſk her ſome queſtions.

You look, ſaid I, as if you had not been bred in poverty; pray what is your father?

She bluſhed, and with down-caſt eyes replied, A clergyman, Madam.

A clergyman, I repeated, what misfortunes (for ſuch I muſt ſuppoſe they were) drove him to the diſtreſſed ſituation you mention?

It *was* a misfortune, Madam, and not any crime, anſwered the girl, with tears in her eyes; my father is as good a man as ever was born.

I aſked his name, and ſhe told me it was Price.

My curioſity was excited by her manner. I deſired her to ſit down, and relate to me the particulars of her ſtory.

She

She obeyed with a ſenſible politeneſs that pleaſed me.

About twelve years ago, ſaid ſhe, my father had a little cure in Berkſhire; he was reckoned a fine preacher and a very great ſcholar, and what was more than either, one of the beſt of men. In the pariſh to which my father belonged, lived a gentleman of a very great eſtate, his name was Ware; he was himſelf a very worthy man, and had ſo high an opinion of my father, that he pitched upon him to go abroad in quality of governor to his only ſon, then a youth of about nineteen. As my father had travelled in the ſame capacity once before, he was very well qualified for the employment; and had no objection to the acceptance of it but his leaving my mother, of whom he was very fond, and me his only child, then ſcarce more than an infant. The elder Mr. Ware aſſured him he would be a friend and guardian to us both (and ſo he was) and that he would, in his abſence, allow us double the income which my father received from his cure.

This, together with the appointment, which he was to receive as his ſon's governor was too handſome an offer to be refuſed, eſpecially as the gentleman promiſed he ſhould never want a patron in him while he lived; and every body knew he had intereſt enough to make this promiſe of conſequence. My father was then paſt fifty, but as he was of a very healthy ſtrong conſtitution, he did not think it too late to undertake, for the good of his family, what he ſaid was a very troubleſome taſk.

I could not help interrupting the young gentlewoman to aſk her how it came to paſs that her father, ſuch a man as ſhe repreſented him to be, was no better provided for at this time of life, eſpecially as ſhe ſaid he had before been intruſted with the care of a pupil, whom I preſumed to be a perſon of fortune, as ſcarce any others are ſent to travel.

She ſaid, he had a ſmall patrimony of his own, and that his original deſign was to ſtudy phyſic; but being perſuaded by the particular love he bore a young gentleman, to whom he was private tutor at the univerſity, to go abroad with him, he had

he had for ſome years, while they continued on their travels, been obliged to decline this ſtudy. When he had brought his pupil ſafe back to England, he intended to purſue it, and for this purpoſe was preparing to go to Leyden; but the gentleman, who really had an affection for him, declared he could not part with him; and that if he would conſent to ſtay and take holy orders, he would get him a living which was in his father's gift (a nobleman then alive,) as ſoon as it ſhould become vacant, of which there was a good proſpect, on account of the age of the incumbent; and that in the mean time he ſhould live with him. As the young gentleman had been married immediately after his return from his travels to a lady of vaſt fortune, and was ſettled with a family of his own about him, my father who fondly loved him, did not diſreliſh the propoſal; and without much difficulty conſented to it. He now laid aſide the thoughts of phyſic, and turned his attention to the ſtudy of divinity; nor was he in haſte for the promiſed living's being vacated, as he was reſolved not to take orders till he was properly

perly qualified for the holy profeſſion he was now deſtined to. He continued thus four years with his young patron; the gentleman who poſſeſſed the living, though very ſickly ſtill holding it.

My father being then inclined to go into orders, his friend got him nominated to a cure in town, the duties of which he conſtantly performed for two years, ſtill living with his benefactor: but it was his misfortune then to loſe him. He was drowned in croſſing a deep water on horſeback which he thought was fordable. My poor father had now loſt, as it proved, his only friend; though he then lamented him as a ſon he loved; and I have heard him ſay he was more afflicted for his death, than his real father was.

As that nobleman was well acquainted with his ſon's intentions in regard to his tutor, my father had no doubts of his fulfilling them, eſpecially as he had given his promiſe to do ſo. About this time the curate of the pariſh in Berkſhire which I mentioned to you before, having a mind to make an exchange for one in London where all his friends lived, propoſed it to my

my father who had been at college with him. As he had now no attachment in town, and preferred a country life, he readily agreed to the change; and having firſt waited on the father of his late friend to remind him of his promiſe, which he again confirmed, he went down to Berkſhire. Here it was he fell in love with my mother, who was the daughter of the rector whoſe cure he ſerved; ſhe liked him, and as her father looked upon him as a man certain of preferment, and every way eſteemable in his character, he did not ſcruple to give her to him.

In a few months after their marriage, the incumbent of the long-promiſed living died.

My father immediately waited on the nobleman, ſo ſure of ſucceſs that he thought he ſhould have nothing to do but to thank him for it; but that Lord told him with a pretended concern, that he had diſpoſed of it, having heard that my father was well provided for in Berkſhire, and had married a lady of great fortune.

He

He returned home ſhocked and diſappointed, more on account of the family he had married into, than on his own. He now found himſelf at near forty years of age, with a family coming on him, and no other proviſion than a curacy of forty pounds a year. My grandfather pretended he had been deceived by him, and made that excuſe for withdrawing all his favour from him. My mother had children pretty faſt, but they all died young excepting myſelf; and as he loved her too well to let her feel the inconvenience of ſtreightened circumſtances, he was content to let his own little patrimony, which he had preſerved till now, gradually waſte; for my grandfather never gave her any fortune. At his death, which happened a few years after, it appeared he could not, for he left but little behind him. In this ſituation, my father having loſt all hopes of being better provided for, with the melancholy reflexion of having thrown away the beſt part of his days in a fruitleſs attendance and expectation, dragged on a life of obſcurity and toil for eleven years; and

and then it was that Mr. Ware applied to him in the manner I have mentioned.

I told this amiable girl, I was glad I had interrupted the thread of her ſtory, as by that means ſhe had obliged me with ſo many intereſting particulars of her family, and then requeſted ſhe would proceed. She bowed with a pretty modeſt grace, and went on.

I informed you, Madam, that my father, having accepted of the tuition of Mr. Ware's ſon, prepared to attend him on his travels. He took his leave very reluctantly of my poor mother and me, whom he tenderly recommended to Mr. Ware's patronage, and ſet out with the young gentleman, having given up his cure, as his abſence was to be of a long continuance.

Mr. Ware, who was a truly good man, was punctual in the performance of his promiſe towards my mother and me, and behaved while my father was away like a ſecond parent. His ſon continued abroad upwards of four years, and returned a very accompliſhed gentleman.

Mr.

Mr. Ware was exceedingly pleaſed with my father's conduct, for which he told him both his ſon and himſelf owed him the utmoſt gratitude. He was now far advanced in years, and grown indolent from infirmities, he thought it better to be himſelf the rewarder of my father's merit, than take upon him the trouble of ſoliciting other people to provide for him; and accordingly reſolved to give him an annual income of two hundred pounds during his life. He told him, at the ſame that as his eſtate was entailed, it was not in his power to confirm this grant by a will; but he was ſure his ſon was too ſenſible of what he owed him, not to promiſe in the moſt ſolemn manner to continue to him this income, when he ſhould come to his inheritance. The young gentleman, who was preſent, handſomely acknowleged the obligations he had to my father, and aſſured him he thought he could never ſufficiently repay them.

My father, who now wiſhed for nothing more than to ſit down peaceably on a competency, thought himſelf very happy; he retired

tired to his little houſe in Berkſhire, where my mother and I ſtill lived, and gave himſelf up to domeſtic contentment.

The old gentleman was punctual to his agreement, conſtantly paying my father fifty pounds every quarter. He died in ſomething leſs than three years; his ſon immediately on his acceſſion to his fortune, being at that time in London, wrote my father a very affectionate letter, aſſuring him of the continuance of his friendſhip. Nor did he fail in his promiſe; for two years he was punctual in his remittances to my father. He did not during that time come down to Berkſhire, having another country-ſeat, of which he was fonder. At this time I loſt my dear mother, who had been for ſome years in a declining way; and though during her health, as ſhe was an exceedingly good œconomiſt, my father might have laid by ſome of his income, yet the frequent journies ſhe was preſcribed to Bath, and other places, for change of air, together with the expence of phyſicians at home, put it out of his power to ſave any thing: which on my account gave him great uneaſineſs; but

but as he was ſtill ſtrong and hale, he was in hopes he might yet live to lay by ſomething for me. I was now about fifteen, and the darling of my father's heart. He was inconſolable for my mother's death, but I endeavoured to comfort him, and at laſt in ſome meaſure ſucceeded. Mr. Ware, whom my father had not ſeen ſince the death of the good old gentleman, came down now to reviſit his paternal ſeat. He would not omit paying a viſit of condolement to his old friend and tutor, and accordingly came to our houſe the day after his arrival in the country. Though I had ſeen him before, as it was in my childhood, I had taken but little notice of him; he is indeed a handſome genteel young man.

The innocent girl bluſhed as ſhe ſpoke theſe words, but I ſeemed not to obſerve it.

She proceeded with a ſigh. My father who loved him, was rejoiced to ſee him; Mr. Ware behaved with a tenderneſs and reſpect almoſt filial towards him, and was very obliging to me. He continued about a week in the country, calling to aſk my father

father how he did every day. When he was about to return to London, he preſſed my father to paſs a few weeks with him in town: you are melancholy here, ſaid he, changing the ſcene a little, will divert both your daughter and you.

My father thanked him for the honour he did him, but modeſtly declined it.

Mr. Ware gueſſed at his motive, and told him, ſmiling, I know your objection, but to obviate it at once, I muſt tell you that I have prevailed on my ſiſter to come and keep houſe for me, and I expect to find her at home on my return. I knew his ſiſter, a maiden lady ſome years older than himſelf, who had on the death of his father gone to live with a near relation of theirs. My father ſmiling in his turn, told him he had gueſſed his mind rightly, and ſince that was the caſe, he would not deprive his poor girl (looking at me) of the happineſs of the good lady's company for a while.

Mr. Ware ſaid, we might go to town with him in his coach, and as we had but little preparation to make, we ſet out with him next day.

When

When we arrived at his houſe in London, he welcomed us with all the marks of politeneſs and reſpect. I was ſurprized we did not ſee his ſiſter the whole night, but as ſhe was not apprized of our coming, I thought that either ſhe was abroad, or had not yet quitted her friend with whom ſhe lived.

The next morning at breakfaſt Mr. Ware made an apology for his ſiſter's abſence. He ſaid, that the lady, at whoſe houſe ſhe lived, was ill, and that ſhe could not poſſibly leave her till ſhe was better, which he ſuppoſed would be in a few days, as her ſickneſs was no other than the conſequence of her lying-in; mean while he hoped Mr. Price would not be uneaſy, as he was himſelf his daughter's guardian.

Though my father was not pleaſed at this excuſe, he however concealed his thoughts from Mr. Ware; but told me if Miſs Ware did not come home in a few days, he purpoſed that we ſhould take our leave and return into the country.

We had very handſome apartments aſſigned us; and my father was put in poſſeſſion of Mr. Ware's library; a very noble one,

Bond was tearing her hair for her lover; but I heard her ſay, ſhe was glad that wicked woman (meaning my lady) had loſt her life.

They had ſent off ſome of the people for a ſurgeon, and I ran as faſt as I could to warn you of your danger.

This honeſt fellow, not contented with urging his maſter, ſoon ſaddled a very ſwift hunter, which he had in the ſtable; and Mr. Faulkland, now convinced of the neceſſity of flying, mounted it directly, and, attended only by one groom, galloped off to Dublin, which he reached by ſeven o'clock in the morning, and was lucky enough to arrive juſt as a packet, which was going off with an expreſs was ready to ſail. He went on board, and landed at Holly-head in twelve hours, from thence, without ſtopping night or day, except to change horſes, he rode poſt to London, and preſented himſelf, in the manner I have already told you, before me.

Such, my Cecilia, are the diſmal particulars of this ſad ſtory. My brother ſtaid

with me 'till it was very late; our time was paſt in conſulting on meaſures for Mr. Faulkland's preſervation. He ſaid, he would adviſe him, by all means, to get over to Holland as faſt as he could; for if that ſtory, which the execrable Smyth had invented, ſhould be believed, and it was very likely to gain credit in caſe he died of his wound, and perſevered in it to the laſt, Mr. Faulkland, having no witneſs to diſprove any part of the charge, would be in imminent danger of loſing his life.

I need not deſcribe to you the horror in which I paſſed laſt night. I roſe this morning at day-light, and was but juſt dreſſed, when I was informed Mr. Warner wanted to ſpeak to me. I went down ſtairs to him directly.

I could not ſleep all night for thinking of your affairs, ſaid he, without any previous ſalute; and I am ſo impatient to hear Faulkland's ſtory, that I could not reſt 'till I came to you to be informed of it, for I ſuppoſe you heard every thing laſt night.

I related all the particulars minutely as I have done to you, Mr. Warner never once

once interrupting me. When I had ended the ſtory, what do you intend for Faulkland, ſaid my kinſmen? I know not what to do, Sir, I replied; but this I am ſure of, that if it were in the power of wealth to relieve his afflicted mind, he has an undoubted right to a large portion of the fortune I poſſeſs; this I think myſelf bound to beſtow on the man, who, when I was deſtitute, offered me his. If we can prevail on him to take care of his own ſafety, which, when he is a little more collected, I hope we ſhall be able to do, I muſt entreat your aſſiſtance, Sir, in helping me to make him as eaſy as his unhappy circumſtances will admit of.—And is this *all*, demanded Mr. Warner ſternly? Does not your gratitude ſuggeſt a warmer recompence than giving him a paultry income?

I was ſtartled at the queſtion, and not replying immediately, You muſt marry him, ſaid he in a peremptory tone; there is nothing now to hinder you; the heavy misfortune which has fallen upon him, puts it in your power to make him ſuch a return as his proſperous days would not have allowed you. You can confer an ob-

ligation on him now; ſo *that* ſcruple is rubbed out. As for any former idle aſperſions, you have already done more than enough to convince the world they were without foundation. I could wiſh indeed that Jezebel of a wife had been cut off in the common way; but ſince he was guiltleſs in his intentions, it would be barbarous to make *that* an objection, and I dare anſwer for it, all mankind will acquit him, though the law perhaps may not, of that ſcoundrel's death, who ſo well deſerved it at his hands.

I told Mr. Warner, that though Mr. Faulkland had propoſed ſomething like this, I was ſure it was owing to his diſtracted mind, for that he had at firſt declared he only came to take a laſt look at me, and that I hoped, when he came to the cool uſe of his reaſon, he would be far from urging ſuch a requeſt—The more are you bound then, ſaid he, interrupting me, to deal generouſly by him.—What does your brother ſay upon the ſubject? He has not touched upon it, I replied, I was ſo taken up with hearing Mr. Faulkland's melancholy ſtory from my brother,

that

that I mentioned not to him his wild propoſal; and as Sir George told me Mr. Faulkland was much more compoſed when he left him to his reſt, I preſume he hinted nothing of that kind to my brother.

Ay, ay, cried Mr. Warner, Sir George to be ſure will change his note. Faulkland is now a fallen man, therefore depend upon it he will not be for your marrying him; but for this very reaſon, I inſiſt on your doing a noble thing. If you have a grain of honour, or of gratitude in you, you will not heſitate a moment. I will not deſire you, continued he, finding me ſilent, to carry your gratitude ſo far as to marry a madman, if he ſhould prove ſo; but if on your viſit to him this morning, you find him compoſed, and in his right mind, make him a frank offer of your hand, and ſee you do it handſomely; conſult not George, upon the ſubject, I will have it all *my* doing. Go, added he, if I did not know that at the bottom of your heart you *love* Faulkland, I would not make this a point with you; but notwithſtanding all your pretended demurs I am ſure that is the caſe.

I ſhould be diſingenuous to deny it, anſwered I; far from doing ſo, I will own that I ſhould prefer him before all the world, if the ſtrangeneſs of his preſent ſituation did not frighten me. Trouble not your head about that, cried Mr. Warner, if the man is in his ſenſes, do as I bid you, and take care that you acquit yourſelf with honour.

He left me without waiting for a reply. What can I ſay or do, my Cecilia? My heart and my reaſon are at variance. What a ſtrange dilemma am I driven to? nobody to adviſe me. Mr. Warner, precipitate and fanciful in his determinations, urges me on to I know not what. Marry Mr. Faulkland! receive a hand ſtained with—Oh the very thought is terrible!

What would the world ſay to ſuch an union? It cannot be. He will not ſure when he comes to the uſe of his cooler reaſon inſiſt upon a promiſe, which my own terror, and his deſperation, extorted from me.

I muſt try to convince Mr. Warner's judgment? I hope he will not obſtinately perſiſt in preſſing me to what I dare not comply

comply with . . . . . .
. . . . . My brother is juſt come to carry me to Mr. Faulkland. Heaven grant I may find him reſtored to his right mind! . . . . . .
. . . . Juſt returned from my viſit to Mr. Faulkland. What a ſcene! He wrung my very heart. I would I had never ſeen him.

We found him up, and walking about his room; his looks much more compoſed than they were laſt night.

On our entering his chamber, his eyes ſparkled with pleaſure. He ran to my brother, and embraced him. Thank you my dear, dear Bidulph, ſaid he, you at length gi : her to me, and with her own conſent too. My bride! turning paſſionately to me, and ſnatching my hand.

My brother ſeemed ſhocked, and caſt his eyes mournfully at me: mine moiſtened, and I was obliged to apply my handkerchief to them, turning my head away.

Tears! cried Mr. Faulkland, in a tone of ſurprize, and on our wedding-day! I could not bear this, I ſobbed aloud. My

brother was willing, if poſſible, to give his thoughts another turn, for not knowing what had paſſed the day before, he thought this was ſome ſudden ſtart of phrenzy.

My dear Faulkland, ſaid he, you affect my Siſter too much; we have been conſulting for your ſafety, and came to talk with you upon it.

I think there is no time to be loſt, and that you ought immediately to retire into Holland.

I am ready, replied Mr. Faulkland, but Mrs. Arnold goes with me, I have her promiſe for it.

Sidney ſhall follow you, anſwered my brother, making a motion to me to ſhew he would have me humour him in his ravings. I will not go without her, cried Mr. Faulkland; the univerſe ſhall not now part us.

I was almoſt diſtracted with apprehenſion, and knew not what reply to make; my brother looked confounded, and was ſilent.

Mr. Faulkland approached me, and with a look of gloomy deſpair, You are both mute, ſaid he; Bidulph, I always thought

*you*

*you* loved me. Mrs. Arnold I hoped did not wiſh my death; but I am deceived in you both—I have no farther buſineſs with life—The friend I moſt confided in betrays me; the woman whom my ſoul worſhips, and to whom I ſacrificed all my hopes of happineſs, repays me with ingratitude. Why ſhould ſuch a wretch any longer ſubmit to life? I have borne it too long already; but there's my remedy, pointing furiouſly to his ſword, which lay in the ſcabbard on a table.

I could no longer contain myſelf, but burſting into tears, Oh, Sir, ſaid I, accuſe me not of ingratitude; I would to heaven *my* death could repair the heavy afflictions I have brought upon you; if it could, I would welcome it this hour. Your reproaches, cruel as they are, I forgive. I own myſelf the unhappy cauſe of all your misfortunes; we have been mutually fatal to each other. You know I always valued and eſteemed you, and have in your calamity already been ſufficiently puniſhed for the ſhare I have had in bringing it on you. What ſhall I ſay to you, Sir? My whole

fortune I think too ſmall, too poor a recompence, to the man who has obliged me beyond a poſſibility of return. Yet what have I to offer more? Can you, Sir, can you urge me to a marriage at ſo ſtrange a juncture? Think how it will expoſe us both to cenſure. Your long attachment to me has not been a ſecret. Think what dreadful conſtructions may be put on *your* conduct, nay, on *mine*, ſhould a union now take place, brought about, as it muſt appear, by ſo terrible an event.

Mr. Faulkland was ſilent, his eyes fixed on the ground. My brother took up the argument. Indeed, my dear Faulkland, my ſiſter has reaſon for her fears. You know I ever was your ſincere friend; you know too I always was of opinion that Sidney ought to have been your wife; her former objections I thought were romantic ſcruples, and hardly forgave her refuſing you. The preſent obſtacle has more weight in it—Do not miſtake me, added he haſtily (ſeeing Mr. Faulkland raiſe his eyes full of reſentment at him) I wiſh my ſiſter ſtill to be yours, and will conſent to your marriage with

with my whole heart; but let me conjure you to take a more favourable juncture: withdraw yourſelf but for the preſent; your affairs may not be ſo deſperate as you imagine. If that villain Smyth ſhould chance to recover, perhaps his conſcience may awaken remorſe, and he may be prevailed on to do you juſtice. In that caſe you muſt be cleared from the moſt diſtant imputation of what my ſiſter hinted at, and what has but too juſtly alarmed her. Cleared as your character will then be, and conſcious as we both are of the innocence of your intentions there will remain no bar to Mrs. Arnold's giving you her hand.

Smyth *cannot* recover, interrupted Mr. Faulkland, ſuddenly—there is no hope can ſpring from that. Then anſwered my brother, at worſt you can but live abroad; all parts of the world are alike to ſuch a philoſopher as my ſiſter is; and probably, circumſtanced as your marriage will appear, ſhe may like beſt to reſide out of England.——

Mr. Faulkland ſhook his head, and with a ſmile of indignation, Leave me, Bidulph, cried he, I cannot bear *your* attempting to deceive

deceive me. You think me mad, and are cruel enough to endeavour at impoſing on me—I know my mind is diſturbed—but who has driven me to deſpair! to madneſs! to death! and he caſt a look at me that chilled my blood.

Be ſatisfied, Madam, you ſhall ſoon be rid of this fatal—hated—betrayed—abandoned wretch! he ſpoke this with his hands graſped eagerly together, and his eyes lifted up to heaven. Then ſtriking his breaſt, he burſt into tears, and ruſhing ſuddenly into his cloſet, he ſhut the door violently, locking it on the inſide.

He wept aloud, and his agonies reduced me almoſt to the ſame condition with himſelf.

I begged my brother would endeavour to prevail on him to open the door, for I was fearful of his making ſome dreadful attempt upon his own life; but Sir George a little quieted my fears, by ſhewing me his ſword, which ſtill lay on the table, and which, at my deſire, he put out of the way.

My brother approached the cloſet door, and in the moſt ſoothing language beſeeched

him

him to open it; but he could get no other anſwer from Mr. Faulkland than to beg he would leave him to himſelf.

I found this was not a time for arguing. I told my brother, we had better ſuffer him to vent his paſſion alone, and that, perhaps, when he had time to reflect a little on what had been ſaid, he would permit his cooler reaſon to govern him.

Sir George was very unwilling to leave him in ſuch a diſtracted ſtate of mind; he renewed his efforts to perſuade him to come out of the cloſet, but to no purpoſe.

I beſeech you to leave me, Sir George, ſaid he, I am not in a condition to talk—I cannot bear the ſight of Mrs. Arnold—let me recover myſelf—another time perhaps I may be better able to diſcourſe with you.

Will you promiſe me then, replied my brother, that you will in the interim do nothing that may be injurious to your life or health? Indeed, my dear Faulkland, you diſtreſs my ſiſter and me more than you can imagine. Name the hour when you will permit me to come to you again; and

for heaven's ſake think of your own immediate preſervation: *that* once ſecured, there is nothing which my ſiſter and I will not afterwards do to make you happy—Can I rely on you, Faulkland? do you promiſe me not to be raſh? You have my ſword in your poſſeſſion, anſwered Mr. Faulkland, (ſtill ſpeaking within the cloſet) I have no other weapon about me – leave me, Sir George—I cannot talk.

Say but that you wiſh to ſee me again, replied my brother, and I will go, and give you no further trouble. Mr. Faulkland ſighed deeply. Say, I wiſh to ſee you! he repeated, ah, Bidulph! and his voice ſeemed choaked. My brother could not refrain from tears. I will come to you in the evening, Faulkland—You will find me your true friend.—I ſhould be loath to lay you under any reſtraint here, in the houſe of my friend; do but ſay there is no need of it. Promiſe me—the ſlighteſt word will ſuffice. I know my dear Faulkland will not break his word.

Well—I will not attempt my life, cried he impatiently, let that ſatisfy you—leave me,

me, and let me not be expoſed to any inſults here.

I leave you, anſwered my brother, and hope to find you more compoſed a few hours hence. Mrs. Arnold too begs you will be calm, and think of preſerving a life which is ſo dear to us both.

Mr. Faulkland was ſilent, and my brother and I withdrew; he thought it beſt I ſhould not ſpeak to him.

Sir George left me at home, and ſaid he would call again on Mr. Faulkland in the afternoon, and bring me word how he ſhould find him. My brother is exceedingly affected with his ſituation, and ſays he knows not what to adviſe. He is fearful that Mr. Faulkland's phrenzy is not to be calmed, but by conſenting to marry him, and circumſtanced as he now is, that thought is terrible. Yet, if I perſiſt in my refuſal, I drive the nobleſt of minds to deſparation. Oh, my Cecilia, is this the return I ought to make to the moſt generous of men? whoſe fervent love for me has been a conſtant ſource of torment to him for ſo many years! Yet how can I yield him

my

my hand? All my former ſcruples, weighty as they appeared to me, were light to the dreadful bar that now interpoſes.

Had that ill-fated woman died the common way, with what joy, what exultation could I have rewarded his honeſt perſevering love! all my duties fulfilled, obedience to my mother, juſtice to the woman I thought injured, reverence to the memory of my huſband, the reſpect due to my own character. Should I not, my Cecilia, after thus being acquitted of all other obligations, have been to blame, if, after a ſeries of misfortunes, all brought on by my ſtrict adherence to thoſe duties; ſhould I not have been to blame for refuſing at length to do juſtice to the moſt deſerving of men? When I reflect on the paſt, when I ſurvey the preſent, and my foreboding heart whiſpers to me the future ſufferings of our dear unhappy Mr. Faulkland, all my philoſophy forſakes me. I have borne up under my own ſorrows—his quite ſubdue me—I muſt lay by my pen—my eyes are brimful of tears ..... Ah, my dear, what will become of us? I am almoſt dead with appre-

apprehenſion. Raſh, raſh, unhappy Mr. Faulkland! He has fled from the houſe where my brother had concealed him: I know not what I am writing, my fears diſtract me. 'Tis but two hours ſince we left him, Sir George relying on his promiſe, and unwilling to provoke him by any appearance of conſtraint, gave no caution to the gentleman with whom he was lodged to obſerve his motions; he is ready to kill himſelf for this neglect; but relying on Mr. Faulkland's promiſe not to make any attempt on his life, he ſuſpected not that he would endeavour to eſcape. Eſcape do I call it? rather let me ſay, to throw himſelf into certain deſtruction.——He is ſet out on his way for Ireland. Heaven knows what will be the conſequence of this, if my brother does not overtake and perſuade him back. He is gone after him, my couſin Warner with him; both rode poſt.

My thoughts are ſo confuſed, I can put nothing in order. It ſeems we had not long quitted him, when he called up his ſervant (that groom who, as I informed you, had come over with him) and telling

ling him he was going out of town ordered him to go directly to an inn ſomewhere in the city, and hire two poſt-horſes, and that he would follow him preſently.

The man obeyed, and in about half an hour, his maſter came in a hackney-coach to the place where he had directed him to wait for him.

Upon the inn-keeper's enquiring whither the horſes were to go, Mr. Faulkland replied, to St. Alban's. The man objected to the length of the ſtage, and named Barnet. Mr. Faulkland ſeemed impatient and angry; his unuſual earneſtneſs, his wild looks, and the road he purpoſed taking, alarmed his ſervant (a diſcreet elderly man) and he had the prudence immediately to diſpatch the maſter of the houſe, whom he prevailed on by a piece of money, to go directly to my brother with this intelligence.

He had the precaution not to mention his maſter's name, only bade him find out Sir George Bidulph, and tell him that his friend was ſet out for St. Alban's, and that his man had diſpatched him with the news, and would, if poſſible, endeavour to detain him

him on the road, that Sir George might overtake him.

The man was punctual in delivering his meſſage. My brother, wild with amazement and horror, juſt called as he paſt my door, to tell me this new and unexpected misfortune. Mr. Warner had that inſtant come to enquire what had paſt between Mr. Faulkland and me in our interview this morning. I had no time to tell him any thing. He looked very much diſpleaſed at my brother and me, upon hearing Mr. Faulkland was gone; but ſaid he would accompany Sir George, and they both hurried away together.

The man ſaid, Mr. Faulkland had ſet off before he could leave his houſe, the ſervant having ſcarce time to give him the meſſage.

I fear it will be impoſſible for my brother to overtake him—He will be loſt for ever—what then will be my portion? Happy had it been for me indeed, as my dear mother once ſaid in the bitterneſs of her heart, that I had died in my cradle!

*Tueſday-*

*Tueſday-night twelve o'clock.*

Heaven be praiſed, they are returned! *All* returned; Mr. Faulkland has been prevailed on to come back, Mr. Warner has prevailed on him. He has ſaved his life; but, my Cecilia, thy friend's temporal happineſs, and peace of mind, is the only price that could ranſom this deſperate ſelf-devoted victim!

Mr. Warner has bound himſelf by a ſolemn oath that I ſhould become his wife, or Mr. Faulkland, determined on his own deſtruction, would, ſpite of all they could do, have purſued his fatal journey to Ireland, in order to deliver himſelf up to juſtice.

It was near ten o'clock before they returned to town. My brother carried Mr. Faulkland back to the gentleman's houſe, where he was before lodged; and my kinſman left them together, in order to come and give me an account of what paſſed.

He ſaid the gentleman, at whoſe houſe he was lodged by my brother was extreamly ſurprized at ſeeing him again, Mr. Faulkland having with great compoſure taken

ken his leave of him in the morning; and after thanking him for the ſhelter he had afforded him, told him he was going out of town.

My brother and my kinſman overtook him above a mile on this ſide St. Alban's, for which ſucceſs they were intirely indebted to the prudence of the ſervant who attended him: For the poor man, finding him puſhing on with the utmoſt eagerneſs, and Mr. Faulkland no longer making a ſecret of this intention of returning to Ireland, reſolved at all events to prevent his ruin; and hoping that by a little delay, Sir George might overtake them, contrived at their firſt ſtage ſo dexterouſly to ſlip a nail in between the horſe's ſhoe and his hoof, that he knew he could not go far without being lame.

This ſucceeded ſo well, that the poor animal was ſoon diſabled, and Mr. Faulkland not having it in his power to mount himſelf better, was obliged to go on at a very eaſy rate 'till they arrived at the next ſtage.

Mr. Warner and my brother overtook him in this ſituation: Sir George knew him as ſoon as they came in ſight of him, and

followed

followed him at a proper diſtance, ſtill keeping him in view, 'till he lighted at the poſt-houſe. They then at once entered the room, into which he had retired, whilſt freſh horſes were getting ready.

Mr. Faulkland ſtarted at the ſight of my brother; he looked earneſtly at Mr. Warner, whom he had never ſeen before; but ſpoke not to either of them.

Sir George, purſued my kinſman, accoſted him affectionately: Dear Faulkland, was this kind of you, thus to fly from your friends that love you? He preſented me to him at the ſame, naming me as his relation.

Mr. Faulkland graſped the hand, which I reached out in ſalutation to him; he fixed his fine ſparkling eyes on my face: Is it Mr. Warner whom I have the honour to ſalute? Sir, I am no ſtranger to your worth: I honour, I revere you. You are too good to intereſt yourſelf thus for an unhappy wretch, caſt off, and forſaken by all the world.

Do I forſake you, Faulkland, cried your brother, kindly enough? No, Faulkland,

I am

I am your conſtant ſincere friend, and will prove myſelf ſo, if you will but let me. Mr. Faulkland made no reply.

Dear Faulkland, am I not your friend? You are Mrs. Arnold's brother.—You are not the man you were. Indeed Faulkland, I am; I am your true friend; ſuffer me to be ſo, come back with me; Mr. Warner and I have followed you, in the hope of prevailing on you to return with us; do, Faulkland, let us perſuade you to preſerve a life ſo dear to us all.

What am I to live for, anſwered Mr. Faulkland ſternly? *You* have tried to deceive me; the man I loved moſt, now I am fallen, rejects me. Your ſiſter perſiſts in her obſtinate cruelty towards me; ſhe breaks her promiſe, and you encourage her in it. I have neither friends, fortune, or country! and do you talk to me of life on *ſuch* conditions? No, Bidulph, it is a burden of which I will rid myſelf—Mr. Warner, *you* are a generous man, *you* have an enlarged mind; may a ſtranger aſk a favour of you?

I could have wept, continued my kinſman, to ſee ſuch a frank noble fellow driven to ſuch deſperation. Command me, Sir, I replied, there is nothing I would not do to ſerve you.

I thank you, Sir; I have a little ſon; let me recommend the unhappy orphan to your protection. He will ſoon want a father: will you be one to him, Sir? I will ſend him over to you; he laid hold of my hand, and repeated his queſtion, Will you Mr. Warner? *You* have an enlarged mind, and do not deſpiſe the unfortunate.

I cried downright; he touched me to the very quick. I never was ſo affected in my life; and I own I was heartily diſpleaſed both with you and your brother, for driving him to ſuch extremities: *You* eſpecially, on whom I laid injunctions to act in a contrary way. As for Sir George, I am not ſurprized at *his* behaviour.

From Mr. Faulkland's diſcourſe, proceeded my kinſman, it was apparent to me, that his diſtraction proceeded from no other cauſe, than his belief that you and your brother ſlighted him in his misfortunes. It

was

was plain when he fled to England, that he was ſufficiently in his ſenſes to be anxious for his own ſafety; and though the ſight of you, joined to the hurry of his ſpirits, his fatigue, and want of ſleep, might, in a man of ſuch violent paſſions, have created a temporary phrenzy, yet I am very certain it would all have ſubſided, if you had behaved to him as you ought to have done, and as I deſired you would: nor do I ſee how you can anſwer it to yourſelf, after the miſeries you have already brought on ſuch a glorious man (for I never ſaw his equal either in mind or perſon) to perſiſt in a behaviour which has already turned his brain, and muſt in the end occaſion his death: for death he is determined on, if you refuſe to become his wife.

Oh, Sir, cried I, leave him not to himſelf, I conjure you; you ſee the influence you have over his mind; you have done wonders in bringing him back.——

Hold, replied Mr. Warner, till I inform you of the means I was obliged to uſe.

I have told you how I was affected with his ſituation, and the requeſt he made me

to take care of his child. This was not the ſuggeſtion of madneſs; it was plain to me, that if the cauſe were removed, he would ſoon be reſtored to the perfect uſe of his reaſon, and I could not bear to ſee the deſolation of ſuch a noble frame, and all charged to your account.

Sir, I hope you do not mean, ſaid I, to return to Ireland, do you not know the riſque that you run by putting yourſelf into the power of an exaſperated family from whom you can expect nothing but the moſt malevolent perſecution?

I deliver myſelf up to the laws, replied Mr. Faulkland; my life is devoted, 'tis indifferent to me how I die.

Suppoſe, ſaid I, Mrs. Arnold ſhould conſent to marry you, would not that reconcile you to life?

Oh, Sir, and he ſhook his head, I am not to be deceived *twice*. (Your brother walked about the room without taking part in the converſation.)

I do not mean it, Sir, Mrs. Arnold muſt be yours; *I* can influence her; do but return back with me, I give you my honour

I will

I will do my utmoſt to prevail on her to give you her hand immediately. Her heart is hardened, Sir, ſhe will not conſent, replied he. I have no friend to urge her, I am an outcaſt, and not fit to live—*I* will urge her, Sir, ſhe reſpects me, ſhe will be guided by me; ſhe ſhall fulfil the promiſe ſhe made you—Oh, Sir, you but deceive yourſelf—ſhe will find out new excuſes, I am not to be again allured by falſe hopes.

He ſtepped towards the door as he ſpoke theſe words, and was about to open it. Your brother followed, and laid hold of his arm; I did the ſame. Sir George, ſaid he, expoſe me not to inſults, why do you perſecute me? Leave me, Sir, I am *not* a madman—but I am *determined*—and he ſpoke as if he were *indeed* ſo.

For heaven's ſake, Faulkland, ſaid your brother, be compoſed: You have Mr. Warner's word of honour; you ſhall have mine too, that we will do our utmoſt to perſuade Mrs. Arnold to conſent to your wiſhes. You have *my* full conſent, you have won Mr. Warner to your intereſt, my ſiſter will yield to our joint entreaties.

*Yield*, he repeated, no, no, Sir George, ſhe has a ſtubborn heart. I once thought it otherwiſe; but it is turned to ſtone, nothing but my death will ſatisfy, her, and ſhe *ſhall* be ſatisfied.

He made an effort to break from us. Stay Mr. Faulkland, ſaid I, again laying hold of his hand, and I here ſwear to you by every thing that is ſacred, that if you will ſuffer me to conduct you back into Mrs. Arnold's preſence, I will inſiſt on her immediately accepting of you for her huſband, or I will for ever renounce all friendſhip with her: I know ſhe eſteems and values you above all men, I am therefore ſure, I do no violence to her inclinations; and if ſhe perſeveres in her obſtinate punctilios, I ſwear to you by the ſame oath, that I will no longer oppoſe you in your reſolutions, let them be what they will.

Sir George, added I, Do you join with me in giving your friend the ſame aſſurances? I do, anſwered he, ſolemnly addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Faulkland, and ſwear by all my hopes of happineſs hereafter, to act in conjunction with Mr. Warner

Warner in every particular that he has promiſed.

Mr. Faulkland ſeemed to be moved, he looked whiſtfully at us by turns, as if willing, though afraid, to yield to our entreaties.

At length, I *think* I may rely on you, ſaid he, you will not break an oath (to Sir George) but that woman has ſuch an *inflexible* heart! you cannot change *that*.

We will do our utmoſt, we both anſwered together. Remember, then, ſaid he, ſtretching out a hand to each of us, you have ſworn, if ſhe perſiſts in her reſolution, that you will leave me to myſelf, and oppoſe me no longer. We have. I will go back with you then cried Mr. Faulkland, and ſtepped again nimbly to the door.

It will be beſt, ſaid I, if we can hire a coach to carry us; there is no neceſſity for our riding poſt, and we ſhall be leſs liable to obſervation than if we were on horſeback. Mr. Faulkland looked as if he ſuſpected ſome deſign; do you not mean, ſaid he, to go directly back to London? Certainly, I replied. And ſhall I ſee Mrs.

Arnold to-night? Without doubt, if you deſire it. Let us go then, ſaid he; I think a coach is a tedious way of travelling, but I ſubmit to *your* guidance.

I left Sir George with him, and went out to enquire whether we could be provided with a coach and four; which after ſome delay was procured for us. We prevailed on Mr. Faulkland, whilſt it was getting ready, to take a little refreſhment. He aſked us, by what means we were informed of his departure.

Sir George, unwilling to let him know that his ſervant had diſcovered it, evaded the queſtion; and only replied, Do you think, Faulkland, that in the humour I left you, I could be inattentive to your motions? I am not a madman, Bidulph, I muſt not be treated like one. I do not think you one, anſwered your brother, but I know you are warm, and too fearleſs of danger.

When the coach was ready, Mr. Faulkland very willingly got into it with us. He ſpoke but little, and appeared very thoughtful during our journey.

The

The coachman ſtopped at an inn, after we had driven about fifteen miles, to bate his horſes for a while. He ſeemed ſtartled at it, and ſaid he would not alight. We told him there was no occaſion, but your brother and I choſe to go into the houſe, that he might not think we watched him. He ſeemed pleaſed at this, and ſmiled when we ſet forward again, but did not ſpeak.

When he arrived in London, Now, Sir, ſaid I, we will, if you pleaſe, go directly to Mrs. Arnold's houſe. As I am ſure your abſenting yourſelf in the manner you did, exceedingly afflicted her, ſo am I certain your return will give her ſincere joy. I am ready therefore to attend you immediately to her; but if I may adviſe you, I think it were better that I ſhould firſt ſee and talk to her. It will be proper to prepare her, by giving her at leaſt one night to reflect on the important event, which I expect will take place to-morrow. Sir George, what are your ſentiments? I am of your mind, replied your brother? I think my ſiſter ought by all means to have ſo much time given her for recol-

lection. If Faulkland has no objection to it, we will go to my friend's houſe, where he was before. When you have ſeen my ſiſter you may come to us there with her determination.

I have ſubmitted myſelf for the preſent, anſwered Mr. Faulkland, to your guidance. To-morrow remember I am to be at liberty. Bidulph, beware how you watch my motions again.

Your brother then directed the coachman to his friend's houſe, Mr. Faulkland not oppoſing the motion. I went in for a few minutes merely to ſatisfy myſelf in what manner Mr. Faulkland had eſcaped from thence in order to inform you.

Mr. Faulkland was very urgent with me to go to you. Keep me not long in ſuſpence, Sir, ſaid he, I may as well know my fate to-night, as to-morrow.

I left him with a promiſe to return with your final anſwer. You know *my* ſentiments, you know your brother's, and it reſts on you to pronounce ſentence of life or death (for your anſwer imports no leſs) on a man who is worthy of the greateſt

queen

queen in the univerſe. What do you ſay, Mrs. Arnold, muſt Faulkland die?

Heaven forbid, cried I, no, Sir; I ſhould be inflexible *indeed*, if, after what you have told me, I were any longer to reſiſt. I yield, Sir, to your requeſt, to Mr. Faukland's, and to my brother's; and I will own at the ſame time that my heart ſtrongly impels me to conſent. Yet, my dear Sir, believe me I ſhould have reſiſted *that* impulſe, if I could hope that my refuſal would not be followed by conſequences too dreadful to be thought on. There is therefore *no* alternative, I *muſt* be the wife of Mr. Faulkland.

The ſooner the affair is finiſhed then the better, ſaid he; Faulkland ſtands here on ſlippery ground; perhaps ſome of the Bond family may by this time be arrived in England, and in purſuit of him; therefore let your marriage be diſpatched immediately, and ſend him away directly to Holland. I ſuppoſe when he has made ſure of you, he may be prevailed on to go without you. Oh, Sir, ſaid I, urge this requeſt to him I beſeech you, it is of the laſt importance to

me that he ſhould comply with it, and the only preliminary that I have now to make to our marriage. Yes, yes, anſwered my kinſman, I think we ſhall convince him of the neceſſity of this. I ſhall eſcort you to Holland myſelf, for I have buſineſs at Rotterdam; and I had thoughts of taking the voyage, if this occaſion had not offered. We will but juſt ſtay to ſettle ſome affairs here, and obſerve what meaſures can be taken for his ſervice, and then follow him. Take courage, my dear, continued he, ſeeing me look ſad, all may come right again. I love out-of-the-way adventures, and this I think *is* one. We will live like princes, let us go where we will. I only wiſh that your brother were *againſt* the match, that I might have the more pleaſure in forwarding it; but I need not grudge him that *once* in his life he has ſhewn ſome tokens of generoſity.

I will return to Faulkland, I long to ſet his noble heart at eaſe. Strange perverſe creatures your ſex are! It amazes me that any thing could tempt you to reject ſuch a man! Were I a woman, I ſhould run mad for

for him. Well, I will go to him, and let him know without any farther demurs you will give him your hand to-morrow morning. Our honeſt friend Price I think may join you. I will call on him, after I have ſeen Faulkland, to bid him prepare for the buſineſs. I will myſelf have the pleaſure of giving you away. Good by—and away he went with a pleaſed buſy countenance.

I took up my pen as ſoon as he departed, and have ſcribbled thus far without ſuffering any reflections to ſtop me. Let me now lay down my pen, to pauſe before I leap into the frightful precipice that opens before me . . . . . To-morrow! Ah, my Cecilia, what is that morrow to produce? it joins me for ever to Mr. Faulkland! the choſen of my heart, my firſt love! the man who adores me; who deſerves all my affection, who has obliged me beyond all recompence. Who has a claim to my warmeſt gratitude, to my eſteem, to my whole heart. I ſave his life, I have the power to make him happy; my brother, my kinſman urge me; my own heart too prompts me. Why can-

cannot I then reconcile myſelf to my lot? Oh that queſtion is anſwered by a fearful image that ſtarts up to my fancy—I am not ſuperſtitious, yet believe me, my dear, I am at this inſtant chilled with horror.

I am aſhamed to confeſs my weakneſs, but I muſt call Patty to ſit with me the remainder of the night. I cannot think of reſt!

*Wednesday Morning.*

I have paſſed the whole night in endeavouring to fortify my mind againſt the important event that a few hours will accompliſh. If Mr. Faulkland's mind ſhould again become tranquil, which my kinſman gave me room to hope would be the conſequence of gratifying the ardent wiſh of his ſoul, I muſt take care not to diſturb it by ſhewing any reluctance in yielding him my hand. Had an Angel *once* told me that I ſhould give my hand *reluctantly* to Mr. Faulkland, I would not have believed it; yet fatally circumſtanced as our marriage *now* is, it cannot be otherwiſe.

And yet I *ought* to be his. I owe him a great ſacrifice, and I am about to pay it.

I am

I am dreſſed and ready. I wait for my kinſman or my brother, one of whom, or both perhaps, will be here preſently . . . . . Mr. Warner is come; I have but juſt time to tell you that my brother and Mr. Price are with Mr. Faulkland. My kinſman ſays he is quite a new man. They wait for me, I go. Heaven guide my ſteps . . . . . .

*Thurſday.* — My fate is accompliſhed! What a change! Join with me, my dear Cecilia, in beſeeching heaven to look graciouſly down on me in my new ſtate, and to guide and protect my beloved Mr. Faulkland, my ever deſtined huſband. Alas! my dear, he is now many miles ſeparated from me.

The worthy Mr. Price performed the ſacred ceremony. Mr. Warner did the office of a father. He and my brother were all who were preſent.

There is ſomething ſo amazing in all this, I can ſcarce credit my ſenſes; but my life has been a ſeries of ſtrange, ſtrange events!

I am

I am ſo bewildered, I cannot connect my thoughts; but I will try to give you my yeſterday's *viſion*, for I can hardly perſuade myſelf that what I recollect really happened.

I broke off juſt as Mr. Warner called on me, to carry me to the houſe of my brother's friend.

While we were in the coach, he told me, that having the night before informed Mr. Faulkland of the joyful news of my conſenting to marry him the next day, he ſeemed at firſt to doubt, and repeatedly conjured him not to deceive him; 'till having received the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of its being true, Mr. Faulkland gave himſelf up to ſuch ecſtacies, as made them apprehenſive his joy might have effects almoſt as fatal in their conſequences, as his deſpair was likely to produce before.

Mr. Warner had a mind to lower him a little, and thought, by putting him in mind of his danger, ſomewhat to allay his tranſports.

Mrs. Arnold's conſent to make you happy, ſaid he, fills me with extreme joy; but it is not now a time to indulge it: you

are

are here in peril of your life; you muſt preſerve it now for Mrs. Arnold's ſake. For Mrs. Arnold's ſake! he replied with ecſtaſy, yes, yes, 'tis now worth preſerving. Mr. Warner, Kinſman, Friend of my life, (graſping his hand) diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe; you ſhall guide all my ſteps. Will not Mrs. Arnold go with me after we are made one?

If, after having conſidered what may be urged to you on that head, you ſhould ſtill continue to deſire it, replied my couſin, ſhe will without doubt accompany you. But, my dear Sir, conſider, circumſtanced as you now are, what will the world ſay, ſhould ſhe accompany your flight? It will fix an indelible ſtain on her character, which is dearer to her than life, and which I am ſure, upon cooler thoughts, you will prize at an equal value. This marriage will be a profound ſecret to the world; it may remain ſo as long as we pleaſe. I have buſineſs in Holland, which will demand my preſence there in a very ſhort time. Her accompanying me thither can give riſe to no ſuſpicion. I will diſpatch my affairs with

all poſſible ſpeed, and conduct her to you.

The joy that before lighted up his countenance, purſued my couſin, ſeemed a little clouded. He took a turn or two about the room, as if to conſider of what I had ſaid; then, addreſſing himſelf jointly to your brother and me, You are both cooler than I am; perhaps you may judge better; let me but call her *mine*, I will then do as you would have me. I cannot determine on any thing now.

As ſoon as my ſiſter and you are married, ſaid Sir George, I think, Faulkland, you ought to get out of England with all the ſpeed you can. It will be but a ſhort abſence; Sidney will ſoon follow you. What do you purpoſe doing in regard to your ſon? I had forgot him, cried Mr. Faulkland. Poor child! My heart has been in ſuch tumults ſince Mr. Warner came in, that I could think of nothing but the bleſſed news he has brought me. But I muſt not neglect my boy. I will write to the honeſt ſervant that I left behind; he ſhall bring him over: you, my dear Bidulph, will take care of him,

him, 'till an opportunity offers of ſending him to me.

I hope there will be no need, replied your brother, of ſending him out of England; your affairs may yet turn out ſo as to permit your return into your own country.—Impoſſible! interrupted Mr. Faulkland; if Smyth ſhould ever recover, *his* repreſentation of the other accident cuts off every hope. He will not, for his own ſake, confeſs the truth, but impute the error of my fatal hand to premeditated guilt. Heaven knows, baſe as ſhe was, I would not have attempted her life; but I was born to be the avenger of thoſe crimes into the commiſſion of which I, perhaps, firſt led her. As for the contemptible villain who wronged me, I do not repent of the puniſhment I inflicted on him; though probably, had I been allowed a moment's time for recollection, I might have taken vengeance in a manner more worthy of myſelf.

I was delighted, proceeded Mr. Warner, to find him ſo cool and rational in his reflections. He continued talking calmly and reaſonably on the ſubject of his misfortunes;

tunes; but on the mention of your name, ſtarted again into tranſports; but they now ſeemed to be only thoſe of joy, upon the proſpect of what was to happen the next day.

After I left him, I went to Mr. Price, who promiſed to be in readineſs at the appointed hour.

We were now got to the houſe of my brother's friend. Mr. Warner led me up ſtairs into the room, where Sir George, Mr. Faulkland, and Mr. Price, were ſitting together.

Mr. Faulkland was ſo agitated at the ſight of me, that having riſen to ſalute me, he was not able to ſpeak; but ſeizing both my hands, he kiſſed them fervently one after the other, tears dropping on them as he held them to his lips. Every one was ſilent; we were all too much affected to ſpeak. My brother was the firſt that broke ſilence. Well, Faulkland, ſaid he, have we not kept our promiſe?

Mr. Faulkland turned towards him: Oh, Bidulph, forgive me for doubting; I am afraid I have uſed you ill: Can you pardon the

the madneſs that I was driven to by deſpar? —Mr. Warner, Mrs. Arnold, I believe you think me diſtracted. Indeed I am not. I was only—(and he ſeemed to heſitate for a word) weary of life.—I thought I had loſt every thing.—The world was grown a deſart.—No one in it for me.

You formed a wrong judgment, my dear Sir, anſwered Mr. Warner; you find yourſelf now with your ſincere friends; Sir George and myſelf are both ſo; and your bride, your dear Mrs. Arnold, is ready to give you her hand. I *am*, Sir, ſaid I, and if your happineſs ſtill depends on me, it gives me joy that I have at length the power of *beſtowing* it.

I have no *words*, he replied, I can *find* none, it is all *here*; and he laid his hand on his heart, his eyes fixed with delight on my face.

I beheld him now, my Cecilia, in a light in which I had never before viewed him; overwhelmed by misfortunes, of which I accuſed myſelf as being the author. I ſaw him an exile, likely to be deprived of a noble fortune, his heart pierced with remorſe for

for an involuntary crime. I ſaw too that he loved me; loved me with a fervent and unconquerable paſſion. Of this, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, at a time when he was wrought up to phrenzy, he had given but too ſtrong demonſtration. Shall I own it to you, my Cecilia, I think I never loved him as I did in that moment.

My heart was at once aſſailed by a variety of paſſions; amongſt which, gratitude, and the ſofteſt compaſſion, were predominant.

I continued ſilent, whilſt Mr. Faulkland remained ardently gazing at me.

My brother, I believe, thought us too ſolemn; the occaſion indeed required it: but his fears for Mr. Faulkland made him wiſh to give the ſcene a livelier turn.

Come, ſiſter, ſaid he, let us not defer the happy event for which we are now met, we have no time to waſte in ceremony. You remember what our mother uſed to ſay, 'Many things fall out between the cup and 'the lip.' My brother roſe off his chair as he ſaid this. Mr. Warner taking the hint, approached, and took me by the hand,

Let

Let *me*, ſaid he, to Mr. Faulkland, have the happineſs of beſtowing this beſt of Creatures on the man that I think *beſt* deſerves her.

Mr. Faulkland made no reply; but in taking the hand that my kinſman put into his, his looks ſpoke the rapture that ſwelled his heart; though I ſaw he put a conſtraint upon himſelf, and endeavoured to aſſume a deportment ſuitable to the important and ſolemn occaſion.

After the indiſſoluble knot was tied, my brother deſired Mr. Faulkland to retire with him into the next room for a few minutes.

I concluded it was in order to preſs his departure, and to prevail on him to ſubmit to going without me.

This I found afterwards was the ſubject of their converſation.

They returned to us in about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Faulkland's countenance leſs embarraſſed than it was at going out of the room. On their entering, Mr. Price took his leave. My brother addreſſed Mr. Warner and me. Faulkland, ſaid he, is convinced of the neceſſity there is for his immediately withdrawing from England, and he

is determined to depart from hence at three o'clock to-morrow morning; for I would by no means have him leave London by day-light, as we know not who may be on the watch to trace his ſteps. He has conſented that you, ſiſter, ſhould remain behind till Mr. Warner's affairs will permit him to conduct you over. In the mean time, Maſter Faulkland is to be brought from Ireland; and if you ſhould not be ready to depart before his arrival, you may take him over with you to Holland.

Mr. Faulkland ſeemed rather to *ſuffer* my brother to make this explanation for him, than to aſſent chearfully to it. Mr. Warner and I however laid hold of it, and immediately entered into diſcourſe on the ſubject of our domeſtic concerns, and the meaſures proper to be obſerved on ſo critical an occaſion.

Mr. Faulkland joined in the converſation with the utmoſt compoſure; and to my unſpeakable joy ſeemed perfectly ſettled and collected in his mind. I thought indeed he appeared a little conſtrained, and that he ſeemed to keep a conſtant guard over himſelf,

ſelf, leſt he ſhould betray any ſymptom of a too much heated imagination: but my kinſman afterwards obſerved with pleaſure to me, that this denoted nothing more than a conſciouſneſs in Mr. Faulkland of the unhappy wandering that had before ſo much alarmed us all; and into which he was ſure there was not the leaſt danger of his relapſing, as his heart was now perfectly at eaſe.

Mr. Faulkland told us he had letters to write to Ireland, which he would diſpatch, that he might have nothing to interrupt the few ſhort hours we had to paſs together in the evening.

Mr. Warner ſaid he had buſineſs to do that called him away, but that he would return after dinner: and my brother (that Mr. Faulkland might be quite undiſturbed) propoſed my going home with him, and that we ſhould come back together in the afternoon.

Mr. Faulkland did not object to this, and I went with Sir George.

We returned early in the afternoon to Mr. Faulkland. As my brother had let his friend

friend into our ſecret, we paſſed up ſtairs without any notice being taken of us.

Mr. Faulkland had writ two letters; one of them very long, to Mr. Bond, which he gave my brother to read, but I know not the contents of it. The other was to that careful honeſt ſervant whom he had mentioned to us, with orders to bring over Maſter Faulkland with all convenient ſpeed, and put him into Sir George's hand.

Mr. Warner but juſt called in upon us in the evening, he ſaid he had been making the neceſſary preparations for Mr. Faulkland's journey; and that having reſolved himſelf to attend him as far as Harwich, he would, at the hour appointed call on him in a coach, which ſhould carry them a few miles out of town, where the horſes were to wait for them.

Worthy, compaſſionate, and generous kinſman, how I love you for the honeſt warmth of your heart!

My brother and Mr. Faulkland had a great deal of diſcourſe about the neceſſary meaſures that were to be taken by us all; and we paſſed the evening in a kind of

chaſtened